WYCHWOOD

Frances Kinsley Hutchinson

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WYCHWOOD

The History of an Idea

IN THREE PARTS:

OUR COUNTRY HOME

OUR COUNTRY LIFE

OUR FINAL AIM

WYCHWOOD FROM THE LAKE

WYCHWOOD

The History of an Idea

IN THREE PARTS

OUR COUNTRY HOME
OUR COUNTRY LIFE
OUR FINAL AIM

BY

FRANCES KINSLEY HUTCHINSON

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CHICAGO

IN MEMORY OF

CHARLES LAWRENCE HUTCHINSON

WHOSE NICE TASTE AND ORIGINAL

IDEAS MADE POSSIBLE THIS

COUNTRY HOME

TO THE CONSTANT IMPROVER

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

FOREWORD

We Americans have been so much engrossed with business and social affairs that less material things have been to a great extent overlooked or ignored. But it is commencing to dawn on us that there are other matters which should also claim our attention. Among these is the urgent need that prompt and vigorous steps be taken to preserve, not only for future generations but for ourselves as well, what is left of the wild life of our country; in other words that refuges or sanctuaries be established wherein the native birds and other creatures, wild flowers, shrubs and trees may be safe from molestation by hunter or vandal, or from exploitation.

Surely patriotism alone would seem to require that this be done, for the things that are passing away are, more than anything else that we possess, truly and distinctively American.

The conditions which so urgently call for wild life refuges or sanctuaries are so many that space is not here available in which to name them all. Many convincing articles on the subject have been published, among them one in the *Literary Digest* of November 5, 1927, to which the interested or

uninformed reader is referred; this particular article being cited not only because it covers the subject by presentation of facts which cannot be controverted but also because it is readily accessible to the general public.

In spite of optimistic statements of some who argue that our game birds are not decreasing, every one, whose memory goes back two or three decades only, knows that the decrease is a fact and a marked one; and to those who can remember conditions as they were forty or fifty years ago, the decrease is startling in its serious portent, for many persons are now living (the writer among the number) who have seen the Passenger Pigeon, once perhaps the most numerous of all birds, totally exterminated and that noblest of game birds, the Wild Turkey, extirpated from much the greater part of its former range. The Ivory-billed Woodpecker, the largest and finest of his tribe, is nearly if not quite gone; and many other birds are becoming year by year restricted to smaller areas, so that eventually they must disappear also, unless effective measures be taken to prevent.

Laws, both National and State, to regulate or minimize the destruction of game have been passed, but every well-informed person knows that, except in a few favored areas, where strong non-political organization is effective, these laws are practically a "dead letter," and that not even the Volstead act is

more difficult of enforcement. The same is true of laws for the protection of wild flowers.

For exactly the same danger confronts our native trees and other plants, but in their case the cause is not entirely the same; clearing of woodlands, "cleaning up" of roadsides and fence rows, draining of marshes, swamps and ponds or shallow lakes, forest fires, pasturing of woods, and other concomitants of our special brand of civilization being mainly responsible. Truly our so-called "Progress" is characterized by wastefulness, vandalism and ruthless exploitation, for we have not yet learned the difference between legitimate use and reckless waste.

The National Government and some of the states have set apart a limited number of reservations or game refuges. Those whose administration has been delegated to the National Association of Audubon Societies are as efficiently protected as the man at the command of that organization will allow; but in many of the States so called "game refuges" are in reality public shooting grounds and therefore are very far from being established in the interest of game protection; and such of them as are established as sanctuaries are subject to the exigencies of politics and therefore, like the game laws, their administration is often ineffective.

Since it is obvious that, except locally, in the more advanced communities where public interest in the matter is intelligently organized, neither the

game laws nor those for the preservation of wild flowers are adequate to the needs of the situation, it seems that the only hope for real accomplishment is the establishment of sanctuaries or refuges by public spirited individuals, who are financially able to donate tracts of greater or less extent for the express purpose of providing a safe refuge for the numerous forms of wild life which are an essential part of our beloved country, and dedicate them to the public under conditions which will guarantee the inviolableness of such sanctuaries.

To adequately preserve our wild life such sanctuaries should be established not only in every State but in every County—in every township would be better still—because the destruction of our fauna and flora, of all things the most characteristic, and therefore the most distinctively American features of our country, is proceeding at so rapid a rate especially in the agricultural sections and regions of timber supply, that unless effective measures are promptly taken there will be little—in many places practically nothing—left that is truly American.

We should be proud of our forests of native trees, our wild flowers and our birds, for not only are they distinctively and purely American but for other reasons they are worthy of our admiration and affection.

Apart from the preservation of wild life, there is another important incentive for providing selected

areas which will be secure from devastation or exploitation. It is necessary that our people be provided with places for occasional retirement from the cares and worries of business and domestic affairs or the excitement and fatigue of social duties. Without such places of refuge there is no opportunity for "self expression, self improvement and meditation, but on the contrary every incentive to idleness, thoughtlessness and mischief." How many of our young folks—adults too—would gladly avail themselves of such opportunities and surely no form of recreation would offset the strain and tedium of in-door occupations or afford so beneficent a "safety valve" as an occasional outing in some place where Nature is undefiled.

Fortunately there are a few far-seeing people who from love of God's great out-of-doors and His creatures have founded such sanctuaries. Especially notable among these is Mrs. Hutchinson who has dedicated her estate, "Wychwood," on lovely Lake Geneva, to the wild life of Wisconsin. It has been the writer's privilege to visit Wychwood and see for himself how admirably adapted it is for the purpose to which it has been dedicated. The seventy-two acres are almost wholly occupied by a delightful virgin forest, practically untouched by axe or fire; not too dense but just open enough to admit sufficient sunlight to the forest floor for the development of a varied, interesting and colorful

undergrowth of shrubs and herbaceous plants, thus producing conditions ideally attractive to woodland birds. Only roadways and paths, where necessary, and the immediate surroundings of the residence have been cleared, and even where most of the trees have been removed, as between the house and the lake, the open spaces have been planted with a rich variety of shrubs, most of which bear fruits much loved by the birds. The woods themselves have not been spoiled by "landscaping," though gravelled roads wind through where required and footpaths lead to the remotest recesses. The naturally abundant ground-cover in these beautiful woods has been made still more beautiful and interesting by plantings of other Wisconsin wild flowers, including many orchids, as well as ferns, these in colonies so thick that every turn of the road or path reveals new beauties of plant form or new vistas of sylvan charm.

For the purpose designed—the preservation of Wisconsin wild life in all its forms and facilities for its study from living material—Wychwood is all that could be desired. Apart from the material itself, the library contains all books of reference that are needed. Certainly a more attractive and restful place for study could scarcely be imagined.

Two most interesting books by Mrs. Hutchinson, giving a history of Wychwood, charmingly written and profusely illustrated by photographs most of

which were taken by her, are unfortunately out of print. These are: "Our Country Home" (1908), which tells of the discovery of the place and its evolution from a wilderness to a comfortable home; and, "Our Country Life," (1912) relating, most entertainingly, the daily doings after the completion and occupation of the house.

The present volume is intended to replace those mentioned, much that is non-essential having been omitted as have the illustrations. A third part has also been added recording recent experiences.

Visitors to Wychwood have been many, and all of them I am sure have been benefited thereby. The writer can truly say that his brief sojourn there will always remain with him a beautiful and precious memory.

ROBERT RIDGWAY.

"Larchmound"
Olney, Illinois
October, 1928

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Part One

OUR COUNTRY HOME

Part One

OUR COUNTRY HOME

CHAPTER I

HOW IT HAPPENED

THERE were once two people who supposed that they had lived a happy life. To be sure, the Man Had Always Wanted a Farm, and the Woman Had Never Wanted a Country House; but they had jogged along in comfortable and contented fashion for years and years until that fateful moment when they walked one day in a forest. They had walked in many forests in many lands: they had looked down the endless avenues of the Bois and Fontainebleau; they had seen the sunset through the pines of Ravenna, and rejoiced in the villas of Frascati; they knew the stiff Florentine cypresses, and the latomiæ of Syracuse; they had wandered in the thickly covered hills of the Danube valley, and admired the great timber of the Vosges and the Pyrenees; even the jungles of Ceylon and the cryptomerias of Nikko were not unknown to them.

But this was different. This was a real American forest, one might almost say a New England forest, with huge towering oaks and wide-girthed maples, tall butternuts and walnuts and hickories, leaning lindens and an occasional elm,—even the slippery elm, whose pungent odor brought many a thought of childhood's curious tastes. The hawthorn and the ironwood, the white ash, with here and there a birch, the bitternut and wild cherry, the delicate swaying shad-bush, the prickly thorn-apple tree and the hazel brush, the wild gooseberry and puckery choke-cherry,—a lovely tangle,—led them on; while in the open spaces the black-eyed Susans held merry converse with their swains, the Joe Pye weeds, and overhead birds were swinging and squirrels leaping from branch to branch.

Beneath their feet the leaf-mould lay, inches deep on the warm moist earth; just beyond, brown shadows fell, where long ago a lofty tree had sunk its full length on the ground, until the seasons' constant change had made a springy, spongy mass where bright-hued mushrooms found a home and mossy tendrils fluttered low.

While wandering there in sheer delight, feasting their senses on the wild, a sudden turn brought them face to face with a weather-worn and dilapidated piece of board. What sent that electric thrill through the man to his mate? What was it caused that look of understanding? Unconsciously

their hands clasped, simultaneously they breathed, "Could we?" For the board bore the heaven-sent legend:

"FOR SALE"

All thoughts of crops and pastures fled from the man's mind. An inborn love for the things that grow overcame the woman's caution,—any fancied increase in care or trouble faded before this marvellous possibility, and that moment was the beginning of their joyous experiment with the Wisconsin woodland.

It seems an incredible thing now as I look back, to think I was once that narrow and ignorant and prejudiced Person Who Did Not Want a Country House. Perhaps during all those obstinate years, my lucky star kept me from falling into suburban temptations and free from farming entanglements. I know one thought was always uppermost in our minds, even before the If was exchanged for the When, in discussing this great and—to us—momentous undertaking. The woods, the Virgin Forest, must never be disturbed, not one brown leaf should be taken from its rich covering, not one weak seedling should be denied its growth, but just as we found it, in all its natural beauty, so it should remain.

It almost seemed as if this particular bit of wild land in the midst of farms and clearings, on the shores of a beautiful lake, had been especially

preserved during all those fallow years for our gratification,—at least what harm if we thought so? No sheep or cattle had ever browsed there, the bent-down young sapling of the Indian trail was still visible, the concave boulder where the women once ground their corn lay only half buried in the ground. In mossy hollows stood stiffly the moccasin flower, and the curious squaw-root grew close to the Indian pipe.

Last to blossom of all the flowers, we found the strange wych-hazel. It met us just within the gate, it followed with its wands of gold our wanderings in burry glens, it led us to the water's edge. The old myth came into my mind: "Wherever points the hazel-rod, there dig, for water ye shall find." We did not have to even dig, for water indeed was here, in alluring expanse spread out before us. What was there about that particular little lake which so captivated us? Why was it that after looking at and admiring the innumerable small lakes with which our woodland State is dotted, we always returned to this one with a sigh of content?

It was a friendly bit of water, with friendly fish in its cool depths only waiting to be caught,—black bass and perch and pickerel; a lake just big enough to temper the hot prairie winds of midsummer and to reflect its thunder-caps and brilliant sunsets, a long lake with deeply dented shores that sloped into its shining waters so that every

pretty point had the coolest breezes and the most extended view! But where was its peculiar charm? To be sure it had the feminine quality of changefulness: it was never twice alike. Did our imagination, even then, leap to its cool touch on August mornings and show us its mirror-like reflections on still September dawns? Did its refreshing breezes tell us of the wondrous moonlit nights before us?—those nights, yes, they must have held the secret, the last exquisite touch. Surely nowhere else did the shimmering water dance under the golden rays in so gladsome a fashion. Floating over its glassy surface, down those paths of light, suspended between earth and sky, a sweet voice making melody and all one's senses lulled to rest,—could happiness go further?

Let us make haste, then, to build us this home in the woodland, a small and simple abode where the birds may nest close to our windows. We will have grass-grown roads leading to it, and winding paths; but all about us, it shall remain a wilderness. If the great folds of the wild grape fall to the ground, another wild grape shall begin to twine with clinging tendrils over the low bushes, up the spreading branches, until it can wave its arms in triumph from the top of the tallest tree. If one of the great oaks die, an acorn shall drop in the ground at its feet; and if we should not sit in its shade, it will be for some one a happy retreat. So can we build

for the future and think of the pleasures which others may know; perhaps some reflection may fall upon us and add to our joy in the work which we do.

This shall be our home and our refuge and a refuge for our friends. Can life ever grow monotonous, or the days bore us, with such wonders unfolding before our newly opened eyes? To have a new sensation of genuine pleasure when one has passed the fortieth milestone is something not to be despised, and here was a whole world of new sensations, a daily new discovery to feast upon. To take possession of the sunrises and the starlit nights, to feel the earth full of promise beneath one, to say to each winged creature and trembling being, "You are my brother and my sister, let us enjoy all this together!"–what a heavenly outlook!

Said a new neighbor to us one day, "I do not want to complete my place this summer, I want something left to keep my husband interested another year."

"You need not imagine, my dear inexperienced friend, that you can ever really finish a country place," replied the Constant Improver, for so was re-christened The Man Who Had Always Wanted a Farm. "That is one of its greatest charms. There is always something new to make, to build, to do."

And the Constant Improver unconsciously tossed back his head and his eyes flashed at the joyous prospect.

Is it possible to live among the wonders of this wilderness and not desire to know something about them? Think of the enormous variety of leaf-shapes to learn, the changing seasons' flowers to name, the fruits and berries to classify, the wild life from humming-bird to crow, from the muskrat on the shore to the squirrel in the wood. Think of the mushrooms, with their uselessly complicated nomenclature, and the butterflies, the stinging family, the beetles and the ants, the caterpillars and grubs innumerable. Has not many an eminent man spent a lifetime on the study of a single part of this natural world? Here was the opportunity, a wide field spread before us.

That first September, when the wild grape draped the wood with its huge brown winding cables, its tangle of twisted tendrils, and its clusters of puckery fruit, we wandered often in the forest, searching each ferny glen and wondering at the succession of pictures that at every turn met our ignorant eyes. How interesting it would be to find out what Indians had lived in this region, what they called it, and, if possible, use that name for our home! We found out easily enough that it was the Pottawattomies who, not longer than fifty years before, had moved northward and settled in a reservation near the Red River. So the word must be in the Pottawattomie dialect. Now what did they call this settlement? That too was

soon discovered. Any one of the old inhabitants could tell us that. It was called "Donklauk," which, although not the real name, is near enough for all euphonic purposes,—and we feared it would not do. Then we said, we will perpetuate the memory of our lovely walks in the woods and will call it "The Home of the Wild Grape"—in Pottawattomie. When we proposed to send to Washington to the Smithsonian Institution, for this Indian translation, it was suggested that we had better enclose a list of names to choose from. Evidently this person had had some experience in translations, so we added, "The Restful Place," "The Home in the Woods," "Where Peace Reigns," and the like.

It was in eager haste that we opened the official-looking document when it came some months later, and read the curious list from the Miami, Pottawattomie, and Ojibway dialects:

Kapawick . . . Shrubbery.
Wapinipi . . . White water.
Chilakange . . In the thicket.
Tawanong . . . Tree place.
Shipakwong . . Leafy place.
Winakwong . . Forest.
Endaian . . . My home.
Nuäshmanek . . Resting place.

Nuäshmanek!—how pretty it looked, but how baldly sanitary it sounded to our too civilized

senses! No, the old Indian tribes should be remembered in our hearts but not on our writing paper; the wild grape with its honey-sweet blossoms, "the subtlest, most evanescent of all sweet odors," should twine about our woods and our arbors; but for our name we must go farther afield.

Leaving this subject to some future inspiration, we continued our gladsome planning. We will not only preserve what is now here, we said to each other, but we will bring here every wild flower that will grow; in the open spaces beside the water where the birds love to congregate, we will make a berry garden for their use alone, so that from May on through the whole long summer, and until Christmas-tide, a feast may be spread for them. We will tempt the shy creatures of the wood to our doors. No enemy shall be here to frighten them, but always food and drink and a hearty welcome. This shall be our Happiness and our Life Play.

CHAPTER II

WHAT WE DID FIRST

It was August when first we wandered in our garden of delight. By November we had become the proud possessors of seventy-two acres of rolling woodland which, from the high road some one hundred and seventy feet above the level of the lake, sloped down in all sorts of unexpected hills and hollows to the shore, three-quarters of a mile away. Here a narrow strip of land covered with old trees jutted into the water, partially enclosing a shallow bay. The former owner, about twenty-five years before, had conceived the idea of filling in this bay, and so had dumped huge stumps there, with two-inch planks set on edge to keep the rich soil from breaking into the water. The Man of Many Maps said, "Here is where our work begins," and unveiled to us the possibilities of pebbly beach and wild-rose bordered shore, where now the iris blossoms and pink lythrums are reflected in the clear cold water.

To a beginner in country life it seemed a formidable undertaking to evolve from a perfectly wild piece of woodland a house and a garden; so in order that no time should be wasted, we consulted

at once The Man of Many Maps, who first divided the land into two parts: the woods, which were to be left untouched, except for a roadway opening through them; and the part bordering on the lake, which was to be made habitable. Of this second part, about eight hundred and forty feet square, a detailed chart was made showing all contours and indicating all trees over six inches in diameter. After discussion among the Inevitable Trio,—the Landscape Gardener, the Architect, and the Owner,—there was submitted for our approval a plan of work carrying out the idea of a wild-woods home, installing a water and drainage system, opening vistas and spaces necessary for light and air, locating paths and roads, kitchen gardens and flower gardens, and the lawn, besides providing building sites for cottage, stable, and woodshed, and the ultimate home.

Here was a plan to work with, and we could do as much or as little as we pleased, taking two years or ten, provided that all we did should be a part of a general scheme; then nothing would have to be done over. I think that is why people exclaimed at the apparent oldness of the place after we had lived there only four years; to be sure, the soil was exceedingly rich, we had plenty of water, and we planted only hardy things.

It was a dull dark day in September when we chose the site for the big house, the centre upon

which all the planting must depend. A strong string was drawn from tree to tree the whole length of the proposed front terrace; on this were pinned newspapers, and we wandered off in different directions to note the effect. The Constant Improver went out in a rowboat to get the proper point of vantage, and we exerted our several imaginations to the utmost, seeking to conceive the floor of the house at the top of that flopping line.

After one or two minor changes it was decided that the house must face a little west of south, to take advantage of the prevailing wind in summer. Although it was to be placed fully three hundred feet back from the lake, we were told that the line of the shore must be parallel with the line of the house, a precaution which seemed both conventional and unnecessary to my ignorant ears.

"But we do not mean to have stiff formal gardening, little box trees and hedging," I objected. "We want to look like a house dropped down in the woods, rather by chance."

"Yes, but although you might not know why, that line would offend your eye and that of every one who looked upon the place," said the Man of Many Maps. And he was right, as our later experience proved.

Even before the last papers were signed, in our eagerness to begin we had brought over a traction

engine and a pump, and with many men and many barrows constructed a dam from the big Wisconsin willow to the point of the Island, and emptied the shallow bay of water. This was done for two reasons, to deepen the channel, and to obtain the rich mud for filling. Before frost we had covered the whole space between the big house site and the lake, some two acres in extent, with a coating of lake mud twelve inches deep.

We did not mean to build that big house, oh, not for many, many years! The Constant Improver had always imagined a home on an eminence overlooking wide expanses, but here even the eminence had to be made: so where ultimately this big house was to stand, a hole one hundred and twenty feet long by twenty-five wide and seven feet deep was emptied of its contents, and lo! the foundation of the house was ready.

A wagon load of dirt dropped upon an acre of land looks like a teaspoonful, and it took fully thirty thousand loads of various kinds of soil to do the grading necessary to bring the terrace of the house fifteen feet above the level of the lake. Fortunately, with this lofty height the Constant Improver professed himself entirely satisfied.

Always, when much grading is to be done the trees must be sacrificed. A rag of cheese-cloth was tied around each one marked for destruction, and we debated its fate, tree by tree. It was like cutting

off the little dog's tail an inch at a time so as not to hurt him. Of course we could have ordered everything done without personal supervision. Probably The Man of Many Maps would have preferred this way. Perhaps he hoped we might ultimately grow callous,—broad-minded, he called it,—or perhaps become reasonable and able to understand the whys and wherefores, to foresee the result, the completion of the whole; but I confess it seemed brutal to cut those trees down.

"Cannot *this* one be spared?" I pleaded. "Look at it, think of the years that it has taken to make so splendid a tower; think of the years it will take to replace it."

But The Man of Many Maps would smile mysteriously, half-pityingly, and say, "You miss the point of view." He was not punning either; far from indulging in such frivolities, he left all that to the Friendly Architect!

"Thus it must be," he would calmly continue, "and you will be satisfied with the result. You will have plenty of trees left. Look at your wonderful woods."

In spite of my agreeing perfectly with his dictum, in spite of all that my reasoning powers could tell me, in spite of seeing those trees go down, one by one, I can never to this day reconcile myself to it, or hear that dreadful final crash without a little contraction in my throat and a shiver, as if

the tree were almost a sentient being, and I had taken a life.

After over four hundred trees, large and small, had been felled, I supposed the land was ready to plant; but no—although the trees had been brought down in most modern and approved fashion by cutting around them and uprooting them, stumps and all, the horses pulling them over by chains,—from the lawn alone, an acre in extent, *sixteen wagon loads of roots* varying from one to six inches in diameter were carried away before the land could be ploughed, graded, harrowed, and sowed.

In order to preserve the natural beauty of the shore, no pump-house, or boathouse, or even coal-shed was allowed there. To be sure, we must have a pier. No artistic and practical model presenting itself, we must fain keep to the time-honored posts, sunk in cribs of stones which could be taken up in winter. This was carefully hidden from the house by a grove of native willows.

Perhaps the most important part of all work done on a country place lies under the ground, and of this underground work the water system stands first. We were fortunate in having the lake to draw from. Close to the pier an intake pipe four inches in diameter went back three hundred and fifty feet to the little mushroom-like pump-house at the edge of the service yard. Its apex was only six

feet above the level of the ground. Over its brown shingled roof, the outside tank holding fifty-two gallons of gasoline, and its cement steps leading down to the engine-room, were trained wild honeysuckles and blackberry vines, and all about were planted dogwoods and wild gooseberries under the small maples and oaks already standing. The floor, six feet below the level of the ground, was made of cement, the sides of brick. Here was installed at once perhaps the most important member of our family, the eight-horsepower gasoline engine, which served us faithfully for over twenty years and was then replaced with a three and one-half horse power electric engine. This change eliminated the gasoline tank which of course was removed. Necessary outbuildings on a country estate are generally ugly but with care and taste they can be made an attractive feature.

Hidden in the woods, high up on the hill, one hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the lake and seventeen hundred feet away, a great oval basin fourteen feet deep, and holding thirty-three thousand gallons, was excavated. Lined with brick and plastered with cement, surrounded with a boulder wall four feet high, the reservoir was really a beautiful spot. The trees were reflected in its clear surface, the flying clouds looked up from its depths, shadows danced on its cool gray sides; but we soon found it best to give up our

hill-top lakelet, and we had to cover it. It was charming to see the autumn leaves dancing on its surface; but what about the action on water of decayed vegetable matter? An adventurous young chipmunk has been known to investigate too closely the slippery cement sides, with disastrous consequences, not merely to himself; we therefore boarded over the top and piled plenty of hay on that as a temporary expedient. I can well see that the next important improvement on the place will be a fine solid cement basin roofed in clean and tight.

The engine, run usually only one day in the week, fills this reservoir in nine and a half hours. The main waterpipes have a diameter of four inches and are laid four feet deep to be beyond the reach of frost; the pressure is great enough to throw several streams of water entirely over the house from a two-inch fire hose. It was a simple thing to put reducers on the house plumbing, and a great comfort always to have plenty of water to use as we liked. I heard a woman say once that her ideal of country life was to combine the informality and simplicity of tent life with plenty of bath-rooms!

Along the roadway, hidden behind boulders and shrubs, through the kitchen garden and flower garden, over the lawn and in the wood at irregular intervals, the water taps began to appear,

standing twelve inches high with wheels turning easily to control the supply, ready to keep the whole place moist in time of drought. Fifteen sprinklers of the simplest construction, six and eight feet in height and throwing a spray thirty-five feet in diameter, could even be run all night if necessary, the faint throb, throb, of the engine carrying the basso for the crickets' and katydids' song.

Meanwhile the little cottage in the woods was growing rapidly. We frankly admired its brown rough-hewn timbers, overhanging eaves, and hooded casements, its small, open porch, its covered entry, and big woodshed for the summer cooking. With neither shades nor blinds, the trees had to be our protectors from the sun; though flowered cretonne curtains could be drawn across when needed, making bright bits of color on the rough plaster walls.

What a happy summer we spent in the tiny cottage! To awaken each morning with that indistinct realization of some pleasant happening, and to feel sure that more pleasant and unthought-of experiences were before one, preparing the way for that dreamless slumber at night into which the out-of-door worker so deliciously sinks.

Curiously marked maps began to appear, with numbers dotted all over them. Long lists of plants and shrubs all carefully disguised, even the most

familiar, under their interminable Latin names, accompanied them. Our evening's occupation, and often that of our daylight hours too, lay in deciphering these oddly-shaped contours and repeating the names of the shrubs which were to go in them, for these maps showed us exactly where to put each plant as it arrived, and how to place it, and how many were to be put in each bed. It was exhaustive,—I do not add exhausting, although I might. Nor were we blind followers of any man. That would be impossible for the Constant Improver. We always wanted to know the reason why. Occasionally we dared to change the great man's dictum,—sometimes to our regret, but at others to our mutual satisfaction.

The amount of time we spent out of doors that first summer was incredible. Although it rained constantly, we prepared ourselves with suitable attire and watched the changes from day to day. Nothing could have given our shrubs a better start than those six months of moisture; so what though the roadways did suffer and our grassy dreams became muddy realities? "To change one's mind is a sign of progress," said the Constant Improver, and diligently hunted for gravel.

Fortunately we discovered on the place two large pits from which we drew at least two thousand loads of gravel and an equal amount of clay, carefully distributing both along the three-quarters

of a mile of roadway extending from the gate on the high road to the house. No sooner did we get any part nicely rolled, than down would come the rain again and undo all our labor. Where that gravel went to was a mystery! It simply disappeared. Our own supply gave out and still the roadway cried for more! I would not dare to tell how many wagon-loads went to make that apparently wild and thoughtless road, where the rough grasses creep close and the brown leaves dance at will.

In order to preserve its natural and woodsy character and yet keep it smooth and hard in all kinds of weather, a system of tiles and catch basins was installed, the iron gratings of which were carefully concealed under big boulders. Over these the wild grasses and the moss soon gathered, and the squirrels adopted them at once as dining tables and points of vantage. Blue violets and buttercups, the vetch and showy orchid, the wild mint and pyrola, the Solomon's seal and lady's slipper, baneberries both red and white, sunflowers and asters and flowering spurge, the wild gooseberry and bramble and hazel bush, and the dainty maiden-hair fern, the evening primrose and the bitter-sweet, with countless other favorites, were planted all along the roadway, on height, or in hollow, in riotous confusion; and at intervals, winding paths, dark and shadowy, led off into the unknown beauties of the forest beyond.

CHAPTER III

FROM NOVEMBER TO MAY

After one summer in the little cottage, the abounding desire for hospitality in the heart of the Constant Improver overcame all obstacles, and it was decided to build the big house. This was really a lark from beginning to end. Our materials, so far as possible, were bought in the neighboring village where lived our contractor, a fine canny Scotchman, and most of the workmen.

Standing apart from the main house, but joined to it by a one-story passage-way, was the kitchen-house. This we built first: a little economical square box of a place, with every convenience, excellent ventilation, and not an inch of waste room. It was begun the first day of September and we moved into it the third of November. The laundry was our library. We gravely covered the stationary tubs with a piece of tapestry, set the four small chairs around the tiny air-tight stove, hung a picture or two, moved in a small bookcase, a rug, and a table for writing, put up the little cretonne curtains we had used in the cottage, and were very much at home again. In the maids' tiny dining-room we had our meals, with the huge

doors of the two ice-rooms opening hospitably close to us. Of course the kitchen was put in order for the big house. We were very proud of that kitchen; indeed, we are still. The walls are pure white, with short bright blue-and-white cretonne curtains over the five high windows. The plain low plaster hood over the range is fitted with an extra flue in the chimney, which carries away the fumes from the cooking and leaves the kitchen surprisingly cool in summer. A temporary partition was built across the end where the passage-way would ultimately lead to the big house.

In absorbed delight we watched the house itself progress from joists and uprights, hidden brick courses, wire lathing, and the plaster coats, up to the shingled roof. It is vastly interesting to watch a wooden house grow, the placing of each timber brings out so sharply the completed outline. We were never tired of contemplating it from every point of the compass, and it was with a distinct thrill, that after climbing a ladder and stepping gingerly over joists, I raised my eyes for the first time to look out of what was to be a window in my own room!

One morning we found a discouraged painter trying to fill the big cracks in the great rough-hewn Mississippi pine timbers with *putty*. When we told him that we *liked* cracks, he was speechless.

The Constant Improver wanted to use the old

Southern "shakes," for the roof. "They do curl up and look so picturesque," he said.

"But how about keeping the water out?" I ventured to inquire.

Even the Friendly Architect reluctantly had to admit, "Yes, they will leak, it is impossible to prevent that." We therefore compromised, securing the same effect by raising the edge of every fifth row of shingles with a lath, thus giving a slight shadow every three feet. In keen interest he judged the size of the pebbles for the pebble-dash which was to be used for the first story and showed how he wanted the composition thrown upon the wall. It took an expert to do this evenly and smoothly, as the mixture hardened at once and could not be touched again.

We wanted to stay all winter, but other duties demanded our attention in the city. It was only now and then we could steal away for a day or a week to note the progress of the work. How exhilarating was the ride from the station, tucked into the big high sleigh, with fur rugs piled about us and the icy road straight before us, over the lake to our own doors! How picturesque were the men in their winter costumes! the high boots, and fur caps, and the trim heavy jackets. Out on the lake the clear ice called for the skater's touch, and ice-boats skimmed gayly by, while dotted over the surface were small houses where fishermen sat

beside tiny stoves, watching the line sunk through the ice at their feet.

One blustering day in late December, when some particularly knotty problem had exhausted the vocabulary of Architect and Foreman alike, the latter asked in sheer desperation:

"Mr. Architect, did you ever build a house like this before?"

"No."

"Did you ever *see* a house built like this before?"

"Perhaps not."

"What are you trying to do, anyway?" This with still more wrinkled brow.

"I am trying," said the Architect, slowly and impressively, "to make a new house look like an old one."

Our good Foreman collapsed.

All the rooms downstairs had heavy beam ceilings and big fireplaces for four-foot logs. The plaster was finished rough all over the house, and everywhere the casement windows opened wide. The long, low bookcases and seats having been built in the living-room, we needed only a writing table, a soft cushioned divan before the fire, a few chairs, a chest for the wood, a mossy rug and green linen curtains. We showed our conscientious painter an old piece of faded green velvet which, a hundred years ago, had hung before a shrine of the Virgin. Could he calcimine the wall that

exact shade? After many struggles he succeeded, and here we hung our favorite Madonna and the singing children of della Robbia, an Arundel print or two, and some illuminated leaves from old Italian choir books, and, behold, the room was finished.

Two hot-air furnaces were put in the house and double windows placed on the most exposed corners. With the thermometer at seventeen degrees below zero the place was perfectly comfortable. On cold winter evenings great logs snapped in the fireplaces, and the flames leaped in the dusk. What fun to gather around the cooling ashes and toast marshmallows, or roast chestnuts, or pop corn!

The dining-room, finished in Elizabethan plaster-and-timber, is a big airy room with windows on four sides. Old pewter and brasses, blue delft and big steins stand in brave procession on the encircling shelf, and a soft red rug and flowered cretonne curtains give the room its needed color. The rush-bottomed chairs and dull brown finish of the oaken table harmonize with the low-beamed ceiling.

The use of plaster-and-timber for interior decoration was an innovation in this part of the country.

We overheard one day a workman saying to another: "What style do you call this house?"

I was glad he hadn't asked me; I should have been so reluctant to murmur, "Early English

domestic ecclesiastical architecture!"—for he was a good workman, and good workmen were scarce.

"I don't know what *style* you call it," answered his companion, dabbing great brushfuls of stain on the narrow pine timbers; "but I say this yere room is puttin' the outside of the house on the inside. It isn't my taste, but we're told to do it."

Here was the secret discovered, the key to the whole situation. We did want to bring the outside inside, we wanted the house to be part and parcel of the woods, to sink into the hillside and take just its proper proportion in the landscape.

A shelter in the present state of civilization is a necessity, although I believe some enthusiast has prophesied that fifty years hence no civilized being will think of sleeping indoors. Little we thought when building the upstairs porch that lies hidden behind the spreading leaves of the kudzu vine, that an outdoor camp would be arranged with cots and rubber covers, and mosquito nets improvised with the assistance of bamboo poles from the garden stock. Little we knew then of the splendor of the sky in August, when shooting stars trail leisurely across the heavens and the Milky Way is a glory of shimmering light. Can any one tell the beauty of the summer dawn or explain the rapture of the wood-thrush's song?

From the living-room, near the low broad shelves where lay the magazines and papers,—

mostly garden ones, I am afraid,—three steps lead up into the hall, where in one corner a writing table is installed, hidden by a Japanese dull-gold screen which makes a wonderful background for crab-apple branches, trailing nasturtium vines, or brilliant maple leaves. Opposite it a small piano player with its stand of music rolls becomes a solace for many a quiet hour. The stairs wind up in easy stages around the walls of an adorable little tower on the north, while from a square vestibule on the east the front door opens. Unlike most country houses, this door is entirely hidden from the living apartments, nor are any roads visible, only stretches of green turf bounded by the forest on one side, and low shrubbery bounded by the lake on the other.

For almost ten years we had been gathering together various articles of furniture, bric-a-brac, and pictures, which "would be so nice if ever we had a country house." There was one room in the city attic quite overflowing; it was not filled with our discarded and outgrown belongings either, for according to the Constant Improver, too many country places serve as dumping grounds. When it came to the point of actual selection, only such things were chosen as were suitable for the simplicity of our life there. I did plead for one or two old Cashmere curtains from India, which, hung in a dark corner, do not offend, and for the Bokhara

embroideries, which, being on linen and coarse, blend beautifully into our color scheme. Good brasses of every kind were acceptable, with brown baskets big and little from Japan. We found a fine old brass warming pan in Holland, which one of the guests took for a corn-popper, and some Chinese lacquer lanterns which were lovely for hanging-lamps.

In the second story of the house a long gallery, continuing the plaster-and-timber finish of the stairway, gives access to the bed-rooms, large, clean, and airy, and, like those at the North Pole Hotel, all facing south! And every room has a big clothes-closet and a bath.

Although the house was wired for electricity we thought we would try candles that first year. I don't know that I would advise it as a matter of economy but in many other respects this method of lighting is perfect.

It was a pretty sight to watch the evening procession, each guest with her candle, winding up the dim stairway and along the shadowy gallery, the old Roman ruins in the woodcuts on the narrow panels appearing and disappearing, the light reflecting on a bit of Gubbio or Mexican pottery, on an old Italian pharmacy jar or delft plate, high on the shelf above the doors. We clung to its lovely effects as long as possible but when we began to prolong our stay in the country into the late Fall and

even to appear in the midst of winter dullness, when our guests remarked that it was really difficult to hold a candle in one hand and arrange the hair with the other, when we were forced to spend more hours with our books and fewer out of doors, the moment came when electricity had to be used. We made it in keeping with our country simplicity and acknowledge its superiority for practical purposes.

CHAPTER IV

THE TERRACES

In most country houses the porches are where the people really live, and ours was to be no exception to the rule but—we had a passion for sunlight. How were we to have plenty of covered porches and yet uncovered windows? Finally we arrived at a satisfactory solution of the problem. On the east we made a covered porch fourteen feet wide and thirty-four feet long, from which descended the long broken flight of shallow steps to the carriage road.

Through the house in true Southern fashion, separating the living-room from the dining-room, ran the "dog-trot," twenty-four by twenty feet, which in summer was to be screened in, and in winter protected by glass. On the table in one corner we keep a Floral Calendar with the choicest blossoms of the day. The season begins with the hepaticas in April; followed by anemones and violets, jonquils and forsythia, in May. June brings great branches of shad-bush and bridal wreath, lilacs and syringas, and roses galore. With July the columbines appear on the table, the lady's slipper, the cardinal-flower, and tall blue lettuce.

August offers her yellow helenium and lobelia. To most minds September means asters and golden-rod, but we vary it with the white snake-root and the Jerusalem artichoke; while the barberry sprays and bitter-sweet and sea-buckthorn and wych-hazel come with the late October sunshine. When the first frosts drive the tender plants indoors they are brought into the dog-trot, now glassed in. The jasmine is trained over the rough walls, the osmanthus and cryptomeria stand on guard in the corners, and masses of chrysanthemums, yellow and white and mauve and pink, which have been ripening in the green-house all summer, make us forget that the leaves are falling and snow is near.

Along both the north and the south sides of the house we built open brick terraces fourteen feet wide, so that we have a variety of outdoor rooms for all sorts of weather. The south terrace is finished with a low split-boulder wall, one hundred and twenty feet in length; the north terrace is even with the lawn and with the house too, so it is like stepping from one room to another when we open any of the seventeen doors leading to the outer world!

Under each group of windows is built on the house a simple and practical flower box, eighteen inches wide and ten inches deep on the outside. Those on the south terrace are filled with tulips in the early Spring, principally yellow ones to repeat

the color of the jonquils in sunny masses under the leafless shrubs. A huge group of forsythias carries the yellow almost to the water's edge, and when the goldfinch darts among its radiant branches and the dandelion glows in every corner, we say, "This is the most beautiful season of the year." In Summer these window-boxes are filled with a special salmon-pink shade of geranium—the Mrs. E. G. Hill, I think, is its name—which blossoms freely until frost. The color blends well with the soft browns and grays of the house, but it has one fault, it does not go with the American flag, so that we are not always as patriotic outwardly as inwardly.

Close to the house, in the floor of the terrace, openings two feet wide were left and filled with rich soil to nourish the vines and the rose geraniums planted there.

Over the low boulder wall clambers the sweet-scented honey-suckle, clematis, both Jackmani and the Japanese, the crimson rambler, and the memorial rose. The clematis does not confine its affections to the wall alone, but clings to the rhodotypus and spiræa Van Houttei, to the rosa rugosa and the aralia pentaphylla, to the Indian currant and the forsythia, to the privet and even to the Hercules' club, wherever they come within reach of its twining leaves. At first I struggled with strings tied to bricks to hold these wandering

tentacles from the neighboring shrubs, but one year I arrived too late and the vines were permitted their own sweet way. The result was utterly charming and apparently not hurtful to the bushes, so that within certain limits the clematis has had its own way ever since.

At the east end of the terrace a marble bench invites one to a cool repose. It is flanked by large terra cotta pots of the Chinese rose-mallow, while a big green Italian oil jar makes a nice bit of color under the roof of the adjoining porch. Two long boxes made of rough-hewn timbers, stained brown to match the house, stand close to the low terrace wall, so that the honeysuckle and the kudzu run over and cover their sides in rich luxuriance. These also hold the brilliant rose-mallow blooming the whole summer through, great rosy and crimson bells of beauty. Of course these have to go into the green-house for the winter, as do also the two small cryptomerias brought from Japan, and the osmanthus, which was sent to us from Washington and looks exactly like a berryless holly. On the brick floor are some dull Chinese bowls of the pink impatiens sultana, an exquisite specimen of tuberous begonia with perhaps a pot of blue spiderwort sent by a sympathetic soul for our wild garden, or a jar of red peppers brought down from the kitchen garden that we may enjoy the variety of color as they ripen.

The delicate sprays and sweet-scented flowers of the white jasmine are twined about the big rough brown timbers supporting the upstairs porch; the trumpet vine hangs heavy on one corner, and the kudzu balances it on the other with masses of rich green leaves. Here we sit on moonlit evenings and watch the boats sail through the path of gold. Here the rain comes down in soft showers from the gutterless roofs; and five minutes after the clouds have passed, the terrace is perfectly dry again. Here we linger to get the last reflected light from the late autumn sun, and here I labor during many a happy hour, snipping the geraniums, trimming the roses, and training the vines. I must acknowledge I am not a rapid worker; if a brown thrasher creeps out from under a sumac bush, down go the scissors and up go the glasses. If a catbird calls "miau" too persistently, I know I must be working somewhere near his nest and the temptation to investigate is irresistible. Life in the country is extremely diverting, and concentration is difficult.

We planted two trees close to the terrace wall for the birds. I wanted to have one a picturesque, old, gnarled, dead tree. I had heard of this as being a conspicuous object on the edge of the lawn in some English estates, but the idea was a little radical for the Constant Improver. He remarked that probably the newly set out trees would be

thin enough, for a year or two anyway, to enable us to see the birds perfectly. One was placed toward the east end of the terrace, and one by my own window at the west. I am glad to say that the birds adopted them at once. The humming-bird brought all her little family to the trumpet flower pasture near, and I have counted two or three fledglings at a time preening themselves and balancing their tiny bodies on a branch within ten feet of my window. The song sparrow wakened me with his delicious trill; the yellow warbler and the pewee, the robins and the thrushes made it their rendezvous; the cedar-birds and the oriole took it as a resting place; the redstart chirped his brightest, and the bluejay—I regret to say that even the bluejay discovered it and descended with a scream of delight.

The north terrace presented quite a different planting problem. Here, where the sun never comes and no flowers can be made to grow in the long window-box, the graceful Boston fern was planted, flanked on either end by maiden-hair from the woods. Five brown *papier mâché* vases, such as florists use, were sunk at irregular intervals in the earth in order to be invisible. In these were placed lilacs or snowballs, flowering blackberry sprays, tall lilies or hydrangeas, wild asters or goldenrod, plumed poppies or crab-apple branches, according to the season.

I wonder that long before now someone has not sung the praises of the impatiens sultana with its masses of deep shell-pink flowers, blossoming steadily from June to frost, and in the *shade*. We put out a long triangle of them at the edge of the terrace among the low winterberries and yellow-root shrubs. A glint of morning sun and at evening one brief half-hour seemed to be enough to make these brave bright flowers hold up their small heads proudly and laugh with each answering breeze. They were such a gay lot the whole summer long.

All of this I owe to the generosity of a certain good dame in our nearest village. Passing the house one day, I could not help exclaiming at the exquisite shade of what I thought was dwarf phlox. Mustering up my courage,—it was early in our garden experiences and I did not know then the free-masonry among all true nature-lovers,—I knocked at the side door in friendly fashion and asked the name of the shell-pink flower.

"I don't know its name, but you are welcome to it if you want some."

If I wanted some! I accepted the offer in the spirit in which it was made, and from those small cuttings of impatiens sultana, we raised a mass of tiny seedlings which, when only six inches high, persisted in blossoming, even under the bench in the green-house.

Against the ivy-covered wall of the house, by the great bed of native ferns from the woods, stands a huge saucer, thirty inches across, filled with big broad tuberous begonias, pink and yellow, white and scarlet. If the chipmunks were not such lovers of the beautiful, these brilliant blossoms would last much longer! But these little rascals, eager to get the drop of honey deep down in the heart of the flowers, ruthlessly tear them to pieces.

This terrace is bounded on the east by the staircase tower, and on the west by the out-of-door dining-room. The furniture in this room is simple, consisting of one stone bench; the dishes plain and few—to be precise, there is but one, a brass jar from India, warranted not to break or dent if tipped over or thrown down upon the brick floor by the sudden antics of Tom or Bob. In the jar is generally corn or peanuts, on the bench is spread the chopped suet which the nut-hatches love, on the floor are thrown cherries for the robins and woodpeckers. It is a busy, happy corner: the squirrels leap down from the pergola roof at the opening of a door; the chipmunks, by nature far more timid, have learned to eat from our hands, and appear at any daylight hour ready and eager for play or for work. Close by, sunk in a convenient corner under a maple tree, a small forsythia shading it, lies the drinking fountain and bird-bath in one, a big hollow boulder always kept filled with

fresh clean water. Shall I acknowledge it is scrubbed every Friday with soap and water? I know the birds appreciate the fact. On the overhanging bush grow, apparently, currants or cherries or grapes, according to the season. They look very pretty hanging on the pendulous branches of the forsythia. Here on the north terrace we have our after-dinner coffee on mild Sundays in the late autumn, and here all summer long we spend many a patient hour, making friends with our nearest neighbors in the wild life about us. From the big overhanging trees beyond the lawn, the flycatchers dart after their tiny prey, the yellow warblers come down to bathe, and the red-headed woodpeckers call their children to the newly found fruit farm so conveniently near. The shadows lengthen on the lawn, the evening song of the thrush arises, the robins on the pergola tuck their small heads away, even Bob, the squirrel, disappears into the dusk. The night has come.

CHAPTER V

THE WOODSHED

THERE is generally some corner of an otherwise perfectly regulated estate where the various implements used in cultivating the soil are left carelessly lying about:—a wheelbarrow dropped on one side when the whistle blew, a spade thrown down, a rake abandoned, and even the plough resting after snow has come. This is not only disorderly and ugly, but also wasteful and extravagant, according to the Constant Improver. A place should be provided for every article. Still less patience did he have with the countless bits of jetsam and flotsam usually found near the kitchen door.

"No, there isn't the least necessity for a backyard!" reiterated the Constant Improver. "The kitchen doorway should be kept as neat as the front of the house. This accumulation of rubbish in a backyard is simply a survival of an old outgrown idea."

"Yes, sir," I meekly assented, and began my objections. "What about the coal and kindlings, the ash-can and the hose, the ice-cream freezer and the blacking box, the—"

"All shall be provided for, and each shall have a place—"

"A convenient one, please," I interposed, as I foresaw my struggles with new "helpers."

"Certainly a convenient one, much better than in the disorder of the backyard," and his tone was unmistakably contemptuous.

Part of the kitchen-house porch was therefore partitioned off, making a really admirable place for the coal and kindling, for the two garbage tins, the oil-can, and the ash-barrel, the pier lantern and the stepladders, the ice-tongs and the brooms, with a nail for each cloth and tool. It did not quite take in the wheelbarrow or the sprinkler, the big coils of hose or the lawn-mower, the leaf-cart, rakes, or other gardener's implements; so a small lean-to, seven by sixteen feet, was built into the corner of the service yard, and vines were planted over it and bushes about it. It is curious how soon such an enclosure gets filled to overflowing. We had a tool room in the stable, too, which did not seem to have lost any of its mass of heterogeneous contents. Our kitchen doorway was neatness personified, the brick walk was as clean as our front terrace; and in the oval where the service road turned we planted roses, which took advantage of the open yet sheltered situation, and prospered exceedingly. We approved of our service yard, but the problem of the old-fashioned backyard was

only half solved. Somewhere the big logs must be piled up, somewhere the old boxes and cases must repose before being split into kindling, somewhere the extra bricks and drain tiles, the wire-cloth, the barrel of salt, the bags of bone-meal, and general odds and ends must find a resting place.

So the Constant Improver seized his scribbling pad and carelessly sketched a long low woodshed with wide-spreading roof, much the kind of a house we used to draw when we were children.

"Be sure it is big enough," I ventured, and we sallied forth to find a spot for it to stand upon. Just beyond the stable on the other side of the brook was a comparatively level piece of ground; here we decided to put it. The Constant Improver marked off the site in long strides, afterwards verifying his measurements with stakes and a tape-line. He sat him down in his own sanctum and with quadrille paper prepared a working drawing. It was a tempting thing to do, no chimneys to place, no windows or doors to bother with; the road eleven feet wide went through the middle of it, and all the winds of heaven blew around its shadowy spaces. It was seventy-two feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and eighteen feet high in the centre, and the roof swept down within eight feet of the ground and matched that of the house in its raised shingles. The sides were of rough-hewn

planks stained brown and overlapping each other like clapboards; the centre gable on either side was of plaster and timber construction to the ground; and where the sidewalls joined the roof a space five inches high was left for ventilation.

The gardener began the building with enthusiasm, but it was not long before he reappeared carrying the drawing, over which he still brooded in puzzled inspection.

"At one end the eaves are only three feet from the ground, if you please, sir, and at the other they are eight feet."

"Well, that is the fault of the ground, not of the drawing. Take off a plank or two at the bottom of one end; if the roof line is straight the rest will come out all right." And it did.

The woodshed was an ideal spot for "hide and go seek," and on rainy days an unfailing source of pleasure to our boyish visitors. Here no jointed rods or brightly polished reels hung on the walls, but the old-fashioned poles of our childhood, the strings which always got tangled when in my hands, and the hooks which caught everything—except the fish. The iceboat was slung to the roof in company with an old sailboat mast; the carpenter's bench with its vise and kegs of nails stood invitingly at hand. In case more strenuous exercise was desired, the axe was always in the chopping-block ready to be used, and the saw-horse

with its saw hanging near suggested an opportunity. The handy wagon, too, was supposed to have its corner here when not in use, but it carried out the principles of its name so faithfully that, loaded with clay or coal, with stones or wood, with hay or plants, with sand or sod, it was constantly in demand. Its strong construction, its adaptable body, its solid wooden wheels with six-inch tires, were sources of great satisfaction. A huge sand-screen, the scraper, the enormous leaf-basket, a chain and tackle, an old door, a discarded window, a worn wash-boiler, planks and boards and boxes, kegs and pipes of all sizes, excelsior and straw for packing, poles and posts and wire-netting and traps, an indescribable collection of odds and ends, "which might come handy sometime," filled even this big place from the ground to its topmost beam.

If half the woodshed was treated as a backyard, the other half was reserved for the wood, and here it rose in neatly disposed piles from the twelve-inch pieces to the big four-foot logs, split or not according to the thickness of the tree. We had about forty cords to begin with, from the trees necessarily cut down, and each year the dead wood had to be taken from the forest for fear of fire or accident. Thus we cut on an average about thirty cords annually, and with all our open fires, found no difficulty in consuming it.

Formerly the horse treadmill went about the country-side from house to house during the winter, filling the sheds with a year's supply of wood. The cheerful buzz of the moving saw, the drop of the falling sticks, the sweet-smelling, golden sawdust on the crisp snow, the animated voices of the men at work, enlivened the winter landscape. But with this machine only about twelve cords a day could be cut; so the portable motor or steam saw has taken the place of the treadmill, the long shaft adding its whir to the buzz of the saw, and with this twenty cords can easily be finished in a long day's work. It is certainly more humane and labor-saving, and what is a little more or less odor of gasoline now a days?

When the trees are cut down we save the smaller branches and chop them into certain lengths, tying them into bundles with willow withes. These make a quick brilliant flame in the big fire-places on cool autumn evenings or in the damp days of midsummer.

I never see those huge four-foot logs piled to the roof at the far end of the shed without a fleeting vision of our first hearth fire: the cool green room, the happy faces about us, the sudden silence as the Friendly Architect formally passed the lighted match to the Constant Improver, who, after a glance at me, stooped and touched the bit of paper. An instant's smoke, and the kindling

caught; the flame spread in a broad sheet over the bricks, and in spite of the rain, we knew that there was a perfect draught, which ever since has been our comfort and our pride.

What does that scent of the wood-pile bring to one's mind? It recalls to me a shady spot under the big willow in my grandfather's backyard, where stood an old worn chopping-block and an axe. All about were chips which we children used to bring in by the basketful, I suppose to light the fire with, but to this day I am not sure,—as a child I never was interested to know; all I delighted in was the rich pungent odor of the freshly cut wood and the rivalry over who could fill her basket first. I can see my grandfather's kindly face as he stopped on his way from the barn to inquire, "Who's ahead?" We ceased our work instantly and looked up with hopeful eyes to see if he was going to tell us a story:—about the new calf's doings, or the little pig's escape from the barnyard, or the horse who stubbed his toe going down hill with a wagon-load of apples, or some other equally interesting tale. Well we knew those thrilling experiences and dearly did we love them. As an older person delights to tell over and over again the same story, so the child loves to hear it, and no matter how threadbare the narrative, his appreciative comment always is, "Tell it again." In what does the charm consist? As we grow older we demand

novelty, but to a child all life is so novel, perhaps, that his imagination, not being bounded by judgment or experience, darts off at all sorts of unexpected angles and consequently finds new food for thought in the elements of the same old story. Or is it because the child really grasps more of the meaning at each repetition? I sometimes doubt if children care so much for the meaning of words; it is rather the sound which pleases them, as witness the enchanting effects of the Mother Goose jingles. Did you ever repeat a rhyme in a strange tongue to a small child? Try it and see what surprised joy it brings.

One quaint little chap always called our pergola, "the Purgatory,"—not that he had any unhappy associations connected with it, or meant to cast any reflections upon it; indeed I doubt very much whether he knew the meaning of the word, but he preferred its more resonant cadence.

How many children have played Robinson Crusoe in our wood-shed and made wonderful discoveries of treasure in its dark corners! The sun poured upon the western side of the shed, where it faced the berry-garden, and a great patch of mint close to the hospitable entrance mingled its perfume with the sweet scent of the freshly cut wood. Swallows made their homes under the wide-spreading eaves and circled in endless curves above its hospitable roof; robins and phœbes appropriated

the protected ledges, and a trusting yellow warbler built her nest in an adjacent low thicket. This particular bird had a hard time getting settled one year. When she had nearly finished her home in a lilac bush by the stable, a catbird began building near; whereupon the tiny aristocrat moved every twig and hair of her own dwelling to a more quiet and select neighborhood.

Through the forest to the wood-shed we permitted ourselves that grassy roadway which once we dreamed would suffice for the main avenue. Wild-flowers nodded on its borders, and the running mallow spread over the ground its tiny cheeses, which children love to glean.

Aside from its practical usefulness the woodshed was really a beautiful object; the leaves above it cast wavering shadows on its long expanse of moss-green roof, the sunlight flecked it, and about it rose the forest always beckoning, tempting us from our work with its promises and revelations.

CHAPTER VI

THE KITCHEN-GARDEN

FOND as we are of the wilderness, when it comes to our daily food we have extremely civilized ideas, so of course a kitchen-garden was a necessity. Now this kind of a garden should be near the house and yet completely hidden from it. Ours lies at the end of the pergola, in a natural hollow in the woods, screened from the lawn by trees and shrubs and all manner of low underbrush. A winding path, with big boulder steps, leads down to the lilac-framed gateway; and as the open, sunlit space breaks upon one, the vision seldom fails to elicit an exclamation of pleasure even from the least enthusiastic of our guests.

We had cleared but an acre for this garden, as we could not bear to sacrifice any more trees. In sheer desperation at our obstinacy, the Man of Many Maps wrote us that since we had such an objection to cutting down trees he should advise us to buy our vegetables. Even this piece of sarcasm failed to move us, and we do buy our potatoes to this day. Can a kitchen-garden without flowers or trees or shrubs be beautiful and still thoroughly practical? We think it can. To be sure its outline

must be severe, since neither winding paths nor curving beds are permitted. We brought down the old gray lichen-covered fence which for twenty years had bordered the high road, and set it up around the garden, re-hung the squeaky gate, and admired our handiwork. The country people looked on askance. What kind of ideas were these? A nice, new, painted one would have cost no more!

Over the old fence trailing grape-vines sprawl at their own sweet will, and the Japanese clematis perfumes the air with its snowy sweetness; eglantine, golden glow, and phlox peer through the pickets at their lowly neighbors, and on the west the shaded green of the young locust trees makes a screen between the service road and the garden.

Outside one gate are tall white lilacs. They always grew by the gate in my grandmother's garden, and I know she would approve of them, but what she would think of the frivolous double-flowering Japanese crab apples at the opposite entrance, it is better perhaps not to know. In a sunny corner, still outside of the fence, the nasturtiums clamber riotously, while the hollyhocks look down in pharisaical disdain on cauliflower and kohlrabi and celery beds.

This is the frame for the picture. It is possible that in planning our planting we paid more attention to the appearance of the place than was wise. We first divided the garden into four parts by an

eight-foot grassy roadway and a three-foot intersecting path, also of grass. This proved practical and the road has never become worn. On either side of the wide roadway down its entire length the parsley grew, keeping its feathery green fresh until Thanksgiving. Of course we knew we must plant everything in rows for convenience in weeding and picking; but in the first arrangement of those rows our inexperience was laughable. For instance, we had the tall lima beans against the fence, under the shade of the neighboring trees,—they looked well there too, on paper; then came the trellis tomatoes and high Brussels sprouts in gentle gradation down to the red cabbage and bush wax-beans and sprawling squashes. Think of the lovely color scheme! It was certainly most unkind of our friends the limas to turn yellow and refuse to prosper without more sun and air, while the tomatoes, greedy gluttons, said, "If we can't have all the light we won't play." Now we carefully put the limas in the centre of one side of the garden and the tomatoes in the centre of the other, where they balance beautifully and prosper finely, and there is no quarreling.

I suppose all vegetable gardens are much alike, but it is with peculiar pride that we stand under the white lilacs at our own garden gate and look down the broad grassy roadway, beyond the parsley to the feathery carrots. We sniff the

delicious fragrance of the mint and sweet marjoram, the basil and the balm; we gaze in deep admiration at the red-topped beets, grass-like onions, and salsify; we look eagerly at the purple fruit of the eggplant and the long green cucumbers under their heavy leaves; even the horse-radish and its cousin the turnip, the parsnip and the humble spinach, we do not despise. What more beautiful orchid than the martynia blossom? What more lovely hibiscus than the yellow okra? The scarlet runners on their high poles repeat the color of the peppers at their feet, and on the eastern boundary the plumy mass of asparagus with its bright berries attracts the autumn migrants and winter visitors.

In June we steal a great bunch of the tall feathery blossoms of the pie-plant for the dull green jar by the fire-place in the living-room, and some day we may puzzle our city friends still more by transferring the yellow green of the lettuce gone to seed, to its proper place in the middle of the dining-room table!

Unconsciously I may have given the impression that our kitchen-garden is principally a thing of beauty, attractive to the eye, but with mediocre results in regard to its products. This impression I wish most emphatically to dispel. As we pick our vegetables smaller and younger than most people do, naturally they would not make a wonderful

display at County Fairs, but we did get a first prize for celery and for kohlrabi too, and a second for cucumbers, but our highest achievement was an Honorable Mention for carrots!

Our Golden Bantam Corn may not be the earliest to arrive but for flavor we match it against all comers and with its many plantings it generally lasts until frost.

The Constant Improver is certainly a worthy descendant of Adam as far as tomatoes are concerned; for I believe that according to the higher criticism the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil was really a *tomato* most luscious and tempting, which had climbed the tree in the midst of the Garden. Indeed he is so fond of them that he has even sacrificed his patriotism to the extent of buying his seeds in England. Sutton's "Best-of-All" certainly quite justifies its name. It is perfectly sound, rich scarlet, with firm pulp and, as the catalogues say, "a good cropper." The cascade tomatoes hanging like grapes in long racemes have a delicious flavor, and are very pretty when the fruit shades from green to crimson. We also grow the yellow pear tomato, so delicate and dainty.

One of our city guests clutching her skirts tightly, looked over the gate into the kitchen-garden one September morning, and wishing to

say something pleasant and seemly, asked: "What are those?"

Now we had planted some French artichokes before the trellises of trained tomatoes so that, as the leaves were stripped to permit the fruit to ripen, the spreading green foliage of the artichoke might cover all deficiencies.

The Constant Improver answered: "Those are artichokes,—French artichokes."

"What, those red things?"

"Oh, no! those are tomatoes." At which we all, herself included, burst into irrepressible laughter.

In the early Spring this sheltered sunny hollow is an ideal spot for the first June pea and sweet white radish, but as the high trees leaf out and the underbrush thickens in the surrounding forest, the August planting of peas demands more air and is likely to mould. This, however, is the only thing that suffers.

We try to have our three favorite vegetables join hands, as it were, and accompany us through the summer months. By early May comes the asparagus, purple and green to match the violets creeping under the fence to greet it; this lasts until the middle of June, when those longed-for and proudly announced first peas are due. After the morning greeting between neighbors on the train, one casually remarks, trying not to let his pride

appear in his voice, "We had fresh peas for dinner last night." If the other neighbor is remarkably polite, she merely answers, "How nice!" and does not boast of *her* crop harvested two nights before! With good fortune the peas last until early August, when the dwarf limas begin. It seems to me few people appreciate the lima bean. I am not referring to the fat, wilted, yellow article which one buys in the city markets. That is a libel on the name. Picked when very small and flat and never allowed to grow fat, they are a most delicious vegetable, taking their proper place as the successor to the green pea.

We find in this climate great difficulty in wintering the French artichoke and we do not try to raise melons. Cooked like celery with a brown or Hollandaise sauce, the Swiss chard is a welcome addition to our early summer fare. In salad, too, it makes a pleasant change.

Although mushrooms do not grow in our kitchen-garden, they form an important part of our bill-of-fare, for nearly all the season in one corner or another of the place, appear the richly flavored morels, the shaggy-mane and inky coprinus, the well-known field mushroom, the dainty psathyrella disseminata, or the panæolus ritirugis of particularly exquisite flavor. Nothing can be more toothsome than these delicacies from one's own lawn.

There is a certain taste about them, an indefinable essence, which tickles the pride as well as the palate. Mushrooms should be cooked very simply. After peeling them we put buttered toast on a flat baking-dish, pour cream over, put the mushrooms on, a dash of pepper and salt, and bake for ten minutes.

Eggplant is usually either fried in thin hard slices or baked in its own skin; but we have a way between the two. Peel it and cut it in slices half an inch thick. Soak it in salted water for an hour, roll it in flour, put it in a buttered pan, and cook on top of the stove for five minutes; turn once. Serve at once, so that the outside may be crisp and the inside soft.

I wonder how often, in America, sorrel soup is made. We are very fond of it, and the gardener is charmed to have us uproot it. A big handful flavors enough soup for eight people. Only the leaves are used, chopped fine. Thicken the milk in a double boiler when heated, with a little butter and flour. Have about two cupfuls of soup stock in a pan, put the sorrel in the stock, mix with the milk the last minute, and strain it before serving. Whipped cream may be added if desired.

Part of the beauty in a kitchen-garden lies in the well-drained ground kept free from weeds, and the rich black earth crumbly and yet moist lying

ready to receive the new seed and return to the air new fruit from its abounding fertility. Every Fall one-seventh of the whole garden is trenched to a depth of two feet, a layer of manure put in, the top soil put at the bottom, another layer of manure at a depth of one foot and the bottom soil turned on top. The rest of the garden is all roughly spaded in the Fall, but in the Spring it is trenched to a depth of one foot and a layer of manure put in. Every seven years the whole garden is thus turned upside down, leaving only the asparagus and pie-plant undisturbed.

Farther up the hill beyond the cottage and the stable, bounded by the long woodshed on one side and the greenhouse on another, lies the fruit and cutting garden of half an acre. Here are gooseberries; red, white, and black currants; blackberries; red and white raspberries; and strawberries. Here the small cherry trees are planted, and plums, pears, and apples, with more mint beds, tarragon and caraway, anise and sweet savory, sage and lavender. A long avenue of peonies with tiger lilies planted between and bordered by rose geraniums leads to the rose beds, the cold frames, and the compost heap. Who but the Constant Improver would have tried to make the compost heap a thing of beauty? After building a high brown fence about it, with double gates on the roadway leading through,

and training roses on one side and wild grapes on the other, not yet wholly satisfied, he planted vegetable marrow directly upon the mound. This soon completely covered it with a mass of big, tropical-looking leaves, yellow flowers, and pale green gourd-like fruit.

Beyond this enclosure rises the forest in gentle undulations, and the little path beside a winding brook leads temptingly into its depth.

CHAPTER VII

THE FORMAL GARDEN

It did not take long to evolve a simple, sensible, and comfortable costume for working. This consisted of a sailor blouse of cotton cheviot, thick enough, like the Irishwoman's shawl, to keep out the heat, while giving full liberty of movement. Being unstarched it was easily laundered. With it was worn a short, straight skirt to match, a wide-brimmed hat, stout low-heeled shoes, and large loose-wristed gloves. The latter were pieced out to the elbow with heavy silesia finished by an elastic, to keep them from slipping. As a poor pocketless female, I evolved a kind of carpenter's apron for practical use and found it a great convenience. This was made of heavy white galatea with three deep compartments beginning six inches below the waist and long enough to hold a hammer. In addition, they also held a paper bag for mushrooms, a small pad and pencil, a ball of twine, scissors, a large knife, and a pair of the pruning shears which were designed for the gentlemen orange-growers of California. These were given me by a kindred spirit, and are one of my most cherished posses-

sions. They have a strong and easy cut and yet are small enough to be held comfortably in the hand. Inch staples for the big vines and double pointed tacks for the smaller ones, with a few hairpins to coax back refractory brambles from the path, complete the outfit. After I have tucked in my small Bird Book, hung the glasses around my neck, and snatched a few peanuts for the squirrels, I am ready for work in any direction.

Like the little girl who was asked to choose between a white candy and a pink one and answered, "Both," so when I was asked to choose between a wild-flower garden and a dear little shut-in garden of old-fashioned blossoms, I too chose both. Just beneath my window, at the edge of the terrace steps, lay a level or nearly level bit of ground just the right size for a tiny garden, with plenty of sun, protected on the north by the kitchen-house and service-yard wall, and on the west by the forest. It measured fifty by sixty feet. We put around it, first, a beautiful barberry hedge,—not a clipped hedge, but one heavy with graceful sprays of crimson fruit. This proved anything but practical, for it was sharp and inhospitable, and grew bare and brown below,—I think the technical term is "leggy." Then we piled up a loose boulder wall. This was better, but too rustic to be in keeping with the terrace wall which it joined. Finally, we continued the terrace wall, three and a half feet

high, of split boulders laid in cement. It has three entrances. On the south the path leads to the pier, on the north to the service-yard, and on the west straight away down the hill to the depths of the cool, dark forest. The outer southern side of this wall is covered with a mass of Dorothy Perkins roses of a wonderful pure pink, and in front of them hardy chrysanthemums which blossom long after the roses cease, so that their colors never clash.

The brick paths, three feet wide, leave a border of ten feet to plant, on three sides of the garden. There are also four inner beds of equal size, and a small circle in the centre, where a simple travertine stone fountain plays. The cement basin under it is lined with coarse gravel, with a few rocks for the goldfish to hide under, and has a border a foot wide which is always planted with rose geraniums growing rank in the blazing sun.

On descending the steps from the terrace, two small pyramidal box trees stand on either side of the centre path, flanked by two Japanese quinces beyond at each end of the flowering border. By these grow clumps of bleeding-hearts, one in very truth from my grandmother's garden, where it flourished forty years ago. Old-fashioned fringed pinks fall over the path, and a mass of heliotrope is tucked in by the pier gate, from whence down the southern border, across the western end, and back

along the northern border, rise towering dahlias, pink and yellow and crimson and white, with phlox of varying tints before them. Snapdragons, larkspur, and marigolds fill in all spaces to the lobelia border on the southern side, while on the northern side of the garden grow the nicotine, white and pink and purple, so deliciously fragrant in the starlight, a group of hyacinthus candicans, and masses of peonies and marigolds, the African and French, and sanvitalia, which if it isn't a marigold ought to be, it is so like a baby sister. Lilies spring up unexpectedly everywhere among the peony leaves, the auratum, the speciosum album, and rubrum; even the tiger lily appeared one season, where from no man could tell. On each side of the forest gateway a white, crushy rose, the blanc double De Coubert, blossoms all summer through. The boltonias and golden glow topple over the wall toward it, and the Japanese clematis is kept from strangling it only by constant vigilance. The duty of the clematis is to cover the gate-posts; and by the aid of strings tightly drawn it does so in exquisite beauty. Here blossoms the pale blue salvia, beloved by the bees, and in September the Japanese anemone and hardy chrysanthemums.

The squirrels and the chipmunks like the walks in the little garden. They amble around the fountain and scud along the bare bricks. The robins and the catbirds find good eating in the mossy

interstices and hop gravely out through the forest gateway to their homes not far away.

There is something about a garden which brings out the genuine side of a person's nature. It is impossible to be formal or artificial in the presence of the plants you work over yourself.

To my shame be it said that there are a few flowers which I positively detest. Zinnias, except the burnt orange and yellow varieties, I can not endure. Neither have I any patience with the weak-backed asters that can not stand the least rain, but hang down their mud-bespattered faces; nor with the sickly ageratums, even the best of which fail so utterly to live up to their title of blue.

We get a world of entertainment trying experiments in this little garden. For the four small beds we want something that will be a mass of blossom from June to frost, and that is not so easy to find. We agreed to put petunias in one bed, they are so fragrant, and the "rosy dawn" variety is a lovely clear pink. Of course, they will sprawl over the edge late in the season and grow a little yellow and brown through the middle, but altogether they are quite satisfactory and require no snipping.

Every year I say I will not have another of those careless china pinks, but every Spring when I see their cheerful faces and clear bright colors I succumb, and that is the end of my leisure. With care —which means at least an hour a day without a

break—in snipping off dead blossoms, these also last until the frost.

The other two beds have had many tenants. Yellow is my favorite color, and one bed of that tint we must have. One year the golden-ball chrysanthemums bloomed from the fifth of June to the eleventh of August, when the rain demolished them. Nothing could have been more glowing than this mass of yellow flowers and finely cut green leaves. They require much care, for they must not be allowed to go to seed. Another year the California poppy outshone the sun most of the summer through; but this must be seeded anew each year and is apt to grow straggly by August. The baby rambler put forth its big bunches of crimson flowers for one season, but I could never keep the faded ones cut, and they did not cover the ground quite enough to be satisfactory. Once we had snapdragon—dwarf snapdragon, I want to emphasize,—but owing to either the too favorable conditions or a mistake in the seed, great stalks shot up and lopped over and lay down, until I was quite in despair. I did not want to stake them, for it would have looked like a beanpole patch, and I could not peg them. I like snapdragons too in their proper place.

A woodbine hangs its strands gracefully over the wall at the foot of the terrace steps, and the white jasmine reaches out from under the wild cherry

tree until their leaves mingle. A tall high-bush cranberry stands sentinel behind the bleeding-hearts, and over the northern wall the euonymus radicans struggles to climb. A big clump of elms is entirely out of keeping in a tiny formal garden; but here my old prejudice sways me. We found it there, and I cannot bear to cut it down. Moreover, it is usually full of birds, and shelters a nest or two in its thick foliage. Still farther on, beyond the kitchen house, the service-yard wall of rough plaster, six feet high, extends to the west. The woodbine clambers over it and fringes the old monastery doorway, low arched, and brown and banded with long iron hinges. In front of the wall stand hollyhocks between high lilac bushes and the wild rudbeckias, Newmanni and triloba and sub-tomentosa.

Just outside the formal garden to the west are Shasta daisies, the cultivated evening primrose, the yellow loosestrife, Achillea the pearl, the pink spiræa and the blue wild indigo, all running riot as if they had escaped from man's control and were having a good time by themselves. Beside the path leading into the forest, grow demurely the prim clumps of showy stonecrop, setting the example as it were in the midst of all this frivolity. But the yellow buttercups dance on undismayed. The Sieboldei polygonum from Japan rustles her cloud of white blossoms, and a clump of wild

gooseberry under the maples and hickories tell us we have reached the woods again.

That first frost of Autumn, how unnecessary it seems! In the morning the garden was a blaze of marigolds and dahlias; the Japanese anemones and blue salvia, the saucy petunias and phlox seemed to speak of midsummer. The plentiful buds of the chrysanthemums almost convinced one that the blossoming season was just beginning,—only the feathery masses of the clematis and the rich red of the Virginia creeper on the wall told us that Autumn had come. Suddenly a wind arose out of the north, bringing a chill of ice. Surely there could be no frost with this gale, but all the tender plants in pots were carried quickly under cover, the great sheets of cheese-cloth and canvas were spread wherever possible, and the wind died down. Brilliant starlight followed, with crisp air—exhilarating to us, but not to the garden! Alas! the daylight disclosed a piteous spectacle. All the proud dahlias bent black against their posts, the anemones hung their waxen heads, the marigolds fell in limp dismay, there was even a film of ice over the pool of the fountain, and the goldfish sought the shelter of the bedraggled rose geraniums which hung miserably over the chilly coping. Only the phlox here and there held up its cheery head, and the chrysanthemums looked on calm and unmoved as if to say: "What did you expect?

That the summer would last always? Cut down the withered dahlias, they have done their work for this year and will rest until another springtime. Look yonder on the brilliant maple leaves, the glowing sumac and yellow hickory, for this is what the Frost King has done for your pleasure and your delight."

"When do the roses rest here?" I asked an Italian in Rome, translating literally.

"Oh, how sentimental you Americans are!" he answered. "We never use such an expression in regard to flowers."

Perhaps because the roses never do stop blooming entirely, in Italy; but after all I like our changing seasons best, and I like our thoughts of the flowers as beings that rest and work, that sleep and waken as do we ourselves.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PERGOLA

FROM the out-of-door dining-room, following the outline of the house, extending along the west side of the lawn, runs the rustic pergola. Built from the trees which we had been obliged to cut, their bark left on, the larger ones for the posts sunk four feet in the ground and placed ten feet apart, the smaller ones for the roof projecting three feet on either side, it did look at first quite bare and hopeless. As a neighboring farmer put it: "A nice lot of wood you have there, but I shouldn't say it was piled real economical."

This arbor, two hundred and fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, would in time, we felt sure, make a fine support for the vines, a good background for the hardy border, and link the wild woods with the smooth expanse of lawn. Paved with brick, laid herring-bone fashion in sand, it became a favorite walk on dewy mornings.

Company in plenty was always there. In early Spring the robins were busy with their nests and broods overhead, yellow warblers flitted in and out of the climbing roses, the grosbeak and his little brown mate sought a building-site, and a

pair of thrushes were sure to float down to the hollow boulder near, for their daily splash. All summer long, gray squirrels ran over the loosely-laid rafters, and chipmunks rustled in the leaves, to appear before one, and squeal for the accustomed nut. In the early Fall the Louisiana water thrush teetered under the salvia blossoms, and chickadees called merrily from the tall dry sunflowers in the woods close by. The yellow leaves came tumbling down, the bending oak was crimson against the sky, and we said, "Can any season be more beautiful than Fall?"

In winter, under the snow, the pergola was still more picturesque. Blue shadows lay on the glistening ground, and every cranny and tiny crack was filled with soft white powdery flakes. The oak leaves rustled in the sharp air, the sky was all a wonderful blue, the trunks of the trees were velvety black, and every blade and leaf and twig was glistening with ice in the sunshine.

But, after all, midsummer finds it in its glory. All about the posts are twined the wild virgin's bower, with its cousin from Japan, a little clematis Jackmanni and the pure white Henryi; the woodbine of course, and the wild grape, the akebia quinata and the rampant kudzu vine; the old-fashioned Prairie Queen rose and the Baltimore Belle and the crimson rambler in splendid great sprays of bloom twenty feet long; plenty of eglan-

tine, delicious under the hot sun, the northern fox and the Niagara grape and that splendid climber, the trumpet-vine.

At one end, by the house, is a small terra cotta wall-fountain from Florence, and a convenient bench; at the other the pergola broadens into a square tea-house with old wooden seats in the corners, a stump for a table, and in the centre a spikenard from the woods, growing in one of Nature's *jardinières*.

To the north a narrow path leads from this end of the pergola, under the lindens and maples, to the kitchen garden not far away; while on the west another path lined with meadow-rue, columbine, and the spikenard, connects with the service road and cottage and upper garden.

On the woodsy side of the pergola grow the golden glow, and plumed poppy, the tall Eulalia grass, and the plumed ravenna reed, which my grandmother used to call ribbon grass. Here are the scarlet balm and wild sunflowers and ferns and brakes of every variety, and wild lilies where they like, the old wood lily and the yellow Canada, the Turk's cap, and the Carolina, the Grayi and the Elegans. Nearer the house are the bane-berries, both red and white, the ginseng and columbine and Jack-in-the-pulpit, mixed with violets and hepaticas and asters and golden rod, all blending imperceptibly into the underbrush of the thick woods.

On this side extends the laundry-yard wall. What a time I had trying to find a spot wherein to dry the clothes! It must be in the bright sun and yet hidden in a corner; it must be close to the house yet not visible from it. In our dilemma one daring soul ventured to suggest a steam drying machine! In the country! On a seventy-two acre lot! No, I scorned such a solution; with the Constant Improver's fertile brain, I knew in time the right place would be found, and found it was. All housekeepers will appreciate my satisfaction when I was given a grassy space flooded with the southwest sun and enclosed on the east and north by a wall six feet high. The English have learned the beauty that lies in long surfaces of wall, and do not hesitate, even in small estates, thus to enclose the space necessary for working purposes. This rough plaster wall, extending from the kitchen-house some fifty feet to the north and topped by heavy brown timber, had at its southern end a dear old-fashioned latched door of rough brown planks, bound together with long iron hasps. On either side of the door were inserted bits of plaster heads and the whole wall was soon draped in the prolific folds of the kudzu vine. The grassy yard was so bare, so clean, so practical! What was my astonishment to discover one morning a thrifty rose vine, climbing vigorously up in the corner! Now roses are one of my treasures, but not in my

laundry yard, as thorns and clothes and wind are not a felicitous combination. I protested, but the Constant Improver said it was such a sunny corner, he didn't believe the clothes would get torn. Wouldn't I let it stay for a month and see? This sounded reasonable enough, and I gave orders that his clothes should be hung nearest that sunniest corner. The rose grew and flourished, it put forth great bunches of sweet blossoms, it also sent out long stalks; but the Constant Improver as usual was right, and no damage was done. So now we have a whole row of roses on the south side of the laundry wall, and the effect is charming.

On the east side of the pergola lies the hardy border, in irregular outline. The lawn creeps up to the edge of the brick walk temptingly in two or three places as if to say, "Come try my yielding turf; let your foot sink into the clover deep; come hunt for the mushroom's fairy ring, and see for yourself how the violet blows."

Every three years the hardy border is trenched two feet down, fertilized and replanted, the peonies only are not disturbed, nor the vines, of course, nor the old-fashioned yellow roses. On the outer edge along its entire length the yellow jonquils blossom in the early Spring. Under the bending oak and straight young maple tree, where the vines did not get enough light to cover well the posts, we put a high-bush cranberry and a Sieboldei

polygonum, supposed to be a dwarf, but it turned out to be a verb instead of a noun, and dwarfed everything within reach of its roots.

This border is an everlasting topic of discussion. Every year we try something new; it is so tempting an experimental station. Do the results ever equal the highly colored prints in the seed catalogues? Much less would satisfy us. With a space over two hundred feet long and from four to six feet wide there certainly should be room for everything. But we like great masses of color. Twenty feet of cherry phlox against as many Shasta daisies; quantities of Sweet Williams and pyrethrums; a big patch of columbines with their varied blooms and finely cut foliage, the old-fashioned favorite, with the pale yellow variety, and the exquisite blue, sent to us by a friend from Colorado. It was quite a revelation to us to find seven different species of columbines, thus prolonging their season from May to September. Gradually they seem to have been trained to lift their modest heads until one pure white variety frankly looks up at the sunshine and is not afraid. One July morning I counted one hundred and sixteen Madonna lilies rising from the peony clumps, and later the Japanese golden-banded variety took their places.

All hardy borders should have plenty of white and yellow flowers, they blend with everything else and separate any clashing colors. The scarlet

of the Oriental poppies, the lychnis, and the salvia need careful management. They should have a far corner to themselves, in the midst of fine greenery. Along the brick walk the star of Bethlehem opens to the early sunshine, and the Virginia waterleaf lifts her cups of nectar to the knowing bees.

At the farther end of the border were some curious flat mullein-like rosettes which I watched all one summer, but nothing happened. The rain and heavy dew rested in great globules on their thick hairy leaves, the sun shone as encouragingly upon them as on the blossoms of the yellow chamomile close by, but it was not until the following year that my patience was rewarded. In a night, apparently, a tall spray some two to three feet high suddenly shot from the middle of each rough rosette, bearing graceful rows of curious long-lipped creamy flowers, and the battle of the bees began. This white salvia is most amusing,—such masking of batteries, such bombarding of pollen; and, at the close, both parties are victorious.

How many blue flowers we find in this hardy border! The Greek valerian, sent by a dear friend from the White Mountains, has taken kindly to its new home, and in the middle of May fifty great clusters of delicate blossoms greeted us at once. The whole tribe of larkspur is a delight. To our surprise even the annuals sowed themselves this year under the sweet-brier bushes and put forth

great stalks of pure pink the exact tone of the roses above. They grow also in deep purple and pale lavender and greenish white; while the perennials in immense long spikes of indescribable pinks and blues, and pure blues, and blue-and-purples, blossomed gayly twice during the season. The Chinese is perhaps my favorite, the color is so pure and it lasts for days. The Canterbury bells are another joyous family, from the baby harebells faintly tinkling in the grass to the ten-foot stalks of the pyramidal, blue and white and gaudy. The rampion in the herb garden is a humble relative, and the Chinese bellflowers both blue and white, single and double, carry on the family characteristics. The veronica too is a most exquisite shade either in the tall or dwarf species, and keeps green after even ten degrees of frost.

Fortunately we are allowed to cut flowers from the hardy border, and the Constant Improver looks most picturesque, though quite unconscious, as he saunters down the shadowy walk laden with great stalks of blazing star, or leopard's bane, or the obedient plant whose blossoms stay whichever side of the stalk the wind or the mischievous boy may place them.

The pergola is a favorite racing stretch for our boy visitors. One, two, three, and away from the stone bench to the goal,—the stump at the farther end. The young girls in white frocks, their arms

about each other's waist, exchange confidences, as they stroll demurely back and forth; the shadows from the vine-hung rafters touch them gently as they pass. Even our "most grave and reverend seigneurs" I find pacing up and down the moss-edged walk, drinking in the fragrant air of early morning. Sometimes they are nature-loving "seigneurs" and come in with bunches of "yellow daisies," as they call the lance-leaved coreopsis which apparently grows wild in every spare corner, the whole length of the hardy border.

Down through the pergola comes every morning the kitchen-gardener laden with his baskets of freshly gathered fruits and vegetables. If the children are near, they rush to meet him begging a few strawberries or raspberries for their doll's tea-party on the stone bench under the Florentine fountain. Every one knows how hungry dolls get about the middle of the morning, and here are food and drink in one. Such an opportunity must not be neglected!

The only thing which one very conventional lady could find to admire about our place was the smooth acre of turf which lay at the back of the house and was bounded by the hardy border of the pergola on the west, and the woods on the other two sides, making the foil, the contrasting element to all our wildness.

Not but what we had pleasures and pictures on

the lawn too. Could anything be more graceful than the squirrel's leap or the sweeping flash of the tanager? In early Fall the marigolds and salvia, filling in all bare spaces along the hardy border, are a favorite field for the humming-birds, and the New England asters' rich purple attracts the white butterflies by the hundred. With what keen pleasure we watch the rhythmic swing of the long rake as it gathers into heaps the freshly mown grass, or the slow moving of the low latticed leaf-cart on its broad tires!

After a rain in October, indeed during it, if possible, the sower with his big bag of grass seed under his arm appears at the end of the pergola and, stepping on to the lawn, slowly crosses it, back and forth, throwing in graceful curves the clouds of fine grass seed, hunting out the brown spots where the dandelions have flourished and carefully avoiding the mushrooms cropping out in all sorts of unexpected places. Finally the bag is empty, turned inside out with a parting shake, and the old sou'wester and slouch hat disappear slowly down the winding path, in search of further work.

Somehow, few of our guests seem to feel its importance when I announce the great events happening in our daily existence. For instance, when I exclaim, "The small thrushes in the long-path nest sailed out into the world to-day," or

"There are ninety-three blossoms on that one spray of crimson ramblers over the south terrace wall," or "The first monkshood opened this morning," our visitors politely answer: "Indeed!" but I can feel their thoughts are wandering. Only a few really enter into our inner joyous eventful life, where each day brings forth a revelation and a miracle.

CHAPTER IX

THE GRAVEL PIT

FROM the lawn behind the linden tree a winding eastward path, thick with low underbrush and carpeted in Spring with violets and liverwort, leads in and out among the big trees, across the roadway, through the Iris Glade, to the Gravel Pit. Every May all wood paths have to be cut, for the wild-flowers take special pleasure in open spaces, and one can hardly walk without stepping on some treasure of the wilderness. The paths are made by swinging a scythe from side to side. The Constant Improver chooses the way, then comes the scythe, and I as Ruth follow, gleaning my precious harvest for the household vases.

The iris glade is a feast of color, from late April through May and June and July until the early part of August. The different varieties are planted side by side, so that when the earlier ones fade, the next to bloom straightway take their places. The German, the Spanish, the English, the Japanese, with their wonderfully varied combinations of purple and yellow and brown and white, how indescribable they are! What impression

could a blind person get from the technical description of an iris? Take one of the commoner species, the Sibirica: "Limb bright lilac blue: outer segments one and one half to two inches long, with an orbicular blade gradually narrowed to a slender claw, veined with bright violet, whitish toward the claw: inner segments shorter, erect." Could the inadequacy of language go further? In and out of the grassy hollows, following the windings of the brook on either side, these brilliant blossoms extend for about two hundred feet. Over nine thousand bulbs and rhizomes were planted and they increase from year to year. In our imagination vast fields of fleurs-de-lis stretch before us, and we stand in ecstasy among their gorgeous velvety blooms.

On the north, where the brook makes a sudden turn, thick plantations of sumac hide the gravel pit. This was once a hole in the ground, the worst kind of a hole in the ground, one with steep ragged edges, where the sand had fallen away from the rootlets, leaving them to hang helplessly and move restlessly in the air. A rutty, ugly road led into the pit from the main avenue, and the water lay, a dismal pool, some six feet deep, over its muddy bottom. We had taken over five thousand cubic yards of gravel and soil out of this gravel pit, leaving an excavation about seventy by one hundred and fifty feet, and about eighteen feet deep.

We looked at it from all sides, and every time we looked it seemed more hideous. Half a dozen stumps partly submerged, struggled to put forth a bit of greenness. All about the high banks, big trees gazed pityingly down upon the desolation below, half bending over as if in an attempt to cover its unkempt state. Here huge thistles towered, the ragweed flourished, and the burdock grew six feet in height; long blackberry branches clambered and twisted, and the plantain, ever faithful, industriously struggled to cover as much as possible of the rudely disturbed soil. Nature, if left alone, would in twenty years, possibly in ten, have made this an attractive spot; why not examine her methods, find out what she would do, see how she does it, and try it ourselves at once? The Constant Improver was charmed with the idea.

We spent many days in preliminary study and at length decided on our plan of work. First, tile had to be put in so that there might be no stagnant water. The whole bottom with the approaches at each end was ploughed up, and the land graded in a gentle sweep. We watched with deepest interest the scrapers transferring the soil from one part of the pit to another. We admired the strong horses tugging at the call of the men. "Git-dap, Maud!" one would cry and the feminine leader would respond nobly, bending her utmost energies to the

task. Over and over again, backward and forward, went the horses and the shovels. It was many a day before the ugly old rutty road became a soft hollow, thick with green clover, and bordered with brakes and blackberry vines. A footpath through the middle led to the gravel pit itself.

After the bottom of the pit had been filled in about four feet, three sloping landslides were made, one on the east and two on the west, irregularly arranged as if in some storm they had slipped down from the steep overhanging sides. On these, huge boulders were placed, just as they once lay half buried in the soil, a part of the glacial deposit which swept down from the Lake Superior region in bygone ages, bringing curiously wrought limestone and rounded granite boulders to this rich, stoneless prairie.

The only native evergreens on the place when we took possession were two small cedars about ten feet high; these we carefully protected during the building operations, as one happened to be close by the cottage and the other at our own front door. Later we supplemented these by a young plantation of white pine and spruce as well as cedars, on the western boundary, and here in the gravel pit, among the boulders, we planted more cedars with dwarf pines, junipers, and spruce. Here also we found room for some laurels as an experiment, and a native cactus; Leucothoë Catesbaei, whose dark

green leaves are edged in November with a rich plum color; the Andromeda floribunda; the bright little partridge-berry; the rattlesnake plantain, and valerian, both white and pink, which sprawls over the ground delightfully and keeps green into December. All through Touraine this great vine-like plant covers the ruined walls and bare rocky hillsides. I remember particularly, over the moat at Chenonceaux and on the old ramparts of Luynes, its masses of ivy-like branches with many shades of pink and white blossoms.

We brought to the gravel pit all manner of ferns, from the tiny sweet-scented shield-fern to the huge brake from the swamps, also wild columbines, by hundreds. We put in two hundred and fifty cardinal-flowers raised in the green-house from seed, as we wanted color at once; the blossoming stalks grew two feet high and made a brave showing. We expect they will seed and give us a yearly account of themselves but—*nous verrons*.

Lower down in the hollow we planted the meadow rue and ribbon grass; opposite, the pink lady's-slipper, two hundred bulbs; we even transplanted budding fringed gentian from the swamp ten miles away, and it did well and seeded,—but where, only the future can tell. Beyond came tall grasses with plumy blossoms in October, the bamboo-like donax reed, and the cow-parsnip. It is shameful that so effective a cluster of flowers, so

richly decorative a plant with its acanthus-like leaves should be cursed with such a name.

Above on the east the barberry bushes, red-stemmed dogwoods, the wild gooseberries, and linden clumps, the polygonum Sieboldei, and young hickory shoots looked down in approval at our work. The hickory bough in the springtime, with its bursting buds, its rich variety of tones, and its curiously folded leaves, is like a bouquet of wonderful orchids.

On the highest part of the bluff, at the west, a cyclone has, apparently, broken down one of the big trees about twenty feet from the ground, and in falling it has caught another smaller tree, making a tangle of roots and stumps and branches which we planted all along its seventy feet with trumpet-vines and wild grape. It requires only a little imagination to see the swinging green curtain and orange bells which soon will still further shut in this secluded spot. I am sure in five years it will be difficult to convince people that any part of this cyclone-like effect was artificial, that actually with chains and pulley we hoisted that lower tree, to be crushed down by the higher one, most carefully marked and cut and pulled over to a special point.

It is so quiet here that the birds are perfectly at home. The scarlet tanager sweeps down to drink under the water-tap left purposely aleak, the oriole

calls from her swinging nest and the white-throated sparrows flutter among the sumac bushes. In September the warblers arrive in flocks and hie them to the curled-up leaves of the linden, and the goldfinches are busy with the aster seeds. The nuthatch runs up and down the fallen tree trunk and turns his head with many a pert inquiry as to my intentions; but I sit perfectly still, restraining my excitement when the redstarts flutter down close to me, or even when a woodchuck slowly emerges from behind a boulder not far away. Scattered about the rocky hollow all kinds of wild sunflowers and black-eyed Susans are planted, and here in early Spring the poet's narcissus nods to the violets both yellow and blue. The lobelia and the goldenrod, the thimble weed and the catnip, cinquefoil and agrimony, the wild peppermint and the figwort, each has its bit of earth; and at the north a small buckthorn grove leads to the narrow path straight up the hillside, into the deep, wild woods.

CHAPTER X

OF SHRUBS

In beginning most country places the first thing to be done after the water system is in and the land graded is to plant trees. We did not have this to do; on the contrary we had to cut them down; but we had to plant shrubs. The whole two acres between the house and the lake was to be a shrubbery, with grassy paths between, and everywhere along the edges of the woods and the borders of the lawn there was to be a wild tangle of shrubs.

We did not wait for the house to be built, but enclosed the site with a temporary fence, so that all building material might be kept within those limits, after which we went on to complete our planting. Every bush in the shrubbery was selected with direct reference to the needs of the birds, every one must be fruit-bearing, so that during the entire year there might be a constant succession of berries. From the red-berried elder in May, to the Virginia winterberry at Christmas, and the sea buckthorn in the early spring, there must always be a granary for the feathered folk.

The Man of Many Maps injured our feelings

sometimes by his ruthless slaughter of worthy objects, but he entered into our ideas in regard to the wildness of the place so heartily that an experienced farmer upon contemplating the finished product, was overheard to say: "Some folks has queer taste, look at the —— house, a regular nigger's cabin, with a front yard full of *weeds*!" Did this affect our enthusiasm? Not the least in the world. We gazed at our stubby little shrubs from one to two feet high scattered through the long curving beds, at our grassy paths—mostly weeds then—about twenty feet wide, for we knew the expansiveness of the growing shrub. Each year taking a foot at least from the sod, the weedy spaces would soon resolve themselves into green alley-ways between tall overhanging bushes; and when this desired effect was accomplished, then, if too crowded, the plantations could be thinned out by transplanting.

There is one shrub on the place which strangers are sure to ask about, and that is the sea buckthorn. It deserves to be better known, at least in the West, for it adapts itself readily to our fresh-water lakes. Its brilliant orange berries, clinging close to the stem all winter and ripened by frost, form a tempting feast for the first catbirds and robins. Its silvery gray foliage makes more vivid the rich greens of the forsythia and aralia pentaphylla planted close to it. On the other side a mass

of wild olives eighteen feet in height reflects in deeper tones the grayish note of the buckthorn, while across the path the thick leaves of the mountain sumac shine in the sunlight, gorgeous alike when green, or in vivid autumnal tints. Beyond, a clump of rosemary willows flanked by the delicate tamarisk leads to the huge Wisconsin willow overhanging the water.

Along the shore path on the north, is a tangle of wildness, mostly thorny things, with a tracery of brambles all through, which leaf out early in the spring, making green curves of color amongst the dark stems of the wild olives. Here the sweetbrier grows in high towering sprays, with its rival the prairie rose, the dog rose, too, with its stout hooked prickles and splendid scarlet fruit, the high-bush cranberry and the barberry, the winterberry and the Rocky Mountain plum, the Missouri currant and the low white New Jersey tea. The fragrance of the rhus aromatica, the bayberry, and the sweet fern of New England—what memories they bring to us!

By the bridge leading to the island a mass of button-bush grows, with its white sweet balls. The lythrum's tall pink spikes, and the yellow iris, the jewel weed, and the red-stemmed dogwood follow the water's edge to the tangle of wild grapes and milkweed, where the forest touches the lake. Directly in front of the house, at the water's edge,

we planted literally thousands of wild roses, the rosa blanda and Carolina, lucida and humilis.

I never can decide which I like the best, the deep shell pink or the ivory white. I go from blossom to blossom, scissors in hand trying to make up my mind to cut the very choicest for the vases, but—I hesitate, and the choicest ones remain on the living bush, while the soft summer breezes waft their delicate fragrance through every open casement.

My three favorite shrubs are the hippophæ rhamnoides, the aralia pentaphylla, and the viburnum cassinoides, and this in spite of their names. Of course, women are likely to be narrow, and I would not be understood as wishing to confine my garden to these three varieties. But as I look over the graceful lines of the plantation, my eyes rest gratefully on the orange fruit and soft gray foliage of the buckthorn, the vivid green of the aralia and the thick-leaved withe-rod, whose berries change from white to rose and deepen to purple, while its leaves become vivid scarlet and orange.

When I say these are my favorites, the cut leaf and the staghorn sumacs seem to wave their feathery fronds in gentle protest. I have no sooner pacified the sumacs than the forsythias rustle and sway their pendulous branches, exclaiming: "Ungrateful one, have you forgotten our glory in the

springtime, our sunshine when the sky was gray, our cool greenness the whole hot summer through? I must add, too, a word for my sister, the bridal wreath; surely your memory is very poor if her lovely sprays have not remained engraved upon your very heart. Are you going to ignore the old-fashioned lilacs, which now in different varieties bloom from May to July? Does the scent of your grandmother's mock-orange no longer charm you? And where on your list of treasures do you put the exquisite soft deep rose of the winged-stemmed spindle-tree and the white plumy seeds of the groundsel bush or the privet, the full untrimmed, gracefully drooping, rich-flowering privet, with its masses of blue clustered berries? What has the barberry done, your own, and its cousin from Japan, but flowered and berried and turned to scarlet and gold for your pleasure? How about the dogwoods and the roses?" But here I cry, "Hold! Enough!" It is true, I cannot discriminate, I love you all! Even the chokeberries and the brambles, the bush honeysuckle and the Indian currant with its graceful magenta sprays, but *not* its cousin the snowberry,—no, we have parted company. It is a shiftless and indolent character with not enough self respect to present a proper appearance before the world. The lonicera Alberti too, we have put off in a corner; it deserved no better fate, it had plenty of sunshine but it sulked.

Madame Viburnum has such a large and interesting progeny, and so individual are they, so varied in their tastes and styles, that when meeting a bush unknown to us we used calmly to call it a viburnum, or in case a look of incredulity appeared upon the face of the interlocutor, we changed it to cornus. This weakened our position as an authority, but still gave us *some* credit for knowledge. We were like the man who, knowing nothing of horticulture, became very much interested in planting a bare field of land with fine shrubs and flowers. When a sceptical friend asked: "Does Mr. Brown know the names of all his shrubs?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "if he gets started right!" So we have to get started right on our viburnums, for they are a puzzling lot.

We have eleven species,—(1) the withe-rod (cassinoides) which belongs to my trio of favorites, although it has one curious blemish which I have not found noted in my nature-books; in the late Fall it gives forth a strangely disagreeable odor, pungent and penetrating, a worthy rival to that of the motor car; (2) a Chinese variety (dilatatum) which came to us by accident and which we treasure as the very apple of our eyes; its leaves turn an unusual bronzy purple which, combined with its scarlet fruit, makes it wonderfully attractive even as late as November; (3) the nannyberry (lentago) which grows wild in the place and

near the water has developed into a tree some twenty feet high; (4) the maple-leaved viburnum (acerifolium) which is also native in our woods and makes lovely patches of rose pink in the late Fall; (5) the high-bush cranberry (opulus) from whose berries we have made delicious jelly, whenever the birds have left us sufficient quantities; (6) the hobblebush (lantanoides) which turns a deep claret red, while (7) the Sieboldei keeps its rich green very late; (8) the lantana which is so gray and rough, it does not look like a viburnum at all, blossoms earlier than the others, and when once settled in a location to its taste develops into a handsome shrub; (9) the Japanese snowball (plicatum) which will soon take the place, I hope, of our aphis-eaten variety; (10) the downy (pubescens) whose foliage changes from purple to deep red; and (11) the arrow-wood (dentatum), which has shining blue berries that the birds love.

In fact they seemed to relish them so keenly that once I was tempted to taste them. Once was enough! More puckery, sickish things it would be difficult to imagine! Although the birds feast upon the fruits, as building sites the viburnums seem to lack in favor, quite a contrast to the clumps of tartarian honeysuckle bushes which are immediately seized upon by the earliest robin or catbird. To raise a hungry family in the midst of those pink and white juicy globules! No wonder the

opportunity is not wasted. I did not sample the honeysuckle berries, one experience was enough. I prefer to consider them as satisfying to the palate as to the vision.

When we first took possession of our bit of wildwood, down by the huge Wisconsin willow which overhung the water stood a large panicled dogwood, a splendid great bush some twenty feet in diameter, the constant refuge of the song sparrows who had adopted the neighboring willow-grove for their own. Our idea was not only to acclimatize the various eastern wild shrubs but also to increase the number of those growths we already had, so we put in small colonies of this dogwood, edging the forest in various places. We planted many of the red-stemmed dogwoods too and the round-leafed with its light blue berries; the silky dogwood with its bluish white fruit; the red-osier dogwood which also has the white berry but bright reddish purple stems; the alternate-leaved too, which grows into a tree; but the beautiful large flowering dogwood is too delicate for our northern climate.

Along the roadway to the house we spread samples as it were to tempt the visitor to further explorations into the woods beyond. The clumps of maidenhair fern took most kindly to the open road, and even the old-fashioned American elder, finding itself high and dry on the hillside, took

heart of grace and consented to blossom and put forth its purple berries.

At the farther end of the lawn where the pergola stops, the white Japanese astilbe, which looks so much like a hardhack, grows in profusion bordered by the rich blue salvia; then come the white cascades of the spiræa Van Houteii, loveliest of the shrubs of Spring. Beside it is the gray foliage of the wild olive contrasting with the rich green of the purple-flowering raspberry, while next it spread the long branches of forsythia, both intermedia and suspensa, then hardy hydrangea before the high honeysuckle bushes which edge the forest. A mass of syringas, both fragrant (Philadelphus lemoinei and coronarius) and scentless (gordonianus and grandiflorus), with yellow lilies on one side and low Japanese barberries on the other, balances the big lilac plantation, consisting of Marie le Grey, Princess Alexandra, Charles X, Louis Van Houteii, Emile Lemoine, the villosa, and sorbifolia and of course the common white and violet, flanked by spiræa aruncus and privet and the quick-growing wild senna with a profusion of cherry and white phlox. Here in the early springtime under the leafless bushes, the ground is covered with wood violets, from among which rise brilliantly colored tulips,—an unusual, but most successful, combination.

At the southeast corner of the lawn against the

hooded entrance we planted a small grove of thorn-apple and wild crab-apple trees, the strawberry bush and the bladder-nut from our woods, the maple-leafed viburnum and the wychhazel, carefully selecting those already entwined with bitter-sweet or wild honeysuckle or the friendly grape. All down the hill beneath them grow violets and hepaticas, maidenhair and the meadow rue, wild asters and a dwarf golden-rod, shutting in the lawn from the roadway below.

On the other side of the steps, the rhodotypos kerrioides which often dies to the ground in winter, the spiræa Thunbergii and the Indian currant, always flourishing in sun or shade, the spiræa Van Houteii and "that glorified elder," as one visitor called it, the Hercules' Club, extend to the corner of the south terrace, where the rosa rugosa from Japan, with its thickly set prickles and huge scarlet haws, makes a brilliant mass in leaf or fruit, a feast for the eye in summer and fall.

Part of our pleasure in this country life is to explore the small nurseries within a radius of thirty miles and to buy from them all we can, as naturally those plants do better that have been acclimatized. We found one very interesting little place, only two acres in extent, devoted to raising evergreens from the *seed!* It is needless to state this man was not an American. He had all the patience and perseverance that long centuries of training

have given our Teutonic brothers, and his fad outside of his business was ginseng. I suppose the fact that ginseng seed takes two years even to germinate, and five to seven years to produce a root large enough to sell, made the progress of the sturdy little baby pines and spruces seem lightning-like by comparison. We induced him to part with some of his precious roots to renew their scarlet berries in our glades and pathways. The kindly, delicate little wife presented me with "a mess of sweet corn" from her early stock, apologizing for her tiny neglected flower garden as she had been in the hospital for weeks. Knowing a woman's fondness for sweet scents, at the first opportunity I sent her a big box of rose geraniums and some sprays of white jasmine. She hung in rapture over the fragrant package and from that moment we each felt a special interest in the other, for we had each ministered to the other's happiness.

CHAPTER XI

OF VINES

At the end of the island where the summer breezes always blow, where the wild honeysuckle clambers high up into the overhanging maple trees and the bitter-sweet not only covers bushes and tall milkweed with its twisted sprays but pops up its swaying stems all through the grass, beseeching a support, where the wild grape in tangled masses hangs from the iron-woods and small poplars,—here would be an ideal place to build a rustic tea-house covered with vines, looking out over the dancing waters. No sooner said than done—all except the "covered with vines!" Those vines of all descriptions avoided that little arbor as if it had the plague. The bitter-sweet at its feet, touching its floor, when coaxed along with a staple or two, merely withered or refused to grow. The wild grape clinging to the tree on the east side had no place in its life for a rustic arbor. We tacked branches of the poplar, vine and all, to the tea-house roof, but the grape turned its back and went to the other side of the tree; we put some better soil in about the posts and planted woodbines and Japanese clematis but

they only made a stunted attempt at living, until finally we learned the reason why. "Where the summer breezes blow,"—there lay the secret: a *shelter must be made* before the vines *could* take hold. The way vines depend on the wind for aid in reaching and clasping the next support is a curious study by itself. We planted a clump of dogwood and linden on the southwest side, whence blew the prevailing summer winds. In a month the wild grape had tangled itself beautifully about the smooth stems; then we attached both vine and bush to the arbor. Immediately the wild grape ran along the roof and hung down from the eaves, and in a year or two we shall have our vine-covered arbor in spite of summer breezes.

I regret to say that we found the poison ivy growing in profusion on the island. It is a pity it should be so poisonous. No maple was ever more brilliant than its leaves in autumn, but we conscientiously tried to eradicate it. After four years of weeding I can only acknowledge that its clinging nature has been too much for us; the only sure way to get rid of it I believe is to turn over the sod and burn all the roots! In contrast to this pest the bedstraw family is a favorite of ours, with its long sticky stems and whorls of from four to six leaflets, and its misty white flowers, like the "baby's breath." It blossoms from June to August and has a faint sweet perfume. Later, the tiny burrs

are somewhat overfond of company, but even under the first snow its green leaves peep up at the daintily dancing leaflets of the cinquefoil. I discovered the wild balsam apple over some dogwoods the other day; its three-forked tendrils, its prickly soft green balls and star-shaped leaves, looked their prettiest, but it too much resembled the wild cucumber to stand high in our favor.

To our great joy we found the smooth-leaved honeysuckle in many open spots throughout the woods. It seemed like an old friend, with its trumpets of cream flowers, its characteristic bluish leaves, and bright scarlet berries. Near it grew the moonseed with its twining stems, its clean unusually marked leaf, its delicate clusters of flowers, and bunches of grape-like fruit. We mean to transplant this from the wood where it wanders over weeds and grasses, and see what a little cultivation will do for it. The leaves are not eaten by the insects, and remain a fresh green until frost.

The virgin's-bower pulls itself over the low bushes with its interlocking leaf stems and turns its delicate starry flowers and later its great clusters of bearded seed to our admiring gaze until Christmas-time. We must not forget the wild pink morning-glory or the rose-tinted hedge bindweed, which when kept within bounds are ornamental. But the dodder—how perfectly its Frisian name expresses it—"A tangled hank of silk!" Has any-

one a good word for it? I shudder when I hear there are ten distinct varieties. We may be thankful that we have but one, and that it is an annual. It is a parasite of the worst character, for its long brittle threads wind tightly about the stems of its victim and stifle the circulation of the sap until the whole plant withers and blackens. Its masses of tiny white flowers appearing in bunches upon the stem of the victimized plant resemble those of the poison ivy; fortunately it withers at the first touch of frost, but if one is unwilling to wait for that propitious moment, a lighted torch applied to bush and parasite is an absolute remedy.

The climbing false buckwheat too I find myself compelled to regard as an enemy when it invades my dogwood and spiræa and twines about the aromatic sumac, and flaunts its pale green blossoms arrogantly above the top of my rarest rose.

The matrimony vine has its good points although it needs a certain environment to show them well. With proper and careful training and pruning it makes a good screen and keeps green until December. It flowers too, persistently, even if those flowers are small and not pretty in color; they have a sort of faded futile look about them, but their intention of welldoing should be recognized. The bees certainly appreciate them. Curiously enough our vines have never berried, but have kept on blossoming until after the first frost.

I wish some one would write an apotheosis to the kudzu vine, that enterprising and willing worker, that vigorous and constant grower which, starting out of the ground about the middle of May, a weak and helpless shoot without tendrils or clasping leaf-stems, under the least kindly encouragement in the way of staples or string, bounds upward and onward over all obstacles, arriving at the window ledge, reaching up to the awnings, and still not content until the roof be scaled and it can see what is beyond. I fully expect, if the season were long enough, that it would drape my tallest chimney with its ivy-like green leaves and hang its long, straight, limp strands over the entire length of the house. Fortunately, nature has so arranged it, in this climate at least, that it dies to the ground at the first touch of frost. What it accomplishes in its native haunts in Japan is beyond my imagination! I am sure it must have been the kudzu vine which the Fairies planted by the house of the Sleeping Beauty, "and it grew and grew and covered the house, and still grew into a green tangle in the middle of the wood, reaching out its long fingers, twisting itself around any support, falling over the low bushes, pulling itself to the top of tall trees, and still unconquered waving its restless arms in the summer winds, until the next friendly poplar welcomed it." Small wonder that the Fairy Prince had difficulty in finding her!

In Jack and the Beanstalk, too—without doubt the kudzu again! "Jack took a piece of stick and made some holes in the ground and put in the beans. At dawn he went into the garden. What was his amazement to find the beans had grown up in the night and climbed up and up till they covered the high cliff that sheltered the cottage, and disappeared above it. The stalks had twined and twisted themselves together till they formed quite a ladder." The kudzu is also like Antæus, who every time he touched his Mother Earth gained new strength; for at the axils of the leaves not only do new stems start upwards, but if they touch the ground new rootlets start downward, and so new plants are formed. It does not rebel at training nor even at mutilation. I have carried it up a pier underneath a trumpet vine, cutting off all its leaves until it had attained a height of twenty feet, where I wished it to cover a railing. Nothing loath, in four weeks it had covered fifty feet of that railing. If a column in the pergola looks ragged or the vine over it ripens early, lo, at a moment's notice the kudzu is ready to come over and drape it. No child fears the dark more than does this curious climber. It makes but one demand—sunshine. How it shrinks and shrivels on reaching a shady corner! The small inconspicuous bunches of pale lilac flowers resembling the pea family come in October, but often the vine is over-

taken by the frost before it blooms. It has a delicate sweet perfume reminding one, as does the flower itself, of the ground-nut in our wild garden.

This latter is attractive, with its five to seven smooth egg-shaped leaflets and its short, fat, dull, pinkish-brown blossoms in August. It twines around the willow sapling and sprawls over the fragrant sumac and admires its own reflection in the water at its feet. They say it has edible tubers, but woe to any one of an investigating turn of mind on *our* small woodlot! Here we found it, and here we encouraged its ramblings, and it has responded freely to our fostering care. Belonging to the same family—the pulses—is the American vetch, waving its restless collection of tendrils at the end of the long leaf-stems; the lavender flowers form an agreeable mass of color from May to August, while the veined leaves stay green through October. We have also the Carolina vetch, and a creamy white variety which, for some occult reason, is known as a vetchling.

The wild bean and the hog peanut keep the vetch company through the late fall. They both have small lilac clusters of flowers, and at first to our ignorant eyes their three leaflets resembled the poison-ivy; but soon we learned that these *thin* bright leaves had an excellent character of their own, and covered in most attractive fashion bare ground where nothing else would grow. Who does

not know the bitter-sweet with its orange capsules and scarlet berries? It twines and twists its small leaved stems over itself if nothing else is near, and for covering an archway it is invaluable. The tiny white flowers are fragrant, but the clusters of berries on its leafless stems against the snow are a delight to the winter rambler.

Besides the kudzu we have to thank Japan for another vine, the akebia quinata. Its five rounded leaflets appear in May and keep a vivid green far into the winter. We have not been so successful with this vine as we should like, but we know the reason why. One-inch gas-pipe is the best support for its thin wiry stems. The face of the Constant Improver was a study when I proposed placing this horror in one compartment of the trellis on the south terrace. Gas-pipe! Gas-pipe, indeed! No, the akebia could die first. But it didn't, it only sulked and made faces and yet struggled along. After three years, one twisting spray has managed to reach the second story and, after its leaves have ripened off, makes green the woodbine stalks. For of course we have the woodbine, trained on the timbers of the house to the roof, its lovely purple berries and crimson stems fringing the windows and attracting the catbirds and veeries in September. How curiously it attaches itself to the walls by little flat, red, sucker-like disks at the tips of the tendrils! It has been supposed that it

secretes some kind of cement, for it adheres to smooth surfaces though it prefers rough ones.

On the boulder wall of the terrace are clumps of the old-fashioned Halliana honeysuckle, which blossoms more or less all summer; it is well named, its flowers are so honey sweet; and sprawling over rose bush and spiræa, over the posts and flower-boxes, climbing the house-walls in one snowy perfumed mantle, is the Japanese clematis.

It has recently been suggested that possibly plants have senses, and perhaps they have. I know they have wills of their own, as witness my experience with the fragile cobæa vine. That first summer in the big house when the window-boxes looked so bare, I conceived the brilliant idea, as I thought, of planting in the front of the boxes some cobæa, which should fall gracefully to the brick floor, its purple bells all dangling, its curious seed-pods ornamenting the terrace after the frost had blighted the leaves. The cobæa was duly planted, and the first fresh shoots were carefully tied down to the wood. I noticed that instead of hanging down, they had a tendency to turn upward, frail as the stems were, but I persisted. Inch by inch Madame Cobæa and I fought; her aspirations pointed to the heavens, mine were sadly earthly. It was a lesson to me in more ways than one. Madame Cobæa did not give up the fight; no more did I. When she found she could not rise, she

did not die, she simply refused to grow at all, and the entire summer passed without one flower on the cobæa vine and only a few protesting leaves.

I think perhaps the trumpet vine is our favorite one after all, so splendidly rich in its graceful growth, so gorgeous its clusters of orange flowers, so fraught with promise its long beans filled with the brown velvety winged seeds. Although capricious in this severe climate, even dying to the ground some winters, it seems to emerge again with renewed vigor in June, ready to make up for its tardy appearance. Its stiff stems do not take kindly to training, but by constant tying I have induced it to grow horizontally along the front of those same window boxes, where it blossomed and seeded in a most gratifying manner.

Perhaps the nature of vines, or creepers, as our English cousins call them, appeals particularly to womankind. It certainly is wonderfully interesting to watch their varied methods toward success. Apparently the most helpless creations in the vegetable world, with what skill and grace they manage to get their own way, and what garlands of beauty and fragrance they offer to the sturdier inhabitants of the forest that are willing to support them!

CHAPTER XII

OF WILD FLOWERS

As soon as we came to live in the country we began to learn the wild flowers by name, particularly those that grew on our own place. It was a fascinating study. I liked best the books with plenty of pictures, for some way technical descriptions were not easy to grasp. The Britton and Brown, as we called it—"Illustrated Flora of the United States and Canada," by Professor Britton and the Hon. Addison Brown, as it is known in the book stores—should be in every country house library, so complete is it and with every plant illustrated. No weed was too insignificant for our list. We had the assistance of kind and interested neighbors in our undertaking, and when all other sources failed, on application to the botanical department of the nearest university we had instant and valuable aid.

I shall never forget our first springtime. The hepaticas grew in wonderful rosy and lavender clumps paling into white; each little group above the dead brown leaves seeming more beautiful than the last. The cold wind did not harm them, but only in the sunshine would they spread

their petals wide. Soon afterward the bloodroot unfurled its curled leaf and rich ivory flower, and then came the pert young jack-in-the-pulpit standing arrogantly under his green or purple striped hood, preaching to us many a sermon if we would but listen—on the cheerful bearing of discomfort perhaps, for the north wind blows chill in cloudy April. The wild blue phlox joined him soon, with the anemones and spring beauties, the bellworts and pussy willows; for it was still early May. The shore path now was lined with marsh marigolds brought by hundreds from a neighboring swamp. The ground was blue with violets next,—the bird-foot and the meadow, the striped and the Canada; the sweet white and the downy yellow in quantities led us to the buttercups and wild geraniums, when the shad-bush gleamed white in the forest.

One spring we found a leaf-wrapped stem about six inches high in the midst of the maidenhair dell. On searching, half a dozen more were discovered; they looked like small corn, so sturdy and fat were their stalks. We watched them from week to week, and they grew and sent out long tapering leaves alternately on either side; then at the height of four feet they began to bow gracefully, and on the under side small tightly closed balls appeared. Still they grew, until one was six feet high—the giant Solomon's seal. Every year they come in the maidenhair dell, just six of them, no more, no less,

making in August with their big bloom-covered black berries an effective picture, against the delicate ferns at their feet.

In various open spaces throughout the woods were found the smaller hairy Solomon's seal, and the fragrant star-flowered Solomon's seal, and the wild spikenard, and the twisted stalk.

By the tenth of May the trilliums were there, the dull red recurvatum, and the waxy cernuum, but above all the grandiflorum, white and delicate and wind-blown, an epitome of the springtime. One autumn we chose a sloping hillside in the deep woods and planted in careful imitation of Nature's carelessness, some eight hundred grandiflorum bulbs and waited. Very early the next May we sought our sheltered hillside, and there tossing in the sunlight were literally hundreds of the great white trilliums with their rich green triparted leaves and exquisite flowers. We hung over them in rapture, as they grew here and there in little families of two or three, or separately, reaching out still farther into the forest. Did we pick them? We could not bear to, as they last on the plant at least ten days, turning to pink as they fade. One morning a dear neighbor appeared at my door carrying a large handful of the precious white trilliums. "They do not grow in our woods at all," she explained: "when I saw such a lot of them I could not resist helping myself." I hope I smiled

bravely. Not that I begrudged her anything she might like upon the place: it was the sincerest compliment she could have paid to our successful planting, but I wished she had coveted our roses instead.

By the middle of May the yellow lady's-slipper is nodding by the woodsy path and lighting up the little hollow where later on the mandrakes hide under their green umbrella leaves. The showy orchid in great clumps soon follows her taller sister, and a week later the brilliant yellow lithospermum hirtum appears on the water's brink. The squaw-root, in curious club-like spikes thickly set with tight white flowers, grows in clumps all through the woods, and the wild sarsaparilla is in blossom, for it is not yet June.

The wild strawberry, the yellow wood sorrel, Robin's plantain, and the black-eyed Susan first blossom early in June, but this month is so sweet with the masses of wild roses, great sheets of fragrance and bloom, that the woodsy flowers pale by contrast. By the twentieth, however, the shin-leaf is raising its delicate spikes of pinkish perfumed blossoms all about the forest, and the tall milkweed lifts its pink and white hoods to our delighted eyes.

Early in July, the pure white Indian pipe gleams through the woods, greeting its fragrant cousin the false beach drops; and that curious little orchid,

the small-flowered coral-root, appears with its tiny dull purple-brown flowers, followed by the beautiful clusters of elder-berry, and on the island the blue lobelia. The white sprays of the flowering spurge dance in the long grasses. What a time we had finding its name! I was sure it must be a milk-weed from its sticky juice. Curiously enough it was not in my constant companion Schuyler, Mathew's "Field Book on American Wild Flowers." If the ends of the stalks are seared with a candle as soon as picked, it lasts for days; and it combines well with the cardinal-flower for the dining-room table.

Later in July great masses of spiked loosestrife wave their pink and purple stalks in the summer breezes, and the water beneath them blushes into loveliness, and the sky above appears a deeper azure. The rose-mallows on the other side of the willows blossom in eager rivalry, and the woods are blue with the tall bellflower.

In August the goldenrod arrives, and great fields of sunflowers and black-eyed Susans contrast with the Joe Pye weed and the asters. What a beautiful family the asters are, from the sky-blue variety to the pale lavender of the common wood aster with its misty seed effects; the wavy-leaf aster, its pale blue to violet rays clustering about the yellow-turning-to-brown disks; the daisy-like purple aster, and the smooth aster high in the dry

woods with its clasping, tapering leaves. The white and the tall white lettuce stand sentinel-like along the roadways. One can almost hear the tinkle of their tiny bells, nodding as the bees fly by.

Shall I acknowledge that even the smartweed and the lady's-thumb have a place in our collection, that the ridge-seeded spurge makes a delicate covering for the ground where the eglantine lifts high her thorny stalks, and that even the chickweed is permitted to spread its carpet of dainty leaves under the sea-buckthorn bushes?

On the western boundary of the place the woods stop within about one hundred and fifty feet of the shore, and here, where the land dips down a little into a hollow, we planned a field of sun-loving flora like the blue closed gentian, the turtle-head, the fragrant white fringed orchid, the old-fashioned butter-and-eggs, the bouncing-bets, the dogbane, the wild bergamot, the white sanicle, and her humble sister the boneset, the resin-weed, with all the cone-flowers, and sunflowers, the heleniums and the heliopsis, the wild asters in variety, and the milkweeds among the tall swampy grasses. Here in some mysterious fashion appeared the downy false foxglove and the fern-leaved and the tall wild lettuce with her sister the red wood-lettuce, both of which so resemble the thistle in leaf that the first year I pulled them all up. The Maryland fig-wort, beloved by the bees, and the

small modest half-flowering stalks of the self-heal found their way to this patch of wildness, and nearer the water the jewel-weed chatted gaily with the Oswego tea, while the bur marigold whispered airy nothings to her neighbor the butterfly-weed.

In only one spot did the starry campion show herself, and then only in a tentative, half-hearted manner as if she were looking around to see if she liked the place. We left her severely alone, only protecting her from onslaughts, and now every August we have a good group of the delicate bell-like flowers, very near our hooded entrance. The spikenard is another discovery. It shrinks from sunlight, but give it a shady corner, a damp, narrow bit of ground against a wall, and it puts forth great beautiful leaves in drooping, graceful sprays, and large clusters of delicate white blossoms which later turn to tiny berries beloved by all the birds.

We have none of the laurel family indigenous here, no rhododendron or azalea or partridge berry or cranberry or wintergreen. We have not even the ox-eyed daisy or moss pink or sabbatia or milkwort or blue vervain. The trailing arbutus grows in this State—there are legends that it used to flourish in these woods—but too many young students, during too many springtimes, had eagerly plucked it up by the roots "for teacher" or idly carried it home for a brief life in water. We mean to make it grow again if possible. We did succeed

in carrying it through one winter by covering it with glass, but the next year it died. A friend has sent us some strong young rhododendrons as an experiment. One winter they have lived through; now we await the coming of Spring with its alternate freezing and thawing and *freezing* again. A member of the family driving in the Adirondacks saw a dainty plant resembling the paint brush, and promptly contributed it to our collection. We eagerly look forward to its blossoming the coming summer to get more definite information in regard to it.

After we had noted each flower in its season and learned its two names, at least, we imagined perhaps as far as botany was concerned we had exhausted our field. Not at all. The late summer and autumn developed another form of beauty, and we had the world of wonderful seedpods to study. What were those tiny iridescent shot-like berries in bunches on the frail grass-like stalk only about eight inches high? No leaves were near, of course no flower: it was late October. One learns patience in studying Nature. A careful note was made, and the next Spring a tiny bunch of greenish white flowers appeared on the grassy stalk, which was soon labelled the wild leek. In November tall spikes of curiously grooved stems set with whorls of bright orange berries clinging close to their sides attracted us throughout the woods. The

strange stems helped us, and we learned it was the horse gentian. It was on the Fourth of July, I remember, we found one year some dark blue, round, smooth berries on a leafless stalk, about two feet high; the berries were loosely clustered, of varying sizes and we kept meeting them in our ramblings. It was not until the next year that we discovered for ourselves with the assistance of the leaf and flower that these were blue cohosh berries.

In a sheltered hollow the very last of October I found a blue lobelia in blossom near a white clover and belated bit of goldenrod. At this time of year we look with affection on the strong green of the catnip and the peppermint, the cinquefoil and the figwort. The blue-gray bloom on the blackberry stems contrasting with the green leaves shading into deep claret forms a lovely bit of color along the roadside. And although the thimble-weed's starry blossoms come in July, now it is like an overflowing fountain, its fuzzy little seeds bubbling over and clinging to the brown stems as if afraid to launch into the cold, cold world.

Before a mass of rich purple asters hanging over the shore path, some country women stopped in admiration one morning, until one exclaimed, "Why, they're nothin' but wild flowers!" The rest followed her retreating footsteps in shamed dismay. What have the wild flowers done to deserve such scornful treatment?

When I pass an unpainted little house by the wayside with its bed of faded dahlias and purplish phlox, I long to go in and ask the good woman if she sees the possibilities in those clusters of feathery asters, and the decorative qualities in the yellow resin-weed on the dusty highway, so near her garden gate. Why does she not cultivate the wild thorn-apple tree and the haw, both of which should appeal to her housewifely instincts, as both fruits make such delicious jelly! I wish she could see our goldenrod field, a waving mass of sweetness in September, which the bees know well! The high sumacs shelter it, and the pale asters, both white and mauve, carry the exquisite color scheme on into the depths of the forest. Tall evening primroses and mulleins lift their delicate flowers to the lips of sphynx moths and butterflies, and everywhere the bramble clambers, always beautiful from early Spring's green leaves and crimson stems through flowers and unripe berries to perfected fruit.

CHAPTER XIII

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBORS

We found our nearest neighbors rather exclusive at first and not disposed to receive strangers into their charmed circle, but our circumspect behavior and consideration for their feelings finally overcame their prejudices, and they deigned to visit us, even to break bread with us, figuratively speaking, and some of them became very friendly indeed.

As the little striped chipmunks, or hackees, that darted over the lawn and from shelter to shelter along the terrace, seemed the most difficult to conciliate, we began with them. A brass jar half full of English filberts which happened to be in the house was set outside and we watched to see whether or not they would find them.

In less than ten minutes Jerry, as he was soon named, sniffing along in a jerky, roundabout fashion, had climbed over the edge and dipped down for the slippery nuts. After once discovering them he wasted no time, but stuffed his cheek-pouches, and dashed back to his home near the cellar window. Over and over again, until the jar was empty, did he go back and forth. I put out

shelled corn. Again the provident Jerry filled his household bins until the supply was exhausted, always returning for a final look into the empty receptacle. I went out and sat about a yard from the jar, dropping shelled pecans in a little circle around me. It took half an hour of timid reconnoitring, of sudden dashes backward and sudden plunges forward, before he could persuade himself that this exceedingly tempting food covered no danger, and that the objects sitting on the bench near had no harmful purpose. Nearer and nearer I placed the brass jar day by day and unconsciously nearer and nearer came my neighbor, but with one eye always on guard; his soul was full of suspicion.

One day I settled myself down for a siege to his affections. I armed myself with shelled nuts and white grapes and sat motionless, the brass jar in my lap. It took him two hours to make up his mind to trust me. I occasionally dropped an earnest of my treasures at my feet, making as little motion as possible. These were eagerly snapped up. I held a nut in my hand on the ground until my arm was stiff, before he finally snatched it. I placed more nuts along the bench and up into my lap; and great was my satisfaction when I at last felt his trembling, palpitating little body resting against me, as he gave one deep look into my eyes, before he took that dangerous plunge into the jar for food. Once done there was no further hesitation

on that morning; he came and went with his accustomed regularity between the bench and his home until every bit was stowed away.

This patient process had to be repeated many times. No sudden movements were ever permitted on my part, and at last he learned to sit on my hand and eat, to wash his clean little face with his dexterous paws, and to scold sharply from my lap at any intruding mate. I carried a jar to the window-box of my own room on the second floor, and he in some way divined it and climbed up the chimney with zest for the food. Sometimes in the early morning, if the jar was empty, I could even hear a delicate scratching on the screen to attract my attention.

They tell a tale, that once when I was absent, Jerry was found on the desk in my room looking disconsolately about, although how he got there no one could discover. Tom, from the east porch, soon found the new and curious food on the terrace, and immediately followed the example of his brother chipmunk.

It is astonishing how much they can carry in those expansible pouches of theirs. We once put eighteen kernels of corn a foot apart with a peanut at the end of the row, and one saucy fellow tucked every kernel into his pouches bit by bit, the peanut was caught by the end somehow, and away he ran with the whole loot. One of them, "Iris," because

his home was close to the iris glade, has a wonderful underground system of galleries and chambers, judging by the amount of provender he has stowed there this season, and I hope he has a dry and well drained storehouse, or some of his food will spoil. He formed the habit of cracking the peanuts and extracting their kernels on the spot, which enabled him to carry sixteen or eighteen at a time. I never saw the others crack a nut except to eat it at once.

We buy our corn by the sack and our peanuts by the barrel now, and if the entire quantity were placed where the chipmunk could get at it, he would not stop, I am sure, until every bit was safely stored in his underground burrow. He is untiring, quick, and single-minded. When there are no nuts out, he climbs up the back of the porch chair, places his small paws piteously upon his stomach and peers into the dining-room as if to ask: "Is there nobody at home? Are we to be neglected?" Must I confess that on warm summer noons, when I am alone, I have my luncheon in the dog-trot with only a screen to separate me from the table spread for the squirrels and the chipmunks? The robins, the catbirds, and the red-headed woodpeckers help themselves to the cherries so temptingly displayed, and there is no more quarrelling than there would be among the same number of young children if left to themselves.

By mid-November, it gets pretty cold for Mr. Chipmunk. Having a home fully stocked with provisions, why should he go forth? But the big gray squirrel with his thick winter coat, every hair tipped with white, comes waggling in bow-legged fashion to the stone bench. He, too, well knows the brass jar of nuts or corn, and when the stock gets low he has learned that a blow of his paw will send it toppling over, spreading in more convenient fashion its store of food. At first there was great leaping and scurrying at the sound of the falling brass; but now a mere turning of the body, hardly an interruption to the feast, greets it. The squirrels are beautiful creatures, leaping from branch to branch, making great bounds across the lawn and sitting in such contented fashion, five or six at a time, along the terrace at their midday meal. We named our first squirrel Mark because one of his ears was slit, so that I imagined I could always recognize him. I became doubtful about this later, when I found that nearly all squirrels have one or both ears so cut. As the season advanced I was chagrined to discover that I had mistaken the sex of my neighbor; but we had become attached to the name by this time, so we added Hannah, and Mark-Hannah he—no, she—is to this day.

We found the old squirrels more difficult to tame than the chipmunks; but by taking the young ones and keeping them in a box for three

months, feeding and handling them, when liberated they were perfectly at home and trusted every man. One of these, Bob, was our special pet; he perched on my shoulder while I weeded, ran down into my pockets for nuts, followed us through the woods like a dog, and even crawled into the house, although that was against the rule. For two years he sat by us at our sewing, ate at our meal-time, and we loved him; but his lack of suspicion cost him his life,—he was caught in a trap, and we truly mourned him.

The chipmunk is so much more active than the squirrel that the latter, despite his greater strength, has little chance in the race for food. Fortunately there was always enough for all. I wonder that we do not have peanut patches all over our lawn, for the care with which the squirrel pats down his nuts would, I should think, effectively prevent his ever finding them. That we have not, shows he must dig them up again during the winter. I have never known gray squirrels to molest the eggs or young of birds, and as for their driving birds away, look at Central Park in New York, or the Park at Richmond, and parks in many a smaller place. It is direct proof to the contrary.

I studied for some time to find out how I could provide a feeding place for the birds which the squirrels could not reach. One snowy morning I hung a basket filled with chopped nuts and suet

by a long string from a slender branch of the maple tree. The chickadees discovered it at once, and the nut-hatches flew down in delight. Up from the snow sheet below stretched Mark-Hannah the squirrel. No; it was too high to get at in that way. Like a flash she climbed the tree, balanced just above the basket and sniffed eagerly at the tempting food. The string was too small for her to clasp. Suspended by her toes she still failed to make the distance. A perplexed thoughtfulness possessed her as she sat there on guard, until her tail began to quiver a bit as if in anger, though Mark-Hannah was a philosopher and wasted little time on useless effort. Suddenly it seemed as if a bright idea had occurred to her. She carefully reached down to draw the string up. It did not slip! Another turn and yet another in true sailor fashion, and the basket was held at her level with one tiny paw while she helped herself with the other. It was most cunning, but it defeated *my* purpose. Another way must be found. I tried the basket at the end of a long iron rod only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, hooked over the swinging limb: surely Mrs. Squirrel would never trust herself to that frail support. It was quite a week before she dared; but the temptation was too great, and one morning down she slid, bumping into the basket and scattering the peanuts on the snow below. Whether I saw her the first time she did it or not I cannot

be sure; but as soon as I did see her, I rushed out to frighten her. Instantly she scrambled up the slender rod with amazing dexterity. We greased it with lard, which did no more than lend added flavor to her feast; and now Mark-Hannah is in possession and I am wondering what I can do next to provide my feathered *protégés* with a private table.

The woodchuck or ground hog is an interesting creature. He is so nearly the color of the boulders that if he keeps still in the open when among them, only his final gentle lope, as you approach too near, betrays him. I wish he were not so fond of early vegetables and even of late seedlings. The other day he took a fancy to some newly set out columbines, and in three hours all the tops were gone. He is intelligent, too, and knows traps as far as he can see them; for him and for Molly Cottontail the only resource is a gun.

One other four-footed creature comes into our woodland without invitation and gets no welcome. Two polecats this summer, driven from a neighboring estate, took possession of a woodchuck's hole with its two entrances, a roomy and comfortable mansion ready to be furnished. Here in the solitude of the forest they lived peacefully. Perhaps it would not be best to inquire about their food. We keep no chickens. An enthusiastic but rather ignorant young visitor came in from the

woods one morning with thrilling tales of a "wild cat all black and white," which he had seen, peering from a hole in the ground. A scouting expedition was sent out and, later, an armed detachment, with a result that there were five fewer skunks on earth; but the odor hung over the forest for hours.

I have learned to endure, even to admire, at a distance, that natural enemy of woman, the snake. This admiration applies specifically to the small and innocent garden snake which eats the aphides on the roses and keeps the spiræas healthy. In the woods they frequently dart across the quiet pathways, and for years they have made a nest in a bed of shrubbery near the lake. This summer one became so tame that he lived under the south terrace wall, frequently sunning himself on the top, and apparently not at all disturbed as I snipped and weeded near him. Being of an adventurous spirit he was soon at home on the terrace itself, and even meandered over the window-boxes. I felt he was doing such good work that I must not allow any foolish prejudice to bias me, but when one morning he was found actually inside the screened dog-trot, close to the dining-room door, I rebelled; and that one snake was sacrificed, a victim of overweening ambition.

I often wondered, those first few weeks as I looked from my window, what that queer-shaped object swimming across the bay could be—a turtle,

perhaps; but even to my ignorant eyes the head seemed much too large, as he turned his pointed nose upward and his bright eyes looked warily about. It was only a muskrat doing his daily exercises. His nest remains an unexplored country to me. Probably the kingfisher knows all about it, for he seems to be always on guard and his kindly rattle warns the lesser birds when danger is at hand.

There are turtles, for we see them often basking in the sun on the flat boulders near the lily pads. One of them strayed toward the house the other day. We admired the beautifully colored marks upon his big body, but kept him only long enough to find out that he was the Western painted turtle, then took him back to his happy hunting grounds in the waters of the bay. One morning in July we discovered one of these turtles laying her eggs in a hole she had made in the gravel of the shore path. Whether our presence frightened her away or not I do not know, but after she had gone we took the four eggs and put them carefully in a big pottery bowl, covered them with gravel and placed the bowl on the upper porch. We read everything we could find about turtles, for our ignorance was dense. It would be three months, our authority said, before the eggs hatched. We planned to mark the young turtles in some way in order to follow their career. The rain fell on them and the sun

beat down upon them just as if they had not been disturbed in the gravel by the shore, but it all resulted in less than naught,—we had forgotten the one essential thing, drainage, and the eggs spoiled.

Sitting by the pier one afternoon, in October, looking idly but with a certain discrimination at the overhanging trees and the low underbrush, I was attracted by a quickly moving object, darting from shelter to shelter along the pebbly shore. A low, flat head, a long, crouched-down brown body, and a round bushy tail fled under the pier. I waited, my eyes fixed on the other side. In a moment he thrust his head out from under the timbers and looked cautiously about, his keen eye watching my very breath. Everything seemed safe, I was motionless, he ran rapidly along the shore and disappeared around the bay—affording me a good look at him. Yes, without a doubt it was a mink. Here was a sign of the wilderness indeed. I rejoiced. Did he occasionally regale himself with freshly laid eggs? We must forgive him, for his usual diet is fish, although he also catches rats and mice. When we took up the pier for the winter we found a great heap of empty clam shells. Evidently we had uncovered his favorite picnic ground.

Three years later we discovered more about the habits of the mink. It was always a pleasure to sit on the south terrace in the fading twilight, to see the sun's last rays touch grass and shrub and tree,

until the water changed to silver and dark gray. At this time of night the air was filled with the fragrance of the roses, the sweet geraniums, the honeysuckles, and above all, the rich scent of the jasmine growing close to the terrace wall. One evening in July we were about to take our usual big chairs under the open sky, when instead of sweet scents, a dreadful odor greeted us; the guests, at first too polite to be frank, sat calmly quiet, but the hosts hunted for the cause. Could our perfect drainage system have broken down? Had an adventurous mouse been caught in a water jar? No, none of these things; a sensible mink, quick to adapt herself to new conditions, had built her nest in the terrace drain-pipe near the lake, and here she had naturally stored a fine supply of dead fish for her interesting family of four young daughters. We were loath to disturb so charming a household, but there are limits within which even the wild creatures of the wood must be kept.

I am very fond of pets, but I never strained my affections to the extent of including goldfish among them. So it was with rather a sinking sensation that one evening I received by express a pail of water with holes pierced in the cover and six small goldfish gaily swimming around therein. I put them in the fountain in the formal garden, arranging some flat rocks over the gravel in order that they might have secluded corners. They did

look pretty under the softly dropping water, with the sun reflecting back from their golden scales. I began to feel my old prejudices fast disappearing. The Constant Improver brought out a collection of fish food, and I must acknowledge that our new pets were no more trouble. When I had to be away I am sure they were never forgotten, as my little maid felt so sorry for them. "They cannot come up and beg for their food like those fat squirrels and pert young chipmunks!" Of course when the Ice King appeared something had to be devised for the goldfish. We put a cork in one of the big terra-cotta saucers thirty inches across and, with the aid of gravel and rocks and sea-weed, made an excellent imitation pond, where, in the dog-trot among the chrysanthemums and the jasmine the goldfish might think summer had come again.

Although we have formed for ourselves an attractive social circle among the inhabitants of our wild woods, we have by no means made the acquaintance of all the neighbors. We trust that our discreet conduct and recognition of their rights and privileges may in time lead to that complete understanding which is the foundation of true friendship. For no living organism in this small domain of ours is too insignificant to awaken our wondering awe as we perceive, little by little, the habits and daily life of all the creatures about us, and marvel greatly at their variety and beauty.

CHAPTER XIV

A LINE A DAY

When we first conceived the happy idea of entering upon a country life, a dear friend gave me a Line-a-Day Book. Every one knows it—blank leaves, a kind of diary, but with the pages dated for five years. For any one contemplating such an experience as ours, this little book should be enrolled among the necessities. When I look at its pages a series of half-formed pictures floats across my vision, and each day brings a story to my mind. In mine I noted the first and last appearance of the flowers and the vegetables, and when they were at their best. I also set down the coming and going of the different birds, with something of their habits, as I saw them. That first summer every feathered creature was to me a bird and nothing more; the only one I knew with absolute certainty was that wretched imitation, the English sparrow. How many years I had wasted—learning the languages of mankind, for instance! Here was the whole bird-world to explore!

Some one has said: "It is the acquiring of knowledge, not the knowledge acquired, that adds

to our happiness." It may be so. In either case I saw a delightful field opening temptingly before me, and after the manner of all converts I rushed into it with enthusiasm. For example, robins may seem an ordinary fact to experienced country residents, but when they adopted our house as their home and established eight nests on as many different window ledges, we felt that we had become one with the wild life about us. I shall not forget the protesting expostulations of one prim New England woman who cried, "Did you let them stay? The untidy things!" I wanted to take her to my own window where a robin had used the same nest two years in succession, that she might see what model housekeepers, what neat and particular mothers, these same robins are.

My Line-a-Day Book always lies on the library table ready for reference or the entertainment of an idle moment. Although it has no illustrations it does not lack for pictures. I open it at random.

April 26—It was a still, cold morning without a breath of wind. Not a twig stirred, and the lake was like glass; the song-sparrows poured forth their joy in the sunlit air, while a chorus of clear, musical rhythmic whistles greeted my waking ears. What bird was it? This was a new song. I searched the branches and favorite perches from my open window. To be sure the white-throated sparrows were hopping about the terraces unconcernedly

eating their breakfast of oats and chopped peanuts with the juncos. Could a white-throat be the songster? Yes, there on the swaying rose-stem was one of the beautifully marked little creatures; I shall not soon forget my sensations as he looked straight into my eyes while he opened his tiny beak and deliberately sang me one of his choicest bits.

April 30—To find the first song-sparrow's nest in the long grass! One confiding specimen built in some straw left overnight close to the garden walk. The straw containing that nest was carefully walked around and thoughtfully guarded against all intrusion for weeks, until four small song-sparrows were able to fly off in safety.

May 2—On either side of our hooded entrance are small shelves, exactly the right size for a good home. No right-minded robins could neglect such an opportunity, and there they built, slightly disturbed when too much company, in too hilarious a mood alighted at that front door, but quickly back to their duties when quiet reigned again. Just above the robins' nests a phœbe found a shelter and glued her mossy cup against the rough brown rafters. Another has for three years used the same nest just over the upstairs porch, and there are always two broods. Once a baby phœbe, too young to fly, fell out—and such a calling and fluttering! We brought up a step-ladder and, amid great protests from the parent birds, the Constant

Improver picked up the fledgling and replaced her snugly in the nest.

June 5—Hoping to furnish our bare expanse of terrace at once, we brought from the city our big palms and araucarias. Later we found that they clashed with their surroundings and took from the woodsy look of the place, so we gave them all away. One morning, when the wind was blowing a gale, we moved the big araucaria, twelve feet high, to a sheltered corner on the north, close to the coat-room window. When we went to put it back on the south terrace, the next day, behold a robin had taken possession and with bill half-full of straws, watched us in apprehension. Did we carry out our intention? By no means. The tree stayed in that cosy corner for over four weeks, and we watched the entire home life of those industrious birds from the little window not three feet away. The last one left the nest at half-past seven o'clock on Monday morning, just as our guests were going to the train. It was a pretty sight to see his daring swagger, his outlook on the big world, the coaxing parents not far away, and finally his courageous start and successful swoop down to a bush, where a fat grub rewarded his bravery. At one time we were watching more than thirty nests of various kinds, and a fascinating study it was!

June 13—We found at last the redstart's nest in a lilac bush close to the south window of the

cottage. They were the first birds I learned to identify after the robins. It was impossible not to become acquainted with them, they were so friendly and tame, so cheerful and busy. And no wonder, with four small—I mean large—mouths to fill. It was a constant amazement to me, this seeing a nestling split in two, as it were, when the mother arrived with food.

June 16—I watched a yellow-billed cuckoo feeding her three fuzzy little ones this morning. What a rickety, tumble-down nest! It was only four feet from the ground in a honeysuckle bush at the edge of the lawn. I saw a cuckoo in May and heard her curious call. There are plenty of tent-caterpillars about to tempt her to stay with us.

July 2—The humming-bird family down by the greenhouse are almost ready to fly. In fact, the little ones seem the same size as their parents, except that their bills are shorter. It has been most entertaining to watch them. The mother did not mind the hammering and sawing or the constant presence of workmen within thirty feet of her nest. To be sure, she was on a maple branch twenty feet from the ground, and admitted no nearer acquaintance, as the Constant Improver found to his cost when he climbed a ladder to get a closer view; she darted at him viciously, and he retreated before she could strike. We took our camp-stools and glasses and watched the tireless industry of this

wee creature. What is she bringing now? Surely not one of those hideous seventeen-year locusts almost as big as herself! It is the locust! She dashes him against the branch until he has become pulp-like, then tears him to pieces and stuffs incredibly large mouthfuls down the baby's throat.

July 7—The oven birds are calling "Teacher, Teacher," in the deep woods, the great ruffed grouse whir into the air at our approach, and melt into the surrounding foliage so completely that the eye fails to discover them. How wonderful is the unerring flight of a bird through the thick forest! Does he touch a twig or turn a leaf in his swift motion? And their silence in the autumn! They alight not far from you, and you have not heard a sound; you turn for the glass, and they are gone.

July 8—This morning a red-headed woodpecker came over to the bird bath and, seeing cherries hanging on the forsythia bush, helped himself joyously and flew away. Soon after, another appeared and he also carried off a cherry in his bill. We began throwing the cherries in the grass when we heard the birds calling, and down one would sweep from the tree close by and off he would go, returning in an instant for more. By watching, we discovered their nest in the linden tree overhanging the entranceway. The braver bird, the quicker to learn faith in humankind, I took for the father, although the markings of the sexes are identical.

A few days later we saw two young ones as big as their parents but without the red heads; they clung in a crotch of the linden and the father and mother fed them, turn and turn about. The week after, hearing a great scolding from the suet-tree, we rushed to the window; there was the red-headed woodpecker, and there were the cherries, but what was the trouble? No enemy was in sight. The mother bird threw herself from side to side on the tree calling vigorously, her mate joined her, and they took turns in calling. At length, fully twenty minutes later, timidly, but with a rush, one of the young ones appeared on the next tree, soon followed by the second, more afraid to be left alone than to brave the unknown perils at the other side of the lawn. Much pleased, down flew Papa Woodpecker, but he did not touch the cherry, he waited. That was too much; no young one was going to feed himself. Mamma Woodpecker called and *she* flew down and looked up at them, saying as plainly as a-b-c: "Do come down and get this fat fruit!" But the children still clung sturdily to the tree-trunks, refusing to budge. Papa took a cherry up to them and there were sounds expressive of great joy. "Now you know how nice it is, you will come down and help yourselves like good children." And little by little, from one tree to another, to the bush, and finally to the grass, down came the babies and were glad. After that, for many weeks,

we had the whole family on our hands. They would snatch the fruit on the terrace floor within three feet of us, and they splashed in the hollow boulder bath and enjoyed themselves hugely. One pair of red-headed woodpeckers stayed here all last winter—of course, I am not sure that it was this same one.

July 9—The wood thrushes sing morning and evening in the deep woods; theirs is the loveliest song of all. I found the nest to-day, about nine feet from the ground in a small hickory, twined with bitter-sweet, close to the path. With my long-handled mirror I watched these little thrushes daily, waiting to see them leave the nest. Finally, one morning they were so lively that I took my small folding stool and glasses and sat down, note-book in hand, not more than six feet away. It was the last day of July, and hot. The sun was shining brightly and there was little wind,—in fact a most propitious moment. For three hours I sat quiet while the small thrushes were being fed, while they balanced themselves on the edge of the nest, nibbled a leaf which swayed temptingly near, preened themselves, rested quietly, called eagerly, and at last sailed forth, one at a time, to a friendly branch near the ground. When I left them the mother had them all together in a secluded corner and was teaching them already to hunt on the ground for their food.

July 12—This afternoon just before dinner two baby chimney-swifts fell down into the dining-room, followed by the exquisitely wrought nest. What were we to do with them! They were barely fledged, and cried continuously. One we put back up the chimney as far as we could reach, and he really did climb up; his call grew fainter and fainter until a soft whir of welcome greeted him and reassured us. But the other seemed weaker. The only thing I could think of to feed him was milk, so we procured a dropper from the medicine closet and proceeded to administer this healthful beverage. He spluttered a good deal but he swallowed it, and we began to be more hopeful as his cries ceased, but in the morning, whether from cold or from hunger, the poor little chimney-swift was dead.

Aug. 1—Even when working with my back to that tempting window a shadow darts across the sunlight, and before I can reason I have turned and am looking out. Was it a falling leaf or the downward flight of a wild bird? How exquisite the poise of the wide-winged hawk overhead, the almost imperceptible turn, the lift, and the graceful sweep away into the azure! Is he an enemy to the poultry plant? We do not keep chickens; we look upon him as a thing of beauty only.

Aug. 13—A rainy day, not our usual brief thundery deluge out of the northwest, but a soft

patter of drops on the brick terrace when I awoke, and a smooth gray curtain all over the sky. How pungent the perfume of each aromatic shrub and thirsty leaf! It is as if the earth and all it produces could not be grateful enough for its keen refreshment. Even the birds voice their thanksgiving; the song-sparrow trills forth his exquisite notes, and from his hanging basket the oriole calls in delicious melody.

Aug. 24—What peculiarly attractive birds the wax-wings are! They sit quietly and in so polite a manner that you may examine their neat and polished appearance. They have exactly the same taste in dress as the high-class Japanese, exquisite grays with a rose tinge, lovely browns with the sunshine almost coming through, a spot of red, a touch of yellow. Every year a colony nests in the poplar grove on the island. It is a tradition on the countryside. This year we found a couple of cedar birds had gone to housekeeping close to the path, only about ten feet from the ground. As the nest was placed in a tangle of wild grape, it was difficult to push the long-handled mirror in far enough to see the downy bodies of the babies. We watched the feeding, the different approaches of the parents, and the cleaning of the nest, this last being usually done by Madame alone.

We went in solemn procession at about half-past nine one evening to see where the cedar birds

slept. The man with the stepladder first, the Bird-Lady carrying the lantern, and I, tagging on, ignorant but enthusiastic. How unfamiliar every bush and tree and vine looked in that flickering light! I began to have a fellow-feeling with the wide-eyed little maiden on the stairway "where bears are so liable to follow one." If a rabbit had leaped across the path or an owl hooted, I know I should have turned and fled to the safe shelter of the house; but everything was perfectly silent. Down the path and over the bridge, quietly creeping up to the poplar tree, we turned the light of the lantern upward. There sat the father and mother birds on the nest, keeping the three little ones warm beneath them.

Later on there was a big wind storm, and in the morning but one little cedar-bird was left in the nest. We could hear the other babies calling like locusts, in the grass, but find them we could not; we finally made up our minds that we must take pity on the neglected one and try to bring it up by hand. We saw in the nest a curious seed and hunted high and low for this food. We tried the wild grape and the woodbine berries, and the dogwoods and viburnums, at least four species of each; but this seed had a different shape. At last we experimented with the sweet berries of the spikenard and the astringent wild grape. Master Waxwing obligingly swallowed these, but the Concord grapes he

devoured with exceeding relish. He was very cunning, and without a particle of fear. He curled his small toes around my finger and looked at his new home in the dog-trot with quite an air of proprietorship, and it was such fun to feed him. We could keep him quiet only by covering him with a tiny cotton quilt. After his nap he would fairly shout for food. Even the Constant Improver was pressed into the service, and Cherry, as we named him, had plenty of attention. The Bird-Lady was to take him to her home where she had other bird babies, and in the spring he was to come back to be freed on the island, there to find his kinsfolk. Alas and alack for human plans! Poor Cherry met with a sad end. In some way, he fell on the azalea bush while helping himself to the aralia berries near, and a twig pierced his eye.

Oct. 12—The nut-hatches fearlessly dart quite near to the squirrel or alight on the terrace, just below the bench. I wonder if these birds store away food. It does not seem as if they could eat the amount I have seen them take away in an hour. Seventeen times, at intervals of from one and a half to three minutes, they have returned to the stone bench to carry off a whole peanut each time. Occasionally the nut-hatch rests from his labors and permits himself a little needed refreshment. He carries his nut in his bill to the heavy bark of a neighboring oak where he fits it in tightly, then

strikes it smartly with his bill until he can get at the kernel. If pecans or peanuts are not available, he will eat corn, or even crackers; but he loves the suet hung against the tree, close by the terrace. So does the hairy woodpecker, who awaits his turn in most gallant fashion; but not so the haughty blue-jay. With a caw of warning, he darts at the dainty morsel, whatever it may be, and woe unto the creature who gets in his way! He sweeps down to the squirrel's brass jar, cocks his head on one side, flirts out one peanut after another until he finds one to his taste, hastily swallows it whole, snatches another, and is off to the garden to bury it. Generally his mate follows, selecting her food for present emergencies first, and eating it on the tree close by, before she assists in the storing process. The pair carry away easily fifty nuts in a half-hour. We do not see the bluejay in the summer; indeed, we do not encourage his settling near; but in winter we cannot begrudge him his share of our dainties. There is enough for all. He is such a splendid-looking creature, and I actually like his "swinging-gate" call.

Oct. 25—Down by the shore in a forsythia clump to-day I heard a low warbling song and looked for a stray canary, but the note was too subdued. The gardener said the bird looked like a linnet, but his English training did not satisfy me. In spite of patient search with the glass no bird was

to be seen, but every now and then came that lovely trilling song. Finally my curiosity drove me too near, and a brown bird flew into the air, its white tail-quills betraying it at once—the vesper sparrow. Still later I heard his sweet notes, until the snow flurries of December drove him to warmer climates.

Nov. 3—What a joy to welcome the winter birds to our out-of-door dining-room! Quite a luncheon party to-day,—four squirrels, two chipmunks, three nut-hatches, two blue-jays, one little brown creeper with his insect-like call, a downy and a hairy woodpecker, four chickadees, and four vesper sparrows. What a good time we had!

Dec. 4—The golden-crowned kinglet is another winter visitor. One can hear his sharp insistent notes among the berry bushes and see him hopping along the bare tree boughs. He finds plenty to eat for himself and scorns my tempting table, but he is a friendly little bit of sunlight, and permits me to look at him at close quarters.

Jan. 11—The chickadees are too cunning! One alights on the basket hung close to the dining-room window and, looking in at our eager faces, sings a quaint little song before hopping down into the bottom for the nuts. Another carries off a peanut, shell and all, to the tree branch near, where she cracks it by striking it with her bill, extracts the

kernel and, dropping the shell, flies away with her feast. Still another works many minutes over a peanut frozen to the brick floor of the terrace. How he tugs and braces himself on the slippery surface, almost tumbling over at some particularly hearty blow, then recovering himself, only to sit down suddenly as his feet slip out from under him! But he is up and at it again fiercely, now piercing the shell, and at last succeeds in taking out the kernel whole, and off he goes to enjoy the fruit of his labor.

Feb. 9—To-night we went out to see where the downy woodpecker sleeps. He had been busy excavating holes all through December, and the one he chose to finish was some twelve inches deep and about three inches wide, on the under side of a horizontal lichen-covered rafter in the roof of the pergola, close by the house. Here he slept, lying so flat on the floor of his dwelling that even with the aid of mirror and ladder it was almost impossible to see him; but a few soft gray feathers caught in the bark at the entrance to the hole betrayed him, and a gentle poke with a stick assured us of his presence.

Feb. 11—Seven squirrels, two blue-jays, four hairy and a pair of downy woodpeckers, four nut-hatches, six chickadees, and a junco looked in upon us to-day, incidentally helping themselves to the chopped suet and peanuts, the corn and bread

crumbs, in the out-of-door dining-room. The tracks of the ruffed grouse are plainly to be seen in the snow around the ground corn, spread near the hooded entrance. Here, too, a white-crowned sparrow has found desirable winter quarters.

What a study by itself is the flight of the birds! How different the outspread soaring of the swallows and the spasmodic opening and closing of the wings which is characteristic of the woodpeckers! And the bird music! What a revelation to me was the catbird's varied song! Can one forget the first time the whippoorwill calls or the wail of the screech-owl in the still night air? How bewildering is that wild indistinguishable charm of bird songs to the uninitiated! It took me years to be sure of even the robin's notes, and I am still on the threshold of that music world whose beauty and purity touch one's deepest sensibilities.

CHAPTER XV

WEEDS FOR DECORATION

FROM the beginning a certain part of the weeding fell to my share. Every one was so busy with the first rough work that no time could be spared for uprooting thistles. Therefore, although in my heart I really admired the richly cut leaves and sweet purple blossoms, I conscientiously dug them up wherever I found them. Yes, I dug them up; but there was no embargo on my utilizing them. Arranged in high brown jars along the barren north terrace, they made a splendid effect. That was another discovery: weeds made such a fine decoration! Once started in this direction the field was limitless, and we experimented in all sorts of combinations.

Now, it sounds like a formidable undertaking to keep seventy-two acres free from thistles, but I soon learned that they grow only in open spaces, that they follow civilization, and that there are none at all in the real woods. One finds them by the roadway, through the paths and hidden in the shrubbery, but particularly and always on the lawn. I hope that sometime I may find a sandy corner where I may let these really attractive

flowers blossom in splendid isolation. I must promise, and I certainly will fulfil it, to cut off each head before its light down scatters; but think how gorgeous that purple mass will be!

I am afraid I am not a systematic person, after all. It is such joy to wander out in the early morning, fully equipped for any task that may appear, but not knowing quite what it will be. Suddenly, close by me, a low note sounds and a new bird rises in swift flight. I follow blindly until I find myself in a long unvisited corner, where the tropical-leaved burdock with its tall spike of green and purple balls is just ready to go to seed. I dart at the offending plants, rise somewhat dishevelled from the encounter, and wander still onward to new and further experiences in this blessed outdoor life.

Two more real weeds I acknowledge,—the hogweed, which it is good fun to pick, the roots come away so easily that in half an hour you can make a small haystack, and the horseweed. The former is rather pretty with its fernlike leaf, and there was some hesitation about relegating it to the dump heap; but it settled the question for itself by taking possession, not only of every scrap of earth left bare for five minutes, but also of the planted spaces, choking everything in its way. The second, horseweed, is absolutely without a redeeming quality. It always seems promising to

do something,—to be green, or to blossom, or to seed; but it only looks sulky and dissatisfied. Its persistence is worthy of a better cause.

At the plantain I balked; the little weed-boy must attend to that and to the long-rooted, thick, radish-leaved dock, with its high stalk of rich brown seeds. The gardener looked dumb with dismay when I brought one to stand against the gray plaster wall. It was beautiful too,—but now I share his feelings, partially at least, and mercilessly destroy each plant.

How brilliant the dandelion is in the early spring! It carries the note of the yellow forsythia and the daffy-down-dilly far away along the sunny slopes, and it brings the sunshine to every one—except the gardener, who scowls and meditates upon the useful spud and the sharp knife of the weed-boy. As soon as the spring bloom is over we submit to the inevitable, the dandelion becomes a weed again and must be uprooted. Well we know that, by another spring, in some mysterious fashion, our sunny slopes will once more be a yellow glory, and the weed-boy's occupation will begin again.

Throughout the changing seasons we bring into the house our flowering and fruiting sprays and try all manner of combinations for decoration. Whenever a tree has to be cut down, we take advantage of the opportunity and deck ourselves

with the spoils in true Indian fashion. That tree comes into the house, branch by branch and bough by bough, and we live for a week in one long leafy bower of greenery. Always when the lindens are in bloom we steal half a dozen branches from the bees to lend their sweetness to our indoor life; the shadbush and wild cherry, the thorn-apple tree and the forsythia, the blossoming maples and the Hercules' club, each in turn shares our evenings under the lamplight and fills the rooms with its fragrant presence. The graceful sprays of the blackberry are always objects of beauty, whether in flower or shaded fruit, in green leaf or rich autumnal tints.

In our dining-room, too, the shrubs take turns keeping us company. The fragrant sumac has a dainty, yellow, spidery blossom which combines charmingly with cowslips for a May luncheon. Yellow buttercups and violets in glass receptacles only three inches high are most effective, and of course the sprays of all the spiræas arrange themselves in wonderful forms of beauty. The tiny white flowers of the rough bedstraw are exquisite with the wild rose; and the red stems of the elder after the berries have fallen make an extraordinary effect against the thick white snake-root. Still later the rose haws blend well with the blue privet berries and dark red leaves of the aromatic sumac; or the barberries and privet and sea-buckthorn

berries, loosely arranged to show the natural growth of each, make an equally effective combination. The sneezeweed, a proud and sightly plant, is exquisite with pale purple asters. The white silky cockades of the groundsel bush make an admirable foil for the scarlet salvia or the high-bush cranberries. We bring in long sprays of nasturtiums full of buds just before the frost comes, and for a month have fresh blossoms and new leaves in the Japanese basket from which they climb over the mantelpiece.

A friend said to me in all seriousness the other day: "My little girl has been asked to bring to school as many different leaves as she can. The heavy frost has killed all the flowers. Of course I know the maple and oak leaves, but are there any others now?" She is a newcomer in our forest life, but she will learn, because she really is eager to know. When I showed her from the window the wychhazel, the Japanese quince, the wild cherry, the privet, the syringa, the barberry, and some twenty more varieties of leaves she was amazed and delighted.

One day, it was the twenty-ninth of November, we discovered that our window-boxes looked bare. In fact there was apparently nothing in them but carefully powdered and well-drained dirt. I say apparently, for well we knew the beauty hidden beneath the surface in the tulip bulbs for early

spring decoration; but, as we wanted some beauty at once, we started forth to see what Nature could offer us at this inclement season.

The Halliana honeysuckle was green in lovely flat sprays on the terrace wall, and the Japanese clematis still kept some of its feathery fruits, but we wanted something to stand up bravely and look in at us as we sewed or read by the sunny window. The mountain sumac offered her bunches of rich crimson berries. Yes; that would do for an occasional heavy note. The New England aster spread her starry seed-cups to our admiring gaze. The very thing! There, over beyond the dog-woods, was a waving field of great feathery heads of golden-rod. We must have an armful of them! In the wild garden, too, were tall spikes of the evening primrose, half-blown milkweed pods, and wild peppermint, brown and fluted. Just beyond the formal garden, along the path into the woods, we found the curved cups of the Turk's-cap lily, the prim flat bunches of the sedum spectabile, the delicate balls of the boltonias, the brown heads of the cone-flowers large and small, and in the gravel pit the exquisite white feathers of the pampas grass. Down by the shore were curving branches of sea-buckthorn set thick with orange berries; nearer the house grew great bunches of privet berries, while close by the terrace swung the graceful sprays of Indian currant, shading from

pale rose to deep magenta, all begging to be used. Could one ask for greater variety or for richer beauty?

With delight we arranged our treasures in the long window-boxes, judging them from inside as well as outside, filling in and rounding out the delicate grouping. How perfectly their autumn browns and grays harmonized with the velvety surface of the rough brown timbers and gray plaster on the house! Our enthusiasm grew as our work progressed, and after the window-boxes were finished we looked about for more worlds to conquer! On the long broken flight of shallow steps at the entrance were four smaller boxes whose swaying fronds of fern had gone the way of all grass. Why should not these be filled too? No sooner said than done! Off again into the surrounding woods we hastened, returning with more armfuls of loveliness. Each box when completed looked more beautiful than the last, and we surveyed our work with keen satisfaction.

Later on the rain froze in wonderful pearls up and down the tall stems and on the edge of the brown leaves and seed pods, the sun shone in millions of spectra and the light danced in rainbow colors over the walls of the living-room. One morning in January we awoke to a marvellous spectacle. A fine, soft, wet snow had fallen in the night, and every separate spray in our window-

boxes was clothed in its own delicate mantle of purity.

To a true Nature-lover the month of November has lost its bleak and desolate reputation to become the unfolder of mysteries. The variety of tree-forms is incredible to an ignorant city-bred person, while the contours of the land are a constant surprise, the steep hillsides and deep valleys, undisguised by underbrush or snowy mantle:—the face of the country has assumed a new aspect.

Does any one know the real beauty of the sunshine until he has seen it burst through the heavy dark clouds of a November sky, illuminating the fields of pale corn stubble, the soft rosy cream of the wind-blown marsh grasses, the rich brown of the oak leaves, and the rolling green fields of winter grain? A marble shaft on yonder hilltop gleams for an instant, and the church-spire rises near. The sky is patched with blue, and the old gnarled apple trees along the ridge, the tall elms about the farmhouse door, the rows of poplars and maples along the village streets stand sharply outlined. A clump of willows by a winding brook appears and disappears. There is a field of feeding cattle in the distance with a generous red barn not far away. How black are the furrows of newly ploughed earth! How yellow the seed-corn hanging under the eaves! The shadows fly across the open fields pursued by the crows in flocks and more and

more the blue sky widens, the clouds grow fleecy and white and small, the sunshine reflects itself in tiny pools and waterways by sunken fences. Can this be grim November?

CHAPTER XVI

CONCLUSION

We have not sought to do everything at once; we try not to be impatient for results. For example, it took us nearly three years to learn a fully satisfactory way to put the name of the place at the entrance! It sounds simple enough, but——. On the highroad outside the almost invisible wire fence, we had planted a long thicket of underbrush from the woods within, while about the curving stone arms of the gateway we put masses of wild roses and bitter-sweet. In the split boulder which capped the gate-post we decided to carve the name of the place.

The Friendly Architect sketched roughly the letters, and the stone-cutter, who had had experience in the little local burying-ground, came from the village armed with hammer, drills, and emery stone, and began making round holes three-eighths of an inch in diameter, three-fourths of an inch deep, and one-eighth of an inch apart, up and down the penciled lines. It was not rapid work; the granite seemed particularly impenetrable, and the drills would get dull after every few strokes; but at the end of many days the holes all beautifully round were completed.

Our growing suspicions proved too well founded; the shadows were not dense enough, and the name was indistinct. The Constant Improver looked at it critically, and asked, "Haven't you some black yarn?" I thought I was prepared for any demand, but this staggered me a bit, not associating wool and granite gateposts. However, I managed to gasp, "E-er, no; I don't believe I have,—but we can buy some." Full of curiosity and impatient to put the new idea into practice, we harnessed the old gray horse and drove down to the village for the yarn. On our return we jumped out at the gate, and the Constant Improver filled every hole with the black woolly stuff, carrying the line loosely from one hole to the next, making a beautifully soft outline for the perfectly clear inscription. We stood back and laughed in delight; we turned and walked away for some distance to see how it carried,—it was just what we wanted.

We returned to the house in triumph. But the rain and the wind played havoc with our work. In a few weeks, ends of the yarn were waving in the breeze and a dilapidated and out-at-elbow announcement greeted the passer-by,—it looked as if the gatepost were ravelling. Why wouldn't black paint, following closely in the lines of the wool, produce the same effect? The Constant Improver watched as the gardener cautiously experimented. Yes; it was good. The letters stood clearly forth in soft velvety outline. We congratulated one

another, for this had been on our minds for many moons, and now the Constant Improver could turn his active intellect to other problems.

Was there not the small greenhouse to build? Why shouldn't its sides, too, be of the rough-hewn timbers, and the potting sheds at the ends have the mossy roof of the woodshed? Even the sash which held the glass was to be painted brown, an unheard-of innovation in greenhouse construction. Instead of an ugly chimney, a good terra-cotta chimney-pot was selected and carefully brought out "by hand" from the city. Only the martin-house sent us by a friend stood white and uncompromising in the midst of all these blending tones. To be sure, the martins had not yet found it. After two years the Constant Improver could endure it no longer, and it too was stained a lovely soft brown. I cannot assert that this will entice these particular birds, but it certainly satisfies the artistic sense of those most concerned.

I have heard it said that if you put into your country place every penny you can spare, you are a horticulturist; but if you make it pay you attain to the dignity of a farmer. There may be differences of opinion about the form of "pay." I am afraid we resemble the countryman who was asked by his friend:

"Why did ye set out all them catalpa trees? They won't pay nothin'."

"Why, neighbor," he replied, "I git my money back every day a-lookin' on 'em."

So we take the utmost satisfaction in just "lookin' on" our weeds and wild flowers, our shrubs and forest trees.

It does not seem possible that one can hear in the early springtime the honk-honk of the wild geese and watch their curious V-shaped flight without a longing to follow them into the wild, to feel the sweet-smelling earth under one's feet again, and to watch the awakening of all living things from their wintry dreams.

"Yes," some practical soul may perhaps say, "that is all very beguiling if we only lived like the birds, carrying our belongings on our backs and finding a shelter wherever we chose to stop." Truly, I think the talk about the care of a country house is exaggerated. Care is, after all, entirely a matter of the individual. Our grandmothers would doubtless have spent days in covering up the furniture and putting away the bric-a-brac when leaving, which would entail even more work in readjusting and uncovering and vigorous cleaning in the springtime. In the early days I acknowledge that I thought this was the only way to be a good housekeeper!

But the Constant Improver is not so named for naught. "The important thing," he said, "is to have furnishings simple enough so that the house

may be closed by turning the key, then it is ready for the week-end visit at any time of the year." After he had once persuaded me to try his easy method, moving lost all its terrors.

People who have never attempted it, often have the belief that it is easier to keep house in the city than in the country, that one is nearer the source of supplies, and that things in general are more convenient in the city. I wish to assert the contrary. With proper system and a little forethought at the beginning of the season, the house really keeps itself, and there is not that constant battle with dust and soot which makes the housekeeper's life in the city a daily martyrdom. It is easy also to arouse in the household a spirit of interest in the country life out-doors. One little maid, newly come, was so impressed with the knowledge of the Constant Improver, that, pointing to our collection of last year's birds' nests, she asked if he had made them and put them out for the birds to use! Later on, I discovered one day in the out-of-door dining-room that the dry crusts of bread thrown out to the birds had been carefully soaked in milk and a dish of cherries thoughtfully stoned,—"For the birds haven't any teeth, they tell me!"

Always there is a pleasure in the beauty of the woods and a desire to know the names of the flowers brought in. Nothing is too much trouble

if the result be satisfactory, and I have known my maids to scour the woods for hours in search of some precious branch and to get up at dawn to cut the flowers with the dew still on them. From the beginning we have been assisted in the accomplishment of our cherished plans by the hearty coöperation and real sympathy of our well-trained English gardener, who has become as enthusiastic as ourselves over the preservation of all our wildness. He has developed a genius for imitating Nature, taking careful photographs of desirable bits of scenery with the object of reproducing them on our own small estate. He is tireless in his quest for wild flowers and will explore the country for miles around in search of roots. A modest, self-contained man with unusual executive ability, he is an apostle of Nature among his fellow-gardeners and writes papers for the State Horticultural Society advocating his purpose.

In America life is more interesting because we are young; we are the ancestors, so to speak, of a nation; we are establishing universities and museums; erecting monumental buildings of all sorts; and at last we have reached that desirable point in our civilization when country life reveals its charms to us. In various parts of our own land we are making beautiful homes, experimenting in farm lands, even planting forests; as a people we are just learning the delights of real life. When we

think of the vast treeless tracts in Michigan and Minnesota swept by fire or by the ruthless hand of civilized man, we must be grateful for this new spirit of upbuilding, of patient labor for the benefit of future generations. In the government reserves in both Germany and France, how pleasing it is to see the tiny spruces and pines, whole acres of them, perhaps a foot high, to be left alone for a sufficient time to attain their perfect growth. This takes, I believe, about twenty-five years. But has not our government evolved a much more beautiful system of forestry? Here all the trees of a certain regulated size may be cut down each year, yet the stately forest in all its growing comeliness is carefully preserved.

One comforting thought to that mass of people who have always lived in the city is, that they will enjoy each phase of country life much more than the old rural inhabitants. It was predicted that probably the charm lay for us too in the novelty of the experience,—and of course that could not last; but we find a continued novelty, and after five years our interest, instead of diminishing, has increased little by little until it fills our lives with its intensity and we see stretching before us long years of glad accomplishment.

It is fortunate that none of us wishes to profit by the example of his fellow man; half the joy of living is learning by experience. Another cheering

circumstance is that few of us have marvellous memories; so we luckily forget, and each year must learn again, something, if it be only the names of the birds and the flowers and the plants. By looking over one's own list each Spring, renewing the acquaintance as it were, soon the old familiarity returns. But it is the doing, after all, which gives the most pleasure! That Buckeye sapling which we rescued from a tangle of grape-vine and willow and gave breathing space in the open,—do not its leaves turn a deeper red and its bursting buds give us a keener joy for all our care? The tiny oak that I raised from the acorn and after two years planted in the open wild garden,—some day it will extend its branches over every passer-by. Suppose at present it *is* only ten inches high and I can count its eight or ten leaves! And the young European cherry which looks like a man's walking-stick thrust in the ground,—do I not see in imagination its luscious fruit on spreading boughs filled with song-birds grateful for their feast? Do the long years of waiting oppress me? I have no time for that: each day brings so much of present interest that the hours seem overflowing. The dividing line between work and play has been eliminated: the daily task has become the daily joy! And it is astonishing what can be done in one lifetime with energies properly directed. The beautiful Hunnewell estate at Wellesley, Massachusetts, with its huge forest trees, its

elaborate and ancient-looking Italian garden, its wonderful flowering shrubs, was within the memory of men now living a barren field covered with stones.

An Enthusiast is never wholly satisfied until she has persuaded some one else to go and do likewise. Her happiness is such that it seems selfish not to share it. All through our Badger State are hidden small lakes surrounded by virgin forests, where the weeds and the wild flowers are only waiting to be appreciated. Here each season has its own particular beauty, and each day a separate charm. For joyful recreation, for healthful exercise, for novel experiences, for the development of individuality, the possibilities of the woodland home are infinite.

Part Two

OUR COUNTRY LIFE

WYCHWOOD FROM THE LAWN

Part Two

OUR COUNTRY LIFE

PROEM

"HEAVEN and earth are threads of the same loom." Standing in the glory of the setting sun, the earth and sky enveloped in rosy flames, this phrase shot across my consciousness. My emotions had risen almost to the breaking point with the rapture of crimson oak against azure sky, sunshine on forests of golden maples, hillsides of sumac and dogwood reflected in still waters, the fragrance of falling leaves, the faint melodies of passing birds, the piercing sweetness of the whitethroat's song, and now this crowning glory! Heaven and earth met in golden splendor. One could almost see the serried ranks of angels which Fra Angelico loved to paint, and hear the celestial harmonies beyond those dazzling forms which men call clouds.

This feeling of expansion, of freedom which comes from great open spaces, this joy in the full

rounded firmament, nothing of this had we conceived until taught by our life in the country. How could we guess the wonderful colors of land and sky until we had watched them ourselves through many a changing season? How could we know the marvellous formation of even the humblest weed until we had watched it develop hour by hour and day by day. The extraordinary intricacy of animal life was a hidden world to us until revealed by patient, practiced observation. Yes, there lies the secret! "Practiced observation." Eyes trained to see, nostrils sensitive to woodland odors, ears quickened to faintest forest sounds. Not alone the organ notes of the storm, nor the boom of ice-bound lake, nor the melody of wild birds, nor the chattering of squirrel and chipmunk; but those frail murmurs which come to the listening ear,—the rat-tat of the woodpecker in the tree-top, the patter of the squirrel's scramble over the shingles, low twitters from a warbler's nest, the dropping of acorns, the whispering of leaves, the gentle plash on the pebbly beach, the gurgle of leaping fish, the rustle of harmless reptile. It seems to be almost a sixth sense, this aliveness to Nature's secrets, this keenness of vision, this superhuman delicacy of hearing and scent. Primitive man had it; it belonged to us, but alas! we have bartered our birthright for a mess of pottage.

Let us seek it anew patiently, lovingly, in God's glorious Out-of-Doors. Here our half-dormant faculties shall regain their normal functions, we shall come into our own again, and at last we shall wholly live.

CHAPTER I

AFTER TEN YEARS

WELL I remember the voice of the scoffers who said: "Let be. What is this babble about a country life? A novel toy, a passing fad whose glamour will soon fade. How old a possession is it, this country home of our friends?"

And the enthusiasts answered meekly: "It is true that only five years ago we began this new existence, but we feel that it will be our life work."

The scoffers smiled pityingly at such sublime if mistaken confidence: "Have we not heard these tales from the beginning? So it is with every new thing. It never lasts; neither will this one."

With a triumphant air the enthusiasts now face the scoffers. After ten years their joy in this glorious task is greater, their plans for the future increasing each year, and their delight in past accomplishment keen beyond belief.

"How long have you had this place?" is a usual question when we are showing visitors the various parts of the estate, endeavoring to select and emphasize those details which will appeal most to their particular outlook. Lately I have noticed, when the answer has been "Ten years," a look of

surprise accompanying the reply, "Oh, really!" —quite an emphatic "really." I try to control my enthusiasm and wonder what my visitor is thinking, as we go from one fascinating sight to another.

As I look back over the flying months it does not seem possible that it is ten whole years since we came into possession of our country home, although what occupied our minds before that is an equal mystery! Instead of exhausting its possibilities and becoming tired of its perplexities, we feel that we have just begun to realize a small part of its pleasures; not only have we our *faits accomplis* to gloat over, but there are an infinite number before us still to be accomplished. After all, were these "perplexities" anything more than delightful problems to work out? I know many charming women who enjoy a game of solitaire. This is our solitaire. I know one remarkable intellect who scorns solitaire but takes the keenest delight in deciphering and unraveling the intricacies of Bradshaw and the Continental time-tables. That is her pet game, as this adorable and unending riddle of a country place is ours.

At the skeptical friend who said, "We'll give you five years of it," we cast a look of reproach; whereupon he added: "Well, say ten at the outside. After ten years of this sort of thing"—vaguely waving his hands over our wonderful

shrubs with a background of sparkling water—"after ten years of this you'll be like all the rest, you'll want something new."

We reply frankly: "We do like something new, we are fond of variety, and we have found it here. The five years you gave us went by so swiftly that we never had time to count them; and now ten golden years have passed since first we entered our paradise. We are not peculiar folk: we do not crave monotony or loneliness; we like a varied existence, and all this we have here at our doors. Here, before our opened eyes and unstopped ears, here is variety unending; here are new worlds to conquer. Never are two days alike; and from that first moment when the humming birds waken us until the crickets' merry chorus sings us to sleep, a constant succession of problems stirs us to new effort, a constant succession of achievements brings us joy."

With what real affection we contemplate a certain seedling elm, which ten years ago stood even with our eyes but now swings branches thirty feet above us. Those maples which we planted close to the house and watched anxiously through two summers are now so splendidly flourishing that an acquaintance, seeing the place for the first time, asked how we managed to build the house without injuring those fine trees. We treasured that compliment. Gone are the wires which held them; gone are the ragged ends of the branches so much

appreciated as lookouts by the hummers; and in their place stand symmetrical masses of greenery.

As for trials and disappointments, they only add variety. The seventeen-year locusts hummed like an army of bees in the forest one whole summer through; they did not eat every leaf, as I fully expected they would, but they laid their eggs in the ends of new branches which soon withered and hung lifeless, a sorry sight throughout the woods. Our optimistic gardener refused to let this state of affairs affect his spirits.

"It is Nature's pruning," he asserted, "next year the trees will be better than ever."

And they were.

Another radiant springtime our smiles were turned to tears by a May frost, which did its deadly work so completely with the wonderful wealth of bloom that fifty shrubs—privets, rhodotypus, and viburnums—were killed to the roots; every leaf fell from the trees, and every climbing rose died to the ground! Of course we had no fruit that year either for ourselves or for the birds; but it made a new experience, and the aftergrowth of vines and shrubs from the healthy roots disclosed a totally unexpected beauty. For what Nature will do with the plans of man is always an interesting problem. The very uncertainty whets the imagination and stimulates to further effort. There are times when the effect is not at all what one anticipated, and new methods must be tried.

One year we planted twelve thousand crocus bulbs in the woods; and when the spring came they were a lovely sight, running like little tongues of flame into the forest, disappearing gradually in a dip of the ground or in the brown leaves. The effect was absolutely natural. In the fall when the bulbs ripened, the chipmunks discovered the new delicacy and diligently honeycombed the earth wherever the crocuses were planted. Only about two hundred survived out of our generous supply, but we are going to try again and see if we cannot protect them better.

One often hears of a friendship garden, a beautiful place in which to linger and to remember. With us the entire estate is sown with memories, for one comes upon the souvenirs of thoughtful fellow-workers in every direction. The striped wild violet sent as a freak by a schoolmate has taken kindly to its location under the honeysuckle bushes, has increased to a small plantation, and is keeping true to its acquired character. The blue chicory and bouncing bets, which came from one who knows and loves this place of ours almost as we do ourselves, are slowly spreading in the wild garden, although the soil is a bit richer than the railroad embankments on which they thrive so well. From a well-known horticulturist came our Prunus padus pendulus which has doubled in size. This friend has given us not only many and varied

plants, but much good advice pertaining thereto. To him are we especially indebted for our Rosa altaica, that pure white blossom with rich foliage which increases here with marvellous rapidity. When this guest is with us, woe for the unlucky wight who cares naught for horticulture, as he will get nothing else! With a delight only equaled by our own he examines every shrub, every leaf and flower, commenting on their characteristics and suggesting new varieties which we *must* have.

A slip from the clinging Virginia creeper which came from the house of one of our oldest and dearest friends now adorns our own rooftree. Among the dwarf pines and cedars in the gravel pit flourishes a blue columbine from Colorado, which we owe to a well-known geologist; we thank him also for a plantation of wild ginger down by the spring. I never see its heart-shaped leaves but a memory of that hot summer day comes to me with the picture of a stalwart form carefully carrying a heavy basket along narrow footpaths in a glen and through high grass in open meadows.

Ragged Robin from England, and cyclamen from the Alban Hills, remind us of a Boston lady whose acquaintance we made in Italy one never-to-be-forgotten springtime. Gorse from the Friendly Architect brings to mind Ireland and the English cliffs in June. Foxgloves, too, are from the same generous hand. Of what do our trumpet

vines remind us, spreading in such vigorous health over the end of the pergola? Can we not see the luxuriant fertility of that Indiana farm from which they came, so highly prized as a precious heritage by its possessor? And the Mertensia Virginica from the White Mountains—its pale blue flowers transplanted from the rocks have flourished even as the friendship to which we owe them. How pleased we were to receive from a lady learned in the haunts of flowers and birds a plant to cover bare places in the shade—the moneywort. Those splendid bushes of scarlet and rose hibiscus came from a former neighbor. What a pleasure they are from June to October, although each individual flower lasts but a day! Our two fine maples close to the terrace wall recall the early days at our dear lake before we knew the comfort of ownership, those days of joy and gladness at Bonnie Brae; for these are offerings from that beauteous spot.

The list is a long one, far too long to complete here, but each separate gift is as sincerely prized and tended as if it were our only possession. Nor are our garden treasures confined to trees and plants and seeds. Those mossy boulders, strangely carved by centuries of glacial action, are precious to us as the big heart of their gracious donor. If, wandering in the woods, one stumbles upon a comfortable wooden bench beneath a giant oak, be sure to make obeisance to this same beneficent

being, who is never happier than when sharing his clever conceptions.

On arriving in July one year we found two hollowed-out granite boulders about two feet in diameter on the floor of the dog-trot. Curiously smooth was the inside, and their purpose was so evident that I exclaimed at once, "What beautiful bird-baths! But where did they come from?"

Upon investigation we learned that they had a name and a history. In the early days of California, as elsewhere, the Indian women ground their corn on granite stones called *metatas*, which in the course of years grew hollow with the work. But let our good friend tell us in his own words how and where he found them: "We went down shooting quail—about eight miles on the trolley and about as far driving—before sunrise, in the Tia Juana valley south of San Diego. There had been a heavy fog in the night. When the sun rose, as far as the eye could see, every blade of grass and every leaf of the mesquite bush hung heavy with drops of rainbow-tinted dew. The meadow larks were nesting in the grass, and from the higher branches lifted up their voices in exquisite rejoicing. Not one or two at intervals along the way, but a whole continuous orchestra accompanied us, their songs blending and rising and falling, and rising again! It was one of the memorable days of our forty-six years of married life!"

"Yes, but the *metatas?*" I venture, as he stops.

"Well, they lay in perhaps four places, half a dozen or so, in the tall grass, denoting so many villages that had been deserted. For when the San Diego Mission was established—you know, by Junipera Serra—in 1765, the converted Pueblos within a radius of fifty or sixty miles left their villages and clustered around the church for mutual protection. As these rocks were too cumbersome to move, they were left beside the wigwams."

Here they had remained for nearly a hundred and fifty years, to be discovered by this wandering tourist, who was also a born collector. With avidity he seized the Indian relics, carried them swiftly to the eastward, and distributed them with a liberal hand among his many friends. So we accepted the *metatas*, these tokens of a bygone civilization, as precious treasures and put them at once to practical use. The Indian woman busily preparing her midday meal little imagined that she was carving bird-baths for a Wisconsin woodland some thousands of miles away; but I am sure that she would approve their present use, half sunk in the ground and filled with clear water.

After ten years of country life what have we accomplished?

From a wild woodland we have evolved a house with attendant garage and lodge; a water system, greenhouse, and woodshed; vegetable, fruit, and

flower gardens of various kinds; a lawn and roads and paths disturbing as little as possible the native forest. This is the material result.

Unconsciously we have made for ourselves an absorbing interest, an endless source of entertainment, and—the most important of all—an ever-ready refuge in time of need. Not only in the spring and summer, but any week-end during the winter when brains and bodies are exhausted with the stress and strain of city life, do we run away to the peace and comfort of our country home. Its very existence saves us from discouragement. It stands ready to receive us with welcoming arms, to soothe our tired nerves, to cool our fevered brains, to teach us the wholesomeness of solitude. After hours of tramping through snowy woods, after great draughts of icy, sunlit air, after a good dinner before an open fire, the worst case of insomnia succumbs. What a delicious sense of liberty! What absolute freedom to follow one's own desires! No set hours for engagements, no interruption from telephone or doorbell! One does not *have* to do anything at all! Is that the reason why work in the country always has such a glamour of play about it?

"What are you going to do in the country at this time of year?" asked a bewildered lady on overhearing my resolve to go up to the lake one cold January day after a particularly strenuous season,

when the social world was scattering for Florida and California, for Europe and Africa. *I* had no tiresome railroad journey—or worse, waterway—to go through; my refuge lay close at hand and it enclosed within its broad acres every element of restfulness, of interest, and of pleasure for me that these seekers after diversion would find in their varied quests.

"I am going to work on the gardens of course," I replied, willfully enjoying her mystification.

She looked at me keenly,—was I joking or merely crazy? I presume that she thought I meant the actual spading of earth, under several inches of snow, a difficult as well as fruitless task. But to the wise in garden lore the winter brings its own work of selection, experiment, and rearrangement; for each effect, to be successful, must be carefully planned on paper, and there is always some part of the estate to be improved or developed. Now is the hour for the irresistible glories of the seed catalogue; now with what thrills of anticipation do we choose our new plants, reject past mistakes, and lay fresh schemes!

In these ten years we feel that we have just touched the edges of a new kingdom—wild-flower cultivation. Not only must we devote space to our own woodland favorites, but to the acclimatizing of great masses of bloom from every part of our country and even from across the sea, selecting

the ones hardy enough for our severe climate. It is a fascinating and stimulating study with endless possibilities. Wild flowers must be massed to get an effect, but they respond to a little care with peculiar zest and produce an impression of astonishing beauty. Never shall I forget that picture of a high railroad embankment in Germany, half a mile of giant sapphire lupins!

I must confess that many of our best results are due to accident, or rather, let us acknowledge, to Nature's methods of planting. She is our great teacher and shows us not only the most practical and sensible mode of procedure, but how to achieve captivating results.

"What is that lovely bloom in the forsythias," asked a well-informed visitor one September morning, looking from her chamber window; "there among the roses too, and there again in the bayberries! That delicate pale-blue mass—can't you see it? What bush can it be?"

I gazed out in bewilderment; I had not seen that particular effect before, and we rushed out together to discover the new bush. But it was not a bush, merely the wood aster—planted by the birds—which, rising to the light and air, adorned with its exquisite tones the green masses of shrubbery before the house.

It is difficult for us now to imagine our existence without the absorbing interest of our country

home. But a wise philosopher once said that no one should be a slave to his possessions; that the mere fact of having a corner exclusively his own should not necessarily tie him forever to one spot or keep him from roving when the spirit moves him. This is a difficult lesson for the Enthusiast to learn, but by dint of practice she has discovered that other countries have glorious springtimes, and other lands grow gorgeous wild flowers; and this very roving has made the homestead dearer. The exchange of ideas draws us into contact with other minds working out the same problems, makes us appreciate what others have done in the same direction, shows us countless phases hitherto unseen, and brings us back to our own peaceful roof overflowing with new thoughts and full of thanksgiving. Moreover, country life has taught us two opposite truths: it has revealed to us the charm of solitude, and it has given to us the opportunity to become better acquainted with our kind.

CHAPTER II

DAILY DOINGS

To most of us, accustomed as we are to the hideous noises of the city, the atmosphere of the country is at first blank; very restful for a day or two, but after that very dull. By that time, if the mind is receptive, small echoes, insignificant utterances gradually become audible, and interest is aroused in their source. Once started, the way is easy and the ramifications endless.

"Which one shall I take this morning?" will be the query, instead of "What shall I do with myself today?"

To develop our own senses as we see them developed in the wild creatures about us, is the goal we fain would reach. To learn is the great incentive of living. Is that why each one of us demands the right to learn by experience the common truths of the ages? Would not there be enough to fill one's waking hours, if each new generation could but begin on that level of knowledge where the father stopped? I presume that in a large way each generation does begin on a higher level of knowledge; certainly the child of the present is familiar

in everyday life with phenomena which would have been called witchcraft and magic in the olden time. Now that we have learned to utilize the waves of ether for carrying our messages, nothing seems too wonderful to believe. Let us not forget in this great era of mechanical inventions, that it is Nature that has been the chief teacher, and that she still holds precious secrets for the future man.

But if she jealously guards her deeper thoughts and hedges the path thereto with endless difficulties, she spreads a feast of delight to the casual intelligence and fills his restless spirit with her blessed balm of peace.

There are no marvellous events to chronicle in our simple country life, but it is astonishing how full the days are and how rapidly they pass. A glance at the line-a-day book brings more forcibly to my mind our daily doings.

January 1—We counted twenty-five robins on our snow-covered lawn this morning. We haven't seen them until today. Have they come down from colder climates in search of food? For the winter has been unusually severe.

January 23—After a wonderful crimson glow changing gradually to primrose, comes the round red ball of the sun in a burst of heavenly glory. The lake is frozen in long undulations where deep blue shadows lie; the heaped-up blocks of ice on

the sandbar are reflected in mirrors which yesterday were water; the farther hills are still swathed in the misty garments of the dawn; high above us in the clear sky the horned crescent of the moon grows ever fainter; hoar frost sparkles from every exposed surface; the snow is receding gradually from shrub and tree root, leaving moist patches of earth for the delectation of Master Junco and his kind. The stray Bohemian waxwing, which has been visiting me for a week, appears on his lookout, the top branches of the south maple, then darts down to his breakfast of haws on the prairie rose beneath my window. The snapping of the pony's feet as he touches the crisp ice, taking the children to school in the small cart, is the only sound that disturbs the stillness; and that is soon lost as they disappear behind the fishing village. "Cheep," cries the chickadee on the sill, and the nuthatch grunts a bit to inform me of his presence. Yes, the food is fresh and to his taste, also to the taste of the blue jay, who has to be frightened off with threatening gestures. Although the nuthatch permits no relative to eat on the dish with him, occasionally he relaxes his strict rules and carries a morsel to his waiting mate upon the tree; and when he succeeds in getting away with a particularly big piece of suet, I notice that the other bird follows him with celerity instead of coming to the table herself. How dexterously she darts after the

bit of nut dropped from his bill, and with what beauty of action she seizes it in mid-air!

January 24—Thermometer 45°. The wild geese calling at twilight. Yesterday we found a snowdrop. Is the spring so near?

February 9—I wonder whether the sun is really more brilliant in winter. Or does the snow give a crystalline clearness to the atmosphere? Certainly never before has the downy woodpecker's black and white coat seemed half so striking. He gives us ample opportunity to admire him, slowly swaying on the suet hung under the food-bell at my western window, or slipping down the maple in the out-of-doors dining-room. This German food-bell consists of a glass jar with screw top like our Mason jars, holding about five pounds of canary and rape seed. The food slipping automatically into a tiny dish below is protected from rain and snow by a bell-like cover. Suspended on brackets far enough from the tree so that only birds can reach it, this ingenious contrivance not only furnishes supplies for all seed-eating and suet-eating birds but furnishes us with entertainment at almost any hour of the day. The hairy woodpecker, too, peers from the other side of the tree cautiously reconnoitering; with the exception of the blue jay he is our largest winter visitor, but he is also the most timid one. The juncos hop along the snowy terrace after the freshly sprinkled seed,

and to our surprise a white-crowned sparrow appears among them. The nuthatches, and especially the chickadees, always claim our interest, so that our luncheon party is a lively and diverting function.

March 3—Although February is the proper time to put up the Berlepsch bird boxes, ours, arriving late, were installed today. Those bird boxes for all hole-nesting birds have been carefully evolved by Baron von Berlepsch after thirty years of study and they have been most successful in Germany where the natural nesting places have been cleared away. It remains to be proven whether there is the same need for them in this country. In suburban towns, flickers, woodpeckers, wrens, bluebirds and chickadees have accepted them eagerly.

April 22—A red letter day! A new bird for Wychwood! What a sensation was that first sight of a woodcock this afternoon; I might better say *sound*, for the sight was so quickly over. I turned breathlessly to my companion and exclaimed: "What was it?"

"Don't you know? Nothing makes a whistling sound like that except a woodcock."

"A woodcock here? But I thought that they were very shy birds."

"Well, they evidently feel that they are protected here."

By searching we found their characteristic borings for food, and the marks of their feet in the moist earth.

April 23—We flushed a woodcock again from beside the brook. Was it the same individual or is there a pair? What joy if they were to nest here!

May 3—My wild wish has actually come true! The woodcock was even then nesting in the deep woods that border our lawn within two hundred feet of the house, and this morning we discovered the nest quite by accident; in fact I just missed stepping on it. Four pointed speckled eggs lay apex to centre in a little hollow of pressed-down dead leaves at the foot of a slim bush. Later we went back hoping to catch the mother; and I assure you that to find the nest when by itself was one thing, but to find that nest when the adult bird was on it was quite another. Such a marvellous blending of feathers into leaves! Such absolute immobility! Although you knew that by standing at a certain spot and sighting the base of a certain sapling you must look straight at the woodcock nestled into the brown leaves, still you failed to see the bird! As to taking pictures, of course we tried it; no one could resist the temptation, and we hoped that the sensitive film might reveal what we wished to see. There was not the least difficulty about arranging the tripod for long exposure, as

the clever bird sat like a statue. But the results were nil.

May 7—Yesterday we counted thirty-four species of birds on our place: towhee, golden-crowned kinglet, humming bird, kingfisher, Bonaparte gulls, phœbe, Baltimore oriole, rose-breasted grosbeak, indigo bunting, redstart, Maryland yellowthroat, a female palm warbler, myrtle and chestnut-sided warblers, flickers, red-headed, hairy, and downy woodpeckers, whitethroat, chipping sparrows, English sparrows, and a long sparrow not identified, robins, wood thrushes, blue jays, white-eyed vireos, brown creepers, crows, yellow warblers in flocks, cat birds, a woodcock on her nest, six bluebills in the bay, cedar birds and cowbirds. No one can be sure what any day may bring forth, or even what day the warblers will arrive; some come earlier than others, but in this location the first half of May and from the ninth to the twenty-ninth of September, there are sure to be some warblers about. According to a late theory they take advantage of a strong wind and come up from the south or down from the north on its wings. Certainly we have noticed that a still morning after a gale is the very best time to look for the wanderers. In the spring as there are no immature birds and the plumage is much more brilliant, their identification is easier. But migration time, whether in spring or fall, means great

excitement and anticipation in our country home, and we try to have with us then friends who will most enjoy this surprising spectacle. From Mr. Chapman's list of seventy-four kinds of warblers in America we have counted twenty-five at different times on our place.

May 9—We witnessed a rare sight today. It was one of those perfectly quiet mornings, the sky slightly overcast; and all unknowing of the treat before us we started down the shore path, a merry party, to walk to the village. Of course the enthusiasts were armed with field glasses, a usual precaution. We had scarcely left our place before we saw an army of the tiny warblers in all the brilliancy of their spring plumage flitting over the ground before us. "The warblers!" we cried softly in concert. Begging those who wished for exercise not to wait for us, we stood still, our glasses glued to our eyes, as, after the disappearance of the merry party, one by one those winged dots of sunset hues drifted daintily back to their feast on the moist earth. If I only knew what it was that they found so much to their liking, I would certainly provide it for them each year. To see the magnolia warbler with his bright yellow rump and white-edged tail, or the olive back of the white-throated green warbler, or the brilliant chestnut-sided warbler disappearing among the branches of the trees is a pleasure, but a tantalizing one. Here

"these fascinating sprites of the tree-tops," as Mr. Chapman calls them, were within fifteen feet of us, in the bright light of noon-day, perfectly fearless, apparently unconscious of our presence, stepping delicately hither and thither or clinging to low shrubs like pendent jewels. Here the unmistakable and well-named black and white warbler consorted with the more somber Kentucky; there the chestnut crown indicated the palm warbler; and beyond, a group of Canadians with their jetted necklaces over yellow. Beside us the Cape May warbler expanded his striped chest, and that gray bird, turning, disclosed the black throat and yellow spots of the golden-winged. As we named each new one we felt new sensations of delight, or if we did not recognize one, out must come the notebook for a minute description. The splendid Blackburnian once seen can never be forgotten. But the wonderful bit of the sky dropped down to earth, there beside the path! what bird is that? Can it be the rare cerulean warbler? None other. To my surprise I discover later that it nests not far from here at Lake Koshkonong. Butler says that this warbler "is seldom found nearer the ground than twenty feet, ranging from this height to the tops of the tallest trees." Now why, on the edge of deep woods did this multitude of tree-loving birds stay cheerfully upon the ground for over an hour busily helping themselves to all

manner of unknown delicacies and voicing their happiness in countless trills and carols? The myrtle warblers are old friends, and the yellow warblers are with us in flocks all summer, so little heed was paid to them; the redstart too is one of our intimates; but the Maryland yellowthroat with his black mask visits us only on these semi-annual occasions on his way to the neighboring swamps to nest or to join his companions for the fall migration.

A large bird new to us seemed to be accepted on terms of equality in this wandering company, a bird as big as a junco, with his white outer tail feathers, too; but the streaked spots on the breast and the more brownish tinge marked it as an American pipit or titlark. Six or seven of them tipping their tails as they walked, mingled with the warblers, and later two or three Baltimore orioles added more color to the dazzling picture. It was a thrilling experience.

May 11—Today we took a snapshot of the baby woodcocks in their dead-leaf cradle. So brand-new were they that the down was scarcely dry on their wee backs. Three hours later they were off and away to the brook, I suppose, for there was no trace of them to be found near the nest. The babies were beauties in their soft down distinctly striped dark-brown and tan.

May 17—A woodland tragedy! One of our first

resolves on taking possession of the place was to let Nature have her way and not to interfere with the nice balance which she keeps. One advised us to kill off the squirrels; "you'll never have birds with those enemies around." But we have birds and the severe winters keep the crop of squirrels within bounds. Another advised us to shoot the blue jays and cowbirds. We have learned by experience the wisdom of this warning. Then with the quantity of small birds who learned that they would find protection in our woods came their worst foes, the Cooper hawks. Very slyly and very early in the season two pair built nests in the deepest part of the woods, and while awaiting the warblers, found plenty of refreshment in our neighbor's poultry plants! Great was the excitement of the crows at this invasion of their domain; fierce battles took place but the hawks stayed. Wary creatures are these denizens of the forest and it took weeks to get two of them shot.

This morning in a secluded dell we spied an oven bird walking through the grass, and from the tree-top at the same moment came "Teacher, Teacher," in eager repetition. We searched the ground, but fruitlessly; any one of those leafy mounds might be the long-sought-for nest; to find an oven bird's home had been my dream for years. Finally we decided to sit down quietly at some distance and watch.

A new trill diverted us, and a cerulean warbler ventured near. How exquisite his blue coat flashed in the sunlight! A tiny "cheep" still nearer and we turned to see his mate fly across the path not ten feet from the ground. Swift as an arrow darted a huge bird toward the warbler, caught it in his talons and bore it to the ground, then frightened at our approach flew to a tree-top.

"The hawk!" we cried in horrified accents.

"Run for the gun. I'll watch," gasped my companion. And stumbling over the rough surface of the forest I finally gained the road and sped toward the garage. It seemed ages before we could load the gun, climb into the motor and return. The hawk had not waited for us but we discovered her nest and later on succeeded in shooting her. The nest was brought down from its crotch in the tree some fifty feet above the ground and the three blue-white eggs which positively identified her destroyed. We could not have Cooper hawks, the very worst of the species, enjoying our hospitality.

June 14—Down at the end of the lawn where the ground dips into a sudden hollow, where the underbrush is thick and the brambles wave effectively their thorny branches, I discovered to my great delight a yellow-billed cuckoo's nest with four eggs in it this morning. The coarse nest lay about three feet from the ground in a beautiful tangle, and the mother bird flew only six feet or so

away uttering her soft protests apologetically at my intrusion. Three years ago almost to a day we watched a cuckoo feeding her young within twenty-five feet of this nest. The next morning when I brought down my kodak two tiny birds were in the nest and one was just coming out of the shell. It did look odd to see such young birds entirely covered with pin feathers. I longed to linger and watch the little family but the poor mother cuckoo was so unhappy and anxious that I went away.

June 15—Among my other June duties is the one of removing the cowbird's egg from the various nests where the unnatural mother places them. I go from bush to bush each morning looking out for all such unwelcome guests. The poor little yellow warblers are so helpless under this burden! Sometimes they do lay a new floor over the cowbird's egg and build another nest on top of it, but as a rule they have their own eggs to consider, and unless relieved by outside help, patiently proceed with their brooding until the horrid interloper hatches and smothers the other little ones. The wood thrush is far too sweet-tempered to rebel against the cowbird's actions; in two days I have taken five cowbird's eggs out of the same thrushes' nest! Even the catbird is at times a victim. Once to my horror I saw a cowbird actually eating a catbird's egg! After that I gave orders that the cowbirds must be shot.

June 18—At times I have in charge between twenty and thirty nests, and one can easily imagine that it takes many hours of my summer days. In this manner we get really acquainted with our feathered neighbors, and they learn to have great confidence in us. I remember a terrible commotion one morning down in the oval. Upon investigation I found that the yellow warbler's nest in a low rosebush had been turned upside down by a high wind in the night, and the four precious eggs were lying scattered about on the ground. Luckily they were unbroken; so we righted the rose and tied it up securely, then carefully replaced the eggs under the watchful eye of the anxious mother who immediately took her place on the nest and in due time the little ones one after another came blithely forth to the joy and pride of the tiny parents.

June 28—In what lovely curves the humming bird dips as he woos the fair lady of his dreams sitting apparently oblivious on the trumpet vine close by. Down in a half-circle and up again swings my gay cavalier twenty-five times in succession. Is it a test of endurance, I wonder, or a traditional mode of courtship? My maple is a favorite rendezvous of the humming birds; almost any hour one may, by looking closely, perceive a tiny bunch which suddenly resolves itself into a misty whirl of iridescence as the deep cups of the trumpet flower attract him. Another beloved

blossom is the old-fashioned bee-balm (Monarda didyma); over this scarlet mass of bloom we counted more than twenty hummers wheeling and fluttering in excited competition.

"We will make the bed twice as large next year," cries the Constant Improver.

July 1—What is the small wren scolding about? I hear his insistent notes as, scissors in hand, I stand over the snapdragons, and as it continues I must search out the cause of the disturbance. Usually it is nothing more important than the too close proximity of a pert chipmunk. Evidently her little ones have made their first flight, or possibly one may still be in the box just under the eaves at my west window.

We had been in the house five years before any of the wrens deigned to accept the offers that we made them to come and live with us. In vain we nailed up comfortable boxes with an entrance cut just the right size, in the most desirable places; fruitlessly we put out birch-bark wigwams and hollow gourds recommended by interested friends. Down by the brook, away in the hollow, their merry song frequently betrayed them. It is still a mystery why they hesitated so long to have confidence in us.

Great was our rejoicing, then, one May when, on our arrival in the country we found not only that the wrens had moved into the box at my own

west window but that they had accepted the birch-bark wigwam and also built a nest on the shelf of the tool-house and another under the eaves of the kitchen-house. We had plenty of melody that season, and each year since then the rollicking company has returned to us. This spring one took possession of an old woodpecker's nest in a log placed inside the dog-trot! When the screen had to be put up, the log was carefully moved in the night to a place under the eaves; but this particular wren disapproved of the change and took French leave.

A learned ornithologist informed us that our birds were Bewick wrens. Certainly no wrens could have more delicious notes or be more captivating in their daily life.

> Her sight is short, she comes quite near;
> A foot to me's a mile to her;
> And she is known as Jenny Wren,
> The smallest bird in England. When
> I heard that little bird at first,
> Methought her frame would surely burst
> With earnest song. Oft had I seen
> Her running under leaves so green,
> Or in the grass so fresh and wet,
> As though her wings she would forget.
> And, seeing this, I said to her—
> "My pretty runner, you prefer
> To be a thing to run unheard
> Through leaves and grass, and not a bird!"
> 'T was then she burst, to prove me wrong,
> Into a sudden storm of song

So very loud and earnest, I
Feared she would break her heart and die.
"Nay, nay," I laughed, "be you no thing
To run unheard, sweet scold, but sing!"
O I could hear your voice near me,
Above the din in that oak tree,
When almost all the twigs on top
Had starlings singing without stop.

July 28—A rainy dawn. I hear against a fugue of falling drops the song sparrow's soft cadences; the brisk trill of the busy wren encouraging his mate in her efforts to stop those pleading mouths; the whir of the humming bird above the trumpet flower; the warning note of the hairy woodpecker and the low rumble of passing thunder. Very agreeable it is to lie in this cozy shelter out in the sweet-scented rain and listen to the morning melodies.

August 2—It is impossible to get lonely in the country, for one has ideal company always diverting and never a care. Today when within the screened porch I leisurely ate my melon fresh from its cunning hammock in the glasshouse, the hungry bees and wasps buzzed their displeasure outside; a pert young catbird alighted on her own table within a foot of mine and hastily grabbed the cocoanut with many a suspicious glance at me; a yellow warbler shook the shining drops from his wings as he reached the protecting bush over the bird-bath, and a redstart darted down to the tub for his turn.

August 10—We have seen the woodcock again. Seven of them have been counted wandering over the place, and at twilight this evening they came out boldly on the grass in front of the house. We watched them from the windows of my room and they seemed astoundingly fearless.

August 23—The last fledgling of the last brood of wrens left my window box by six o'clock this morning. This was the second brood in the same nest this year, but whether or not the same pair of wrens, *quien sabe?* I shall miss their joyous trilling and the details of their housekeeping, which I have watched at such close quarters through so many months. How any birdlings can have the courage to leave the nest for the first flight is a continual mystery to me! The fluttering of wings at the sight of food is of course a kind of providential exercise preparing the muscles to bear later the full weight of the body.

September 15—A brilliant day. As I leaned far out of my window to drink in the delicious air of the morning, I saw a curious sight. Circling high over the lawn, far above the tallest trees were between forty and fifty big birds which I did not know. They were not gulls although their wings were wide, neither were they wild geese, nor herons. One or two came down low enough for me to see plainly with the glass, white breasts gleaming silvery in the sun, two black bars on the short

rounded tails, and black edges to the otherwise white wings. Of course all these observations were from underneath. With slow motions they wheeled and circled in the blue sky. Hawks they must be, I concluded, but without more definite data I could not be sure whether they were Cooper hawks or not. Certainly they were an imposing group poised there just over our acre of lawn. I wonder whether they were gathered together for migration.

September 18—During the fall migrations small birds are often knocked senseless by flying against our windows. In this way we are able to examine minutely the little creatures and occasionally are able to restore their shattered senses. This morning a brightly marked bird was picked up just outside the dining-room and brought up to me. It was impossible to mistake it. I knew at once that it was a warbling vireo. He lay on my hand with beak open, and I gave him water from the medicine dropper. That seemed to revive him a bit, so I took him down to the dog-trot; but as he still panted, I added to the water a wee drop of whisky. He had no sooner swallowed this than he spread out his wings and dashed to the ceiling. That would never do, for he would certainly hurt himself against the glass, so I caught him again. He did not seem afraid, possibly he might have been still dazed by his adventures; but the instant I

opened my hand in the outer air away flew Mr. Vireo and was out of sight in a trice. This reminds me that last year a pair of warbling vireos built their nests in a maple tree close to our main entrance, and their delicious notes were a great addition to our summer chorus. I wonder where their dainty basket cradle hung this summer; for although we heard them often we failed to find their nursery.

October 28—Last night I heard a grating noise at my window, and looking out, perceived plainly the pointed nose of a field mouse rapidly enlarging the hole of the wren box to suit his larger bulk. This morning the entrance was twice as big as it should be. This did not please me at all, the quarters were too near my own for comfort and I had the man take down the box, tear out the mouse's dwelling and put a new front on with a hole the proper size for wrens. On my return from a brief visit in town I found that Mr. Mouse, not at all discouraged, had reënlarged the entrance hole and was very comfortably fixed inside for the winter.

"What can we do?" I asked in despair of our resourceful gardener.

"A bit of tin might be a good thing," he suggested, "he can't gnaw that."

So the mouse's warm coverings of softest yellow fluff were mercilessly thrown out, even the wren's

tiny twigs cleared away, another front put in reënforced with tin, carefully smoothed on the edges to avoid hurting the feathers of a bird, and the fresh box was replaced ready for the first spring visitor.

October 31—At six in the morning an orange sunrise reflected in the still lake, a faint morning star in a gleaming sky and then a fiery ball appears above the hilltop sending its rosy path across the water to our chamber windows; hoar frost veils the green grass, a junco's feeble chirp is heard, then a light picking and a squeak. It is a pair of robins after the woodbine berries over the southern windows, a belated pair of robins who evidently have decided not to migrate this year but to trust in the full provision of our berry garden for their winter's sustenance. Suddenly a sharp patter on the housetop, a confused scrambling on the roof, then a silence as the tree is attained and a gentle scratching on my screen informs me that it is time for breakfast according to Mr. Squirrel. His hunger appeased he begins to carry away the nuts to store in secret places of the lawn; then the blue jays gather and caw in derision. Back and forth runs the industrious squirrel providing for the coming winter; over him flies the thieving blue jay also keen upon his winter store. No sooner has Mr. Squirrel safely hidden his precious nut in the soft dirt than down sweeps Captain Blue Jay, digs

it up and flies away with it. Against such tactics what defense has Master Squirrel? With a flirt of his tail he leaps to the tree-trunk and dashes after his tormentors, but they only fly away, shouting, "Jay, jay, jay, jay!"

Tomorrow we close the house for the season.

CHAPTER III

EPOCHS OF THE FORMAL GARDEN

OUR first parents were created in a garden; so as we grow older our hearts turn naturally toward the open gateway of a garden. Not only to enjoy its sights and sounds, passively to accept its delights, but to labor in its behalf, to produce new effects—that is the joy of gardening. Is it heresy to imagine that the mere fact of idleness may have had something to do with the fall of our poor Mother Eve? Who was put in the garden of Eden "to dress it and to keep it"? Adam. Whose duty was it to till the earth that it should bring forth fruit? Adam's. Who was designated to give a name to each living organism? Adam. These occupations must have been absorbing as well as inspiring, and would easily fill his waking hours to overflowing. He had no leisure at that time for temptation. No wonder that he felt the need of a helpmeet with whom to discuss all he had done. But Eve, poor thing! evidently had no particular work laid out for her aside from listening to Adam. If she had only been of a systematic nature and made elaborate records or even kept a line-a-day book! With no maternal or housekeeping

duties, no clothing of any kind to keep in order, her days may have seemed a bit long. But the modern Eve has small chance for ennui if she really loves her garden and lives in it.

"How do you fill your time? What have you been doing today?" asks a casual caller. Dazed by the effort to remember all the small doings of my well-filled hours and knowing that a too detailed answer is neither expected nor desired, I search to eliminate everything but the obvious, to relate in large terms my petty joys. How can I explain that when I opened my eyes and saw the humming bird poised over a trumpet flower but two feet from me, I breathed more softly in silent ecstasy; that as the sun flooded the lake in silvery sheen, my whole being rejoiced; that each bird note gave me a sense of companionship with Nature which only life in the country can bring; that as I wandered through the shrubbery freeing a choice bush from the too friendly grape, digging up a burdock or spying out a hidden thistle, pulling the ragweed or clipping along the path, my only regret was that I had not another pair of eyes to take advantage of earth and sky? The study of Nature tends to diffuseness rather than to concentration. No matter with what determination you start out, no matter how interested you may be in that particular branch, I defy you to shut your eyes to other passing beauties, to countless other beguiling sights.

"Pause a bit," they seem to say, "stop and realize the joy of living. Let not the love of order keep you from the love of us. Be still, relax, lay down that learned book, that well-thumbed list, those shears and fly-whisk deft. Come sit in quiet contemplation at our feet."

Few parts of our estate have had more careful thought and none proved of more educational value than the bit of ground, fifty by sixty feet, known as our formal garden. It seemed a perfectly simple proposition, just "plenty of flowers" was all I demanded. The location was faultless, facing due south and shielded on the north by the kitchen-house and on the west by the woods. Surrounded by a boulder wall three and a half feet high with four entrances, the paths paved with brick, as it lay empty beneath my chamber window, it offered material for many an experiment and many a pleasant dream.

After we had decided upon the dimensions, we searched for a fountain the right size to put in the centre. Wandering through the hill towns of Italy, many a fountain did we photograph and many elaborate ones did we see, but when at last we found one to please us, it was in an unexpected place. Instead of being tucked away in an inaccessible corner of the country, it stood in the busiest piazza in Rome; and we had looked at it for many years without ever really seeing it until,

with this conception in our minds, we came upon it. Where the Corso passes before the towering column of Marcus Aurelius (perhaps this may explain our former blindness!), in the middle of a large, rather awkward basin stands this lovely "tazza" brimming with water,—a constant libation to the memory of the great Emperor General.

Could we have it copied? Nothing easier. So a duplicate was made in the beautiful travertine stone which cuts like cheese and hardens as the years go by, growing darker under the action of the water, until early it has the aspect of age. With what impatience we awaited its coming, with what glee we greeted its arrival, and with what satisfaction we installed it above the shallow basin! That part of the garden, at least, is permanent,—through all its variations the fountain has preserved its charm.

The floral border about it, too, has never caused us any misgivings. Tulips in the springtime are a blaze of color;—mixed tulips, crimson, orange and dark purple, cast fantastic reflections upon the rippling water. After they have passed, rose geraniums fill the narrow space to overflowing, stretching above the edge of the basin and affording cool shadows in which the goldfish love to linger—a thrifty, fragrant, unvarying circle until the late frost.

On three sides of the garden the ten feet of border are given over to perennials with only the necessary number of annuals to fill empty places. With curious pleasure we greet the first red fingers of the peonies as they push upward to the light in early May, and how effective in the garden a month later are their great globes of dark red, rose, and white! Beneath their spreading leaves hide lily bulbs which later in the season burst into curving chalices of Oriental incense. Nicotiana, too, reminds one of some Eastern odalisque as she lifts her drooping head toward evening, opens her starry eyes and anoints herself with choicest perfumes for the night-moth's coming. Hers is not the olive beauty of the Orient, hers is the fairness of the Georgian maid, pure white or blushing deeply under too ardent a regard.

Whenever I think of the most beautiful blue flower in the world, the Chinese larkspur with its delicate stem of quivering blooms comes to my mind. Such living blue! Such daintiness of form! So lightly poised are they that it seems they must sail away on the wings of every passing zephyr. But no; they only bob their small curtsies and settle back somewhat breathless as the breeze departs.

What would a garden be without phlox, the inevitable, the incomparable, the old-fashioned yet ever-desirable phlox? White, cherry, rose, and

a kind called blue, it fulfills its mission in our sunny border with an abundance, a freedom which cheers the heart of the Enthusiast. Dependable, with no roving tendencies, at the same time almost to a day each year it appears above the black earth and blossoms until blighted by the frost. One big group has reverted to its original magenta, but its flowers are so large and the heads so luxuriant that I cannot bear to remove it. If it blossoms at the same time as its cherry neighbors, I mercilessly cut it all back, thus providing myself with a huge brass bowl of gorgeous color for the house; and later in the fall, when the cherry phlox has gone, my magenta flowers make a fine show beside the pale boltonias. A white phlox near by has acquired a beautiful pink centre, and its petals have a faint rosy tinge in the morning sun.

What the Cherokee rose is to California and the South, what the cistus is to the arid plains of Italy, such is the ivory white comeliness of the Japanese anemone to our northern gardens. Promptly on the first day of September it opens its folded petals, and, growing more and more confident under the hot sun and cool nights of autumn, it expands in numberless exquisite flowers vying with the single dahlias for the leading place in our affections.

The two Japanese quinces planted at the east end of the borders grew so large after six years that

clipping was in vain and they had to be transplanted to other fields of usefulness. The great clump of elms, which we found in the north border and could not bear to dislodge as it shaded so perfectly the kitchen-house, became so overwhelming that it too had to go. I know that it is only a question of time when the white crushy rose known as the "Blanc double de Coubert," which has flourished so gayly at each side of the forest gate, will have to find more space in which to extend its thorny branches.

The boltonias against the wall in the west border are so like wild flowers that they make a connecting link between the phlox and anemone within and the rudbeckias of various kinds without the little garden. The vagaries of plants! One year we had hollyhocks just outside the wall; evidently they regarded the flowers inside with envious eyes, for ever since then, hollyhocks, pink, white, and crimson, have appeared in places unconventional within the small enclosure. When they thus select their own abode they seem to think that they must justify themselves in order to be let alone, so they expand with unusual beauty. Who could have the heart to disturb that staff of rosy bloom springing, alas! too near the border's edge? "We will leave it just this season," we say, hoping that next year it will choose another spot.

The pale blue salvia (farinaceous) too,—planted

quite properly beside the wall,—what would a foreign gardener say to its present position, waving its slender stalks from the extremest corner of the bed? Every week with string and stakes I tie it back, and every week its delicate arms seem to stretch out more greedily across the path. Through the long summer it looms above the fringed stokesia and blue lobelia until rosy lilies spring to keep it company and anemones o'ertop it and dahlias form a compact screen behind it.

When we cut down the clump of elms within the northern border, the plants beneath its spreading branches responded so quickly to the sun's hot rays that instead of remaining a low proper growth of ten inches or so, they ran riot in all directions. The frail, ladylike African daisy became fairly intoxicated with her liberty; she grew from ten inches to more than two feet, lopping against her neighbors and sprawling over the bricks in really a disgraceful fashion. Gentle persuasion having failed to guide her back into the path of rectitude, we were obliged to part company. The cockscomb, too, flaunted its gorgeous banners, orange, claret, and crimson, three feet above the earth and that on the border's edge! It is far too splendid to suppress; we will try it in another place next year. Ageratum, the "true blue" is generally a favorite with gardeners, and I can see the reason. It does bloom persistently the entire

summer. I hardly know why I do not like it, but to me it lacks character as well as scent. Possibly we have not yet discovered its proper environment.

Entirely around the border of the garden against the wall are planted dahlias; these I think are a fixture. Some seasons they begin to bear as early as July, and as the days grow shorter they increase their efforts, branching and budding and blooming until cold weather seizes them. There stands the old-fashioned stiff double dahlia in pink and yellow, white and crimson; there the cactus dahlia in bright red (the porcupine) or deep maroon (the Hagan); there the century or single dahlia, most effective of them all. From many seedlings we have chosen one to be our favorite, one to bear the name of Wychwood, and this flower with its white petals striped with a rich rose encircling the quivering yellow centre is a source of delight to each one who beholds it. Curiously enough this dahlia has the habit, even when cut, of partially closing at night until it resembles a tulip, but each morning it expands again.

Because I mention marigolds the last, one must not think that they are least within my heart; they light the darkest corner of the place and bloom unmoved by wind or rain. Before them as a border we use the sanvitalia, that sturdy, self-reliant plant whose cheery yellow flowers are always neat as wax. At all times it is ready for company, the

faded blooms disappearing so quickly and so completely that I do not remember having seen one! I wish I knew its history, how and when it came from Mexico to the noble family in Parma who gave it their name. Some sea-captain relative or friend must have been fond of flowers to have chosen this tiny bloom instead of the more showy products of the tropics, and to have treasured these slips all the long distance across the sea. Was it an offering of affection to some fair lady which, placed in her very own garden, would always recall the far-off lover? Or did a son mindful of his mother's taste, take pleasure in thus ministering to her small joys? I know that each year I welcome its gay presence, its unquenchable spirit, its childlike brightness. Like most ambitious youth, however, it dislikes to conform to rule and at least once a fortnight the sanvitalia and the ageratum with any other leaves which stray over the path have to be cut back to the raised brick border. It used actually to hurt me snipping that splendid growth, but the after-effect is so fine that my heart has become hardened. A formal garden must preserve a certain amount of formality especially as to its walks, and without this cruel curtailment there would soon be no walks.

In tiny crevices of the stone wall a yellow columbine seeded itself one year, and now season after season until frost, four separate plants bloom

vigorously. Of course they have attention, a seed is never permitted to mature, but they repay our care tenfold. No garden is complete without heliotrope. Ours nestles into a corner near the entrance, where it surprises the incomer with its fragrance. Snapdragons and calendula with many kinds of lilies conclude the list of flowers in the garden's border which varies but slightly from year to year.

But those four centre beds! The hours we have spent over their development, the different plants we have tried! To find anything which will bloom from June to October without cessation is no easy matter; and then the growth must be harmonious and the color satisfactory. One bed is entirely to our taste, the pink petunias. One year we have the "rosy dawn," the next perhaps "Bar Harbor beauties"; but pink petunias they are to me, and I am not offended if they shade to darker hues or come imprinted with an occasional star. Of course they require a firm hand over them and are not permitted to encroach upon the border or to fall—no matter how beguiling the spray—upon the path. They present a solid mass of bloom until the frost, and their delicious scent mounts to my casement window in the dusk.

For one of the beds we tried pink snapdragons but they were not sufficiently bushy and they were too fond, even in the dwarf variety, of reclining

along the ground, making a ragged and uneven appearance.

"Baby ramblers would look well for one of those beds," quoth the Constant Improver pensively one autumn.

"They do blossom all summer," assented his companion, "and when fresh are beautiful in color."

"When fresh" was the trouble. I could not bear to cut off any that showed a trace of beauty; in consequence, rarely was the bed in perfect condition and never thick enough. Dwarf roses, Cecil Brunners, Bon Silenes and Killarneys with a ground covering of mignonette, sounded ideal; but the mignonette in the enriched soil covered not only the ground but the roses, smothering any attempt at bloom, and the entire effect was dull and wanting.

China pinks we have had in one bed, and they are fairly satisfactory; they require a great deal of care to keep the seeds from forming, but they are striking in color and shade into wonderful tones. I had the curiosity one year to ascertain the actual number of blossoms in this bed on the eighth day of October. I acknowledge that the plants had thriven remarkably, covering the ground well, and I was delighted to find over eight hundred flowers with as many buds gracing an area eighteen feet, ten inches by ten feet with a corner taken out.

For the last two years we have had one bed of tuberous begonias (Sutton's single pink), and if planted thick enough they are really splendid. The rich shining leaf and delicate pink flower remain in apparently the same condition all summer long, only doubling in growth. A little weeding now and then, with plenty of water, is all that they ask.

I did so want one yellow bed, for I am afraid I must confess that is my favorite color, and this seemed a reasonable request. There are so many yellow flowers. For two years we had the "golden ball" chrysanthemums, which at their best are luminous with color; but they go off not later than the middle of August, and we couldn't have the aspect of the garden ruined thus early. One season we tried the California poppy, and it was a glorious sight in July; but neither did that last.

"Why not try marigolds, the Legion of Honor," I suggested, "with calendula in the middle?"

For I had kept calendula in bloom the whole summer in the border. So these were planted, but my arms were not long enough to reach the central pods; by September they were turning yellow and dying although the marigolds were crisp and bright about them. To eke out the remainder of the season we put in hardy chrysanthemums, which at least looked fresh and green.

"How would marigolds do alone next year?" inquired the Lady Gardener.

"Yes, they might do, but I believe that heliotrope in the centre would be better," answered the Constant Improver. So that experiment is to be tested.

"A formal garden should have an edge of some low growth," continued the Constant Improver; "suppose we try the variegated geranium or Pelargonium as the English call it? We might put it around the centre beds only this year and see how we like the effect."

So it was done, but the critical eye of the Master found fault with the grayish shade; variegated leaves are not favorites of ours at any time, they have to our eyes an unnatural and sickly appearance.

"What can we have for an edging then?" demanded the Lady Gardener. "Up at Lake Minnetonka I saw a lovely fine-leaved plant which they called Jacob's Ladder. I wonder how that would do."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't last all the season," answered the Head of the House, "but we'll make inquiries."

"If you can keep the Polemonium from blossoming," returned our interested correspondent, "it will remain green and flourish, but as soon as it blooms the leaves turn yellow and die down."

"Well, let's try it," I agreed, and rich plants of Polemonium cæruleum were carefully placed about

the four central beds. If I had realized the tenacity of purpose, the will-power and determination to multiply of Madam Polemonium I might not have been so ready to undertake her culture! Gayly I pinched off the first flower stalks here and there along the border; cheerfully I searched for any indications of such purpose among the leaves; very beautiful was the shining, dark-green effect between the bricks and bright colors of the garden plots. Of course it cannot be supposed that Madam Polemonium consciously began to disguise her object in life, but certainly those flower stalks grew harder and harder to distinguish from the leaves, and I could almost hear her chuckle when I cut off one of the latter by mistake! Finally convinced that she was utterly discouraged I took a vacation for three days. The advantage she took of my absence was incredible. Nearly every plant had shot up a lovely stalk of pale-blue florets, and they made so charming a picture that I almost left them.

"This is too wrenching for my sensibilities," I confessed. "Don't let's have Polemonium next year."

"Well, you know there's nothing takes the place of box."

"Yes, of course, but I thought it winter-killed here."

"We might possibly protect it and then have some extra plants to insert in case a few died."

"It would be perfectly lovely," assented the Enthusiast; "we can but try it anyway."

So for two summers now we have had the only perfect edging for a formal garden, the old-fashioned box, kept clipped to a height of ten inches, fraught with numberless associations and aromatic with the memories of Italy.

I cannot end this story of the formal garden without some mention of the various growths on the low boulder wall which encloses it. Within the garden against the north wall we planted a gardenia rose. That simple statement hardly seems to warrant the thrill with which we contemplate its perfection or remember its wondrous efflorescence. Even when told that it is a hybrid Wichuriana produced by Dawson in 1890, our enthusiasm still seems unexpressed. Its almost thornless stems are pale green shading to rich claret; they bear clean-cut, shining leaves and semi-double roses, creamy fading to clear white. As it extends its sprays of exquisite blossoms for twenty feet along the wall, each one a perfect specimen with a dewdrop at its heart, we stand before it in admiration too deep for words. And its fragrance! Truly this rose combines the virtues of all roses, with none of their blemishes.

On the south side of the southern wall the Dorothy Perkins riots in a blushing abandon of indescribable beauty. Over the top of the wall and

on to the bushes beyond she flings her rosy draperies until each July we think nothing can be more ravishing than this!

But by the middle of September, the clematis—that snowy, starry, spicy, clematis from Japan which no hard winter kills, no insect harms—the clematis has wound its delicate sprays around the entrance posts, enwreathed the neighboring shrubs, and drooped its flowery lengths along the rough stone wall. Then indeed we say, "This is the crowning glory of the year!"

But October comes apace, and the gray wall is crimson with the woodbine and purple in shadow with its pendent fruit; the leaves of the golden ash drop down, torn from the trees by the wind's rough play. The flowers of fall are many and gay, and the sky is blue, and the air is soft—what can we do but again exclaim: "This is the very best of all. Now has the garden attained its prime; now at last are we satisfied!"

CHAPTER IV

THE UPPER GARDEN

Out from the formal garden, leading into the sunset by way of the deep woods, a path straight and narrow invites one to descend a little slope and watch the birds at play about a shallow pool. On one side under low, shadowy branches, lies a huge boulder scarred by glacial action in bygone ages, and over its wounded surface flows gently a healing stream. Mosses and lichens have crept into its crevices, and ferns touch softly its mottled contours. When the golden maples above it strew the ground with their mellow leaves, when the sun gleams on the clear water reflecting the sky in its depths, when the red of the woodbine leaflet glows like a gorgeous gem, so absolutely a part of the wilderness is it that Himself and I look at each other in glee.

A newcomer upon discovering this treasure usually exclaims, "How fortunate you were to find a spring in exactly the right place!"

Sometimes we smile politely and say nothing, but frequently we divulge our secret; for the truth is, it is not a spring, but water piped from an artesian well! Neither did we find the boulder

there half sunken in the ground; it was given to us by a dear friend and had been placed experimentally in half a dozen different spots before it found its permanent abode in this shady dell. The gravelly hollow is really lined with cement, and the apparently tumbled collection of small granite rocks, pink and purple and mossy, carefully conceals the irregular edge of the basin. Does this remove the romance or make the place less lovely? Not in our eyes at least. Wild violets make a carpet between the flat stepping-stones; our own aralia droops her spray of dark-red berries over the water; the veined leaves of the native smilax mingle with the blue wood-aster; and from the earliest flower of spring to the wych-hazel in October one may always discover a new interest in this charmed retreat.

Beyond the spring, the path leads on to where great rocks form a right-angled seat. Here is the squirrels' rendezvous, for "cups and saucers," as we used to call them, telltale remnants of their acorn feast, are ever to be found here.

When we first began to make our paths throughout the woods, we unconsciously adopted the "natural method," winding in and out among the trees, so that one was constantly being surprised by a new point of view; but after visiting the more formal forests of France and Italy we began to appreciate the beauty of long vistas and narrow

pathways between high green walls. Of course we could not have the ilex hedges or clipped yews, nor would either be desirable in our kind of a country place; but we became curious as to what effect we could produce with a long straight pathway through our woods.

Charmed by any new suggestion, the Constant Improver no sooner conceived than he put his plan into execution. From the great rock seat extending straight as an arrow for over seven hundred feet, a path was cut and lightly graveled. Many bushes from the forest were planted on its sides, many wild flowers transferred to tracts upon its borders, and the trees bent over it tenderly, and the sun dappled it with shadows. The birds adopted at once its unfrequented nooks, and the squirrels ran merry races down its leafy lengths.

The effect of the long straight trail, as it steadily rises in wavering contours, is entrancing! Here is no green wall even in mid-summer but a suggestion of sylvan seclusion which is extremely restful. In the more open spaces taking advantage of the sunshine, grass from a hidden source has completely overlaid the stony footway, while even in the shade good Mother Nature has embellished our borders with a rich covering of moss; occasionally roots of great trees cross the path, affording refuge for curious fungous growth, and to the initiate each step brings a new beauty and a new

delight. Here the bloodroot, spring beauties and masses of hepatica, pink, lavender, and white, star the brown earth in the greatest profusion; here the Jack-in-the-pulpit pops up his stiff young head and the May apple unfolds her bright umbrella leaf; here the white trillium nods her greeting to the breeze and the maidenhair sisters uncurl their tresses; here when the Indian pipe appears for its brief day and the viburnum changes to pale pink, when the hazel brush is rosy and only the bramble green, when the maple leaves form a rich tapestry upon the pathway, is our favorite retreat. Even in the winter, white with untrodden snow, crossed by the sharp shadows which the bare branches make, or marked by hieroglyphics which only the learned can read, it still has a beauty all its own and is to us a place of enchantment.

Many names have been suggested for this sequestered walk: "Charle's Way," "Lover's Lane," "The Indian Trail," among others less appropriate; but it has grown to be known simply as "The Trail." At the end of the long vista, the Trail turns abruptly and continues under a magnificent arching oak, across a brook guarded by great granite boulders, where beyond an open gate, lies the upper garden.

It is a level piece of ground about an acre in extent, given over to fruit and flowers; in fact, a sort

of "overflow meeting" for both the formal and the kitchen gardens. On one side is the woodshed and on another the small greenhouse for storing tender plants in winter and forcing chrysanthemums in summer. On the west, to hide the compost heap and garbage pit, we erected an original and highly ornamental rustic screen between eleven and twelve feet in height, on which to grow grapes. Behind the small greenhouse are sixty running feet of cold frames neatly made of cement, and the big greenhouse from which tomatoes in spring and melons in summer add a special flavor to our menu. By September this house, too, is overflowing with chrysanthemums, and even the cold frames are pressed into service so that we may have great quantities of these friendly and multicolored favorites in both country and city houses until Christmas. We do not attempt to grow the huge heads which one sees in the autumn flower shows, but confine our attention to the single, the pompon, and the anemone varieties with a very few Chinese for early bloom.

Different kinds of strawberries take up fully one quarter of this garden, with constant need for new beds. As early as the seventh of June the Marshall and Senator Dunlap are ready to be picked; the Barrymore and President soon follow with the Gandy lasting until the eighteenth of July. I was agreeably surprised to discover only

recently that the tiny Alpine strawberry, of which the French are so fond and which in flavor resembles our own wild strawberry, can be successfully grown in our own garden. This gives one the feeling of acquiring a new fruit. We have some cuttings of the new continuous-bearing strawberry, which is supposed to furnish a supply of fruit until October; and this summer will inform us still more fully as to its merits.

Gooseberries, the big English purple ones, and currants, black, white, and red, also flourish here; blackberries are comparatively unimportant compared to the golden and red raspberries. These delicious morsels are given a generous allotment of space in the upper garden; but in order to enjoy them ourselves, we have to resort to strategy. Having seen bits of paper strung on tapes flapping over berry beds in France, we tried that clever device as a protection against our own greedy birds. Do you think that they were intimidated? Not in the least. They had the audacity actually to alight on the tapes, evidently regarding them as put there for their especial convenience. That failing, more drastic measures had to be taken. Immense lengths of mosquito netting were sewn together, spread over poles, then wired to the ground entirely around the raspberry bushes. I confess it did not add to the beauty of the garden, but it served its purpose and really prolonged our

season, as the berries ripened more slowly under this thin covering.

It is only within the last two years that we have made the acquaintance of the Physalis family, two members of which now have their homes in our upper garden. The domestic Physalis (pubescens) or ground cherry, sometimes also called cherry tomato, in her modest khaki-colored garment and her humble attitude, scarcely lifting her eyes above the ground, is in striking contrast to her Japanese relative with his upright carriage and flaunting hues. The one gives pleasure to our eyes, the other to our appetite.

The Physalis pubescens is very old-fashioned; indeed it is first described in 1774 as growing in Dr. Sherard's garden in Eltham, England, although no mention is made of its culinary uses. It is supposed to have come originally from the Barbados. In its dainty paper-like case it used to form the chief delicacy of my doll's parties, and the taste of it now brings back those halcyon days. Perhaps it is more for old association's sake than for its own peculiar flavor that we treasure it; although Professor Bailey encourages me by writing that "this plant is worthy a place in every home garden." Made into a pie it becomes a dessert which usually mystifies our guests.

Recently we have adopted a dainty stranger from an Eastern land which we found sitting

quaintly on the counter of our village drug-store. The vase of angled, orange-scarlet seed vessels dangling four or five along the length of the stem was a picture.

"What wonderful color!" I exclaimed. "What are they?"

"I don't know their name," responded the head of the establishment; but seeing my covetous eyes, I suppose, with his usual courteous helpfulness he added: "Won't you take them?"

"Oh, no! Only one, then." And I bore off my prize to look up its name and nature. The seeds so resembled the ground cherry in shape that we knew it must belong to the same family and soon found it in our catalogues. It was named the Physalis Francheti after the Frenchman who first described it, as recently as 1879. Why it should be called the Chinese lantern plant when it comes from Japan is one of the incongruities of nomenclature, although its lacquer tint and balloon-like shape certainly remind one of those gorgeous lights. The seed pods retain their color all winter and, arranged in a Japanese wall basket against the brown wood of the chimney piece, really make a striking effect.

This part of our country is not famous for its fruit, but we have planted in the upper garden in long rows on either side, cherry and plum trees, pear, apple, and crabs. I cannot say that they

have made much growth or given us much of their produce. The birds have benefited by the cherries, and the trees in blossom are a joy to behold. Must we always be material? One year we had half a dozen delicious pears and about a dozen "wealthy" apples equally satisfying, besides about a peck of the "Duchess" variety. In time doubtless these young trees will repay us for their care.

Not only fruit but flowers for cutting are grown in this upper garden; long *allées* of sweet peas, big clumps of peonies, wide tracts of lilies-of-the-valley, high growths of dahlias, variegated sweet williams, Achillea the pearl, and that huge, yellow daisy-like flower staggering under the heathenish name of Buphthalmum speciosum! Boltonias both pink and white, and the haughty "Miss Mellish" sunflower stand before the high grape screen with monkshood, phlox, and marigold.

I have said that the most beautiful blue flower in the world is the Chinese larkspur, but the bright blue salvia (patens) sometimes causes me to hesitate. There is a curious evanescent quality in the stem and leaves which throws into still stronger relief the splendid, velvet-blue of the bloom. In a corner of the garden made gay with yellow coneflowers, this plot of brilliant azure looks at a distance like a tiny pool.

Of all the coneflowers, the triloba is the most satisfactory. How inadequate are words to describe

its color! Its petals are small but so vividly yellow shading to orange that the effect is dazzling in the sunlight. Doing well in half shade, when cut it brings the sunshine to the darkest corner of a room. Unlike many of the rudbeckias, it has the agreeable habit of keeping crisp and fresh for days in the house; and its blossoming period lasts from July to the first week of October. At first we planted it just outside the formal garden in a lovely tangle along the Trail, and here it gladdens our eyes still. Although a biennial, it sows itself and increases so generously that we take up many small plants in the fall and put them in other parts of the grounds. Every season we say, "Next year we'll have another plot of triloba," until now it greets us not only from the edge of the woods in the wild garden, but from the path leading to the gravel pit and from the oval before the east entrance, while from the driveway a great tongue of it extends into the forest.

But in my enthusiasm for the gay triloba I have wandered far from the upper garden! Here on each side of the path are gillyflowers and pink, purple, and white asters, not the stiff, zinnia-like variety but the feathery, loose growing kind. Salpiglossis with its blooms of every hue, and larkspur in varied shades of blue and pink; foxgloves speckled with indescribable shades, and the giant summer hyacinth (Galtonia candicans) with its fragrant,

bell-like drops reminding one of fairy chimes; Shasta daisies and lilies of many kinds, snap-dragons, mignonette and golden coxcomb, with calliopsis, coreopsis and gladioli in great variety of bloom, follow each other in their seasons.

My life is really a series of Christmas Days. Each morning when I come in from my outdoor nest I wonder what new joy this dawn will bring. I glance at the desk to see if by chance a friendly letter has arrived, then if my dream comes true, I curl up on the *chaise longue* to read it *at once*. Is there a package? Perhaps the return of a botanical specimen with its proper name carefully explained by an expert of the University; perhaps only a needed supply of buttons from the, at times, convenient city; perhaps a book ordered so long ago that it has been forgotten, or possibly an offering from some compassionate relative, such as an adorable sunbonnet which unfolded in my hands the other day. I have never gotten over the childish joy of opening bundles; it remains like my taste for fairy tales. The morning that thrilling envelope arrives containing my recent exposures! Only the soul of a photographer can appreciate the feelings with which I unseal it and examine one by one, in fearful trepidation, the results of my last experiments. Or an innocent looking pamphlet lies at the bottom of my heap of business mail, a small

pamphlet, loosely bound about with brown paper; but if the name of Horsford or Elliot or Meehan chances to be uppermost, I seize it with avidity; for this is that insinuating document known as "Summer Planting." Everyone acknowledges the fascinations of the seed catalogues which come to us in such tempting profusion in the fall. Their size alone is bewildering, and one can harden one's heart to their wiles at the beginning of the season; but I defy anyone to resist the pleading of that plausible and pleasant phrase "Summer Planting." Has not each one of us a bare corner where for some unaccountable reason the brilliant representations of the colored print have appeared only in sickly imitation, or where a late frost has blanched an enterprising early bloomer, or where some pest or other has devoured its favorite food quite regardless of its being your favorite flower too? All these corners must be filled with something, and it is for this very reason that "Summer Planting" holds out helping hands. Of course in our cold frames we keep lilies ready to transplant where needed, and asters fill in acceptably late in August; but in this pamphlet are wonder-working possibilities. Who could resist them?

I suppose that everyone's flowers are more or less like his neighbor's, but whenever I look at mine spread before me like a glowing carpet in the

upper garden or watch the gardener as he comes through the shadow and the sunshine of the long pergola carrying huge baskets overflowing with richly colored blossoms, I have a feeling of especial pleasure and exult in the thought that these are mine.

CHAPTER V

THE OPEN WINDOW

EVERY room in which one sits should have a window that opens at least three feet square into the out-of-doors. It should be not more than two feet from the floor and protected in such a manner as to exclude both rain and wind. Does this sound impossible? So I once thought. But I have found out that it can be done; discovered it partly by accident, as is the way with so many of the good things of this world. In the tiny cottage where our country life began, the windows, wherever not protected by the eaves, were provided with a kind of hood about a foot wide, which was merely a continuation of the overlapping wood of the house wall. This, with the thick foliage of the maple trees growing close to the house, formed an effective screen against any but the fiercest storms.

When we built the big house I remembered this agreeable feature and went, full of enthusiasm, to the Friendly Architect with my plans; but he looked at me askance and remarked among other things that evidently I had forgotten this was to be a plaster house, and hoods over the windows

would be an abomination! Perhaps he phrased it more politely but that was his essential meaning. Of course I was no more anxious than he to ruin the exterior of the house. I only begged that wherever possible our windows should be protected. This he readily promised, and as a result we have five rooms in which at least one window never need be shut.

In my own room this rainproof opening is a constant joy and is open from May until October. Facing the setting sun, protected on the north by the jutting bricks of the big chimney, overhead by the three-foot eaves assisted by the overlapping boughs of a specially planted maple, it provides me with fresh scented air from fragrant shrubs below it, with sweetest sounds from bird throats about it and with a succession of pictures inimitable and unforgetable. Woodbine leaves surround it and creep over the well-filled box of rose geranium and lemon verbena. Through it I look out into leafy depths sparkling with raindrops or shimmering with sunlight, into green bowers or gay autumnal mazes. Beneath the maple a wild cherry has spread its glossy foliage, and below the terrace lies the formal garden radiant as a jewel against the cool recesses of the forest. Beyond the tall shrubbery gleam the changing waters of the lake, and the sky broods over all. Beside this window is my favorite seat, and I have no need

for other pictures than those framed within this open space.

The birds have chosen this maple for a resting place and here from the tiniest warbler to the rampant blue jay they give me ample opportunities to observe their various manners. Here is always a generous supply of suet for those who like that best, and here too hangs the German food-bell furnishing the chickadees with winter provender.

The chickadee is a bird of moods. No one can feel perfectly acquainted with him who has only seen him skimming from tree to tree in a merry race with his mate, or pecking at his bit of food held deftly in one claw, or doing gymnastic stunts from the ends of branches. His notes, too, are as varied as his moods. He seldom alights on the sill without a little "cheep" and the woods echo with his well-known song. After the frost my window box is transformed into a buffet where various bird delicacies are carefully displayed, and often when I rush to the window to scare away the squirrel from this birds' table, my little chickadee cocks his head on one side and cries, "Dee, dee, you are really too kind." Occasionally he bubbles over in a joyous trill so unlike his usual call that I look out quickly to be sure it is he.

For days the stillness of the early dawn had been broken by two soft, sad notes in falling cadence. A Peabody bird in January? The call was so like

the attempts of young birds of that species that I searched the near-by trees, the terrace wall, the shrubs; but I saw only a few juncos, an English sparrow or two, and of course the chickadees. Is it possible that I cannot tell the whitethroat from the English sparrow? And I scrutinized those saucy, but in the country, clean, birds carefully. No, there was no mistaking those bandits of the bird world; no white throat was among them. I asked a caller well versed in this country's habits if the whitethroat ever stayed as late as this. "I think that you must have heard what we call the spring song of the chickadee," she answered at once.

Although I smiled politely and thanked her I was not convinced. Until I actually saw a chickadee emitting those two notes I could not believe it. For days I waited and watched, hearing often but never seeing, until finally one morning just as I was putting out the dish of food for the birds' table, a chickadee on the nearest branch to me lifted up his small voice and cried: "O—h, de—r!" An exquisite, prolonged, pathetic sigh. Now I was convinced, now I recognized that Mr. Chickadee had his own small trials, and that although he endeavored to be cheery before the world there were moments when his hidden griefs must find expression.

One season we opened the house before the middle of April; in our climate that means winter

weather and a scarcity of food, so the birds were very grateful for the nuts and seeds placed on a board covering my window box. The nuthatches and chickadees, the juncos and even the catbirds made me many a visit, but one morning in early May a song sparrow shyly ventured to the sill and helped himself from the seed dish with many a rapid glance about. From that time until the end of September every day that lovely bird came daintily to his meals at my open window. Always he approached in the same manner, a swift flight to the maple tree from which he scanned the board, a gentle hop along the nearest branch, a step to the chimney shelf, thence, still hopping, to the sill and coveted dish.

Unlike the chickadee and nuthatch, who announced their approach, the song sparrow kept a discreet silence when eating, only the crunching of seeds as the shells dropped back into the dish betraying his presence. If not disturbed he generally took from thirty to fifty seeds before leaving, but on one particularly hungry morning he ate seventy-one seeds without even stopping to drink. For beside the food dish stood a saucer of gravel enclosing a shallow basin of water renewed daily. He always drank in a leisurely fashion, often returning to the seeds with apparently new appetite. His hunger appeased, he would fly from the sill directly to the top of the nearest bush below and fling into the air his thrilling notes.

Any sudden movement in the room while he was feeding sent him leaping from the board, but he finally learned that the movement of a hand in writing, even within two feet of him, meant no harm. This opportunity to study the markings of a song sparrow, his bright beady eyes, his shapely body, his rapid motions, was eagerly accepted and enjoyed. The nuthatch and the chickadee found plenty of food in the deep woods by the first week in June, so abandoned the window-sill to the catbirds and song sparrow. Late in July an unusual commotion informed me that *two* sparrows had been feeding on the sill; that is, one drove the other away. How long they had been taking turns, whether mate or child, I could not tell.

One morning in mid-August a greedy young bird followed his parent to the sill with insistent cries and was given fifteen seeds before leaving. In two hours the couple returned for more food. It was a charming picture; the eager nestling with fluttering wings, the careful mother turning her head on one side as she inserted the seed within that open beak; against cool greens beyond, their fawn-colored feathers appeared more vivid. The swallowing of food did not seem to interfere at all with the vocal chords of my young song sparrow, but his notes gradually became less harsh as his appetite decreased until at the last just before he flew they were little more than murmurs of satis-

faction. Her duty done, the hungry mother came back to the sill alone and ate one hundred and thirty-one seeds without stopping; then took some fine gravel, a drop or two of water and finished with a dessert of sixty-one more seeds! One could almost see her form expand as she lifted her wings and preened herself in absolute content.

The presence of the hairy or the downy woodpecker feeding her squawking infant from the suet six feet away never disturbed the song sparrow in the least; a catbird devouring chopped nuts on the other side of the water dish never interfered with his repast; even the gray squirrel would get within two feet of him before he would leave what he had learned to consider his own apartment. It is needless to add that this particular year I gladly gave up my window-box of sweet-scented plants in exchange for the companionship of these adorable song sparrows.

These are some of the joys of my window; but that there are also drawbacks was shown by another winter experience. For several nights I had been disturbed by the nibbling of some night animal on the birds' window sill, so just within the small opening of the double windows I placed a mouse trap. No sooner had I lost myself in slumber than I was awakened by a squealing and a thumping by the window; flashing on the light I saw such a surprising object flopping over the

floor, dragging the trap with him, that I called for help.

"Oh! do come and see what I've got," I cried; for this was a new animal to me and a remarkably lively one; the head suggested a rat but his flat furry tail, brown lined with white, contradicted that idea. My request that he be drowned brought a protest which I speedily overruled.

"Now that small beast has been disturbing my rest for two or three nights and I want him killed," was my demand, made emphatic as much by fear of letting my sympathies prevail as by loss of sleep.

So the Constant Improver gingerly wrapped a towel about the little rascal and dumped trap and all into the filled bowl. This was too much for the beastie and with a final wriggle he freed himself from the trap. At this the tender heart of the strong man carried the day; quickly he opened the door of the porch and shook the half-drowned animal out to a barely won freedom.

"It's a lesson for him, he'll not disturb you again," he murmured half apologetically.

I wonder whether I looked as doubtful as I felt, but there was nothing left to say. Back to bed again I crept and for a space quiet reigned. Then crackle, crackle, at the window!

"I like the wild things," said I to myself, "so I will just let him nibble while I go to sleep."

How fortunate if we could only do the thing we will to do! Instead of sleeping I turned restlessly, sure that the beast had come into the room. I could plainly hear little thumps and runs on the bare floor, but the instant that I turned on the light all was still. After two hours of philosophizing I went to the window in desperation, closed the hole by which he had come in and stood watching him. There in the bright moonlight my small disturber was springing from chimney to sill and back again; even when I "shooed" at him and drummed on the glass he only retreated a few inches. His movements were very like a chipmunk's but not quite so swift. By and by he decided to go on with his night's entertainment in spite of me and made a flying leap for the opening in the double windows; as he hurled himself angrily again and again at his accustomed entrance, I realized that screens would be advisable up here even in midwinter.

And what was this little beast who walked abroad at night and fearlessly entered our room? I believe he is called a flying squirrel as he can make such huge leaps in the air, flattening out his small body and steering with his broad tail. I know that they are not at all nice pets for the house, and that much of the damage attributed to the common squirrel is done by this mischievous creature.

"Haven't we a trap that catches small animals without hurting them?" I asked the gardener the next morning.

"Yes'm," he answered.

"Well, please put it on my window sill to-night with peanuts in it."

It had not been there an hour before two small furry creatures were within its wires and I hardened my heart to giving orders that they were to be drowned. But the very same night their ghosts or their relatives paraded up and down my chamber walls and scrambled over the roof so that another trap had to be set. This time only one squirrel was caught although I saw another one near the trap.

"I believe I'll keep that cunning little thing a few days and study him. Haven't we an old bird cage in the attic?"

"Ye—es," was the dubious reply of my faithful maid, who by this time was quite used to my erratic ways.

"Well, bring it down, and I'll wire the door so he can't push it open. They are such clever little things."

With a vast deal of effort, with gloved fingers and quick motions the flying squirrel was transferred from trap to bird cage and the door carefully held until my room was reached. As I went for the wire I asked, "Did you put some water in the side dish and—"

"Oh! he's out," exclaimed the maid, and I rushed back to behold the resourceful creature half running, half leaping about the room.

"How—" I began.

"Ben said he couldn't possibly get through that hole—his head was too large—where the dish should have been, but it got broken."

I only half listened to her breathless explanation. "Shut the doors," and I rushed to the fireplace to put up the screen. But I needn't have taken any of these precautions; that squirrel knew my room perfectly, and he knew the six-inch hole in the storm window where he was accustomed to go in and out, for he scrambled to it at once and made his escape. Yet would you believe that, once outside, he only hopped about two feet away and then, squatting on the sill, looked back at us with such an expression of derision that it was uncanny. I could not be beaten by so tiny a creature, I must bide my time.

The trap was put out again that night and in the morning the door of escape was found open and all the food gone! How he must have posed before his family and friends as the unconquerable, the invincible! At last I succeeded in getting two flying squirrels in the trap and, wiring every possible cranny in the bird cage, transferred them thither.

With the cage on my writing table it was difficult to do any work, they were so cunning. Quite

fearless and philosophic, after examining carefully every nook and corner of their new abode, disdaining food or water, they curled up against the side of the cage close together, their broad tails over their eyes; and there in a round ball they stayed until I put them out of doors at nine o'clock. At an unusual noise up would pop one sharp nose and open would come one drowsy eye but only for a moment. Evidently their nervous systems were in perfect condition, and daytime to them meant slumber.

The next morning by dint of poking gently with a broad paper-cutter we induced them to enter a proper squirrel cage. Once in the new quarters, each of them woke up enough to investigate every separate corner of the new abode, even testing the wheel. Then one of them deliberately curled himself up in the small tin food-cup on top of the corn and peanuts, where he remained without even stretching himself until after eight at night, when I put the cage out on the porch. Then such yawnings and friskings, such eating and drinking, such gay whirls in the festive wheel! I did not stay to see how late they kept up their antics, but I heard that only the dawn quieted them. The next day Arthur, as we named the least aggressive one, who had spent his daylight hours the day before curled up in a round ball on the shelf, with his tail carefully spread before his eyes, after poking

his companion a bit, managed to crawl also into the tin cup, and there the two stayed all day. It was certainly not for warmth that they did this, as the room was heated. Only the gentle regular pulsation of their backs indicated that they were alive.

When we went to town for the winter, these flying squirrels had become such pets that they were taken down to the cottage, where their funny antics amused the family. They were permitted the freedom of the house, ate out of the hand, snuggled in the men's pockets, and returned readily to sleep in their comfortable cage. As spring came on they roamed abroad and finally took possession of one of the Berlepsch bird boxes hanging near the cottage and intended for a downy woodpecker. Here they set up housekeeping and joined again the great community of wild life about us.

It is the middle of August. I am awakened by the clear, gay whistle of the oriole and the trial peeps of young birds striving after the full phrase. The vesper sparrow, too, has come close to the house to repeat again and again his trill and tumbling notes. The catbird adds his unmusical call, and the peewee from his high perch intones his mournful melody. The robin ventures some cheery sounds, and the song sparrow stops between the incessant demands of his cowbird fledgling to voice his joy of life. From the hollows in the woods

comes the tree toad's tom-tom as the sun bursts forth from overhanging clouds to make more brilliant the dripping leaves.

One gray morning last September the world seemed hushed as if expectant, only the insect chorus persisted in a faint undertone. Suddenly the clarion call of a robin was heard. Now our robins had left us some ten days ago, so I went out with the glass to hunt the tree-tops for these visitors. From the low branches of an oak on the edge of the lawn one of the songsters was announcing the arrival of the band. I hastened to see whether the Hercules Club berries were ready to be served, for well I know how fond the robins are of this fruit. No, the rosy stems were tipped with pale green berries making an exquisite picture as, above the tropical foliage, the great heads swayed back and forth against the hazy sky, but the robins did not appreciate this kind of a display. They were far too material. However, there were plenty of other berries for their choice; the wild grape hung its dainty clusters from the pergola roof as well as from many a tree-top; the dogwood and elder offered a variety of luscious berries, and on the house wall the Virginia creeper's rich dark fruit dangled in lavish profusion from crimson stems. Cutting off the larger leaves and keeping the vines confined to the timbers of the house seems to increase the quantity and size of these

berries. And how the birds enjoy them! Magnolia warblers perch on a swinging stalk and with lively motions of their slender bodies eat their fill.

What a happy six weeks those visiting robins had! They feasted until they were as fat as pigeons; they were on guard from the pergola way around to the south terrace; they even drove away the belligerent blue jays and suffered only the magnolia warblers and the hermit thrushes to share their daily repasts. By and by the Hercules Club berries did turn blue and for each one a robin stood expectant on the linden tree hard by. They voiced their thanks in lovely spring-like chirruping and vied with the song sparrows in the cool twilight.

How they love the fountain in the formal garden! In the chill air of late September a robin often alights on the still waters of the Roman tazza, gazes entranced at his mirrored image, then dashes in with vigorous splashings and flies away with that triumphant attitude which a bird so often affects after his tub. The thermometer is so low that I shiver at his daring; but flirting the water from his protecting coat he darts to a sunny twig-top to complete his toilet. Early one morning this water was entirely covered with so thick a film of ice that robin after robin skated over its slippery surface in surprised dismay; but the sun

soon restored it to its normal condition and set the goldfish free.

Back and forth among their larger brethren dart the restless little goldfinches, no longer yellow and black, but dressed now in their winter suits of sober olive and scarcely to be recognized for the gay mites we used to see swaying on the thistle heads in July. To watch them now, hanging head downward on a trumpet-vine bean, feathers all ruffed the wrong way as they industriously extract the seeds from the open pod, is to fall in love with them anew.

Soon after the first of October come the juncos, a jolly company whirling in the highest wind, finding mysterious delicacies beneath the bayberry bushes, and making friends with the demure Peabody birds. These juncos are our winter friends, and I am never weary of watching their bewitching ways; but the Peabody bird makes our home merely a stop-over on his way south. His delicious notes rejoice our hearts from the middle of September until the last of October, beginning in April, when the snowdrops and marsh marigolds announce that spring has come.

At about nine o'clock one evening in late September I was busy at my desk beside the open window, when I heard a curious scratching at my dressing-room screen; going to the window I frightened a small bird, who took refuge at the

next screen and finally clung to the window frame of my own room as if begging to be let in. I opened the window, and without a moment's hesitation in he flew. A tiny brown creature with a white throat and wide speckled tail, a long beak and a light line over the eye. He permitted us to handle him without much trouble. What could he be? Evidently a baby. But to be out at this hour! We finally concluded that it was a Bewick wren as that is the most common species here. When he came against the wall of the room he had a little sharp cry and this same call we now heard outside from some restless relative; however, none was to be seen. Bringing the old bird cage from the attic we made him comfortable with seeds, crumbs, and water, then put him in the next room where it was dark; after a bit of investigation he accepted his new lodging and settled down quite at home. At the end of an hour he was fast asleep on the lower perch. All that night I had visions of a tame wren about my room and wondered what I could feed him. The next morning before six o'clock I crept cautiously into the adjoining room to see after the welfare of my nocturnal visitor. No sign of Mr. Wren within the cage. No sound of any kind within the room. The windows were screened of course but the hall door was open. I wandered through the bedrooms and the living rooms downstairs, but could find no trace of any bird. Finally hearing

a commotion in the butler's pantry I opened the door. Behold a very angry little prisoner and a bewildered group of domestics! That little creature had discovered the shortest way downstairs and now proposed to get out of the house. No longer tame he hurled himself against the confining walls, and it was only with infinite precaution for the china as well as for the tiny bird that we finally succeeded in getting him again into the cage and bringing him to my room. Very sulky he looked and very unhappy, not a bit of food or drink would he touch, he had had his curiosity satisfied about the interior of that lighted box; now all he wished was to return to his beloved out-of-doors. After getting his breath he began to poke his head through the bars of the cage, and in three minutes he had freed his whole body. As I opened the window, with a dainty, unhurried air he stepped along the sill avoiding the woodbine stems and made one joyous, lengthy flight to the red-hawed rose bushes in the midst of the shrubbery.

"Hermit thrushes?" Yes, to my amazement. When a hermit thrush alights on your window sill not more than two feet from your moving fingers, gazes intently at you, wags his tail once or twice, then calmly turns his back and helps himself to dangling berries, you have a queer feeling of being admitted into the mysteries of an inner circle hitherto undreamed of. It is not only the oppor-

tunity of studying each feather, each detail, each motion of the living bird which pleases you, but the sense of mutual confidence and trust which at each repetition of this conduct fills you with exultant satisfaction.

CHAPTER VI

OUR LAKE

MANY and beautiful are the lakes of Wisconsin, varied in size and shape and surroundings; some are filled with wild rice, others covered with lotus and white water lilies; some clear with the bubbling of many springs, others shallow as a river bed, and still others as deep as the crater lakes of Italy. Each one has its own peculiar charm, and each one its devotees. To us our small lake, nine miles long and from one and a half to three miles wide, is more than a mere expanse of limpid water to reflect the clouds at sunset and the moon's pale glow, to sparkle beneath the sun's rich rays and rise to white-foamed grandeur under the wind's strong sweep. It tempers the breeze from the hot prairies, affords refreshment to the swimmer, and is a delight to the sailor. Even to him who does not sail the sight of a white sheet skimming across the water brings a never-failing sense of exhilaration and youth. It typifies the joy of living.

And there are more prosaic reasons for taking pleasure in our small bit of water. The delight of fishing does not consist entirely of sitting for hours

motionless in a small boat or even in catching a long string of the scaly beauties; the main pleasure of this sport to an average person comes after the fish have passed through the hands of the cook! Perch and pickerel abound, the flesh of the latter being particularly firm and sweet, caught in such deep clear water. Black bass although not common are fairly plentiful, and four or five will well repay a fisherman for his hours of waiting. Occasionally one has been caught weighing as much as four pounds, but the average fish is not above two pounds.

Our lake seems to be used more than many others for transportation; small steam yachts, launches, Hankscraft, and motor boats are darting back and forth the livelong day. The city visitor, heated, dusty, and depressed, alights from the train on a summer afternoon and, sinking into a comfortable chair on deck, abandons himself to the sensuous enjoyment of floating in the clean coolness to his destination. If rainy, the cabin is commodious and large-windowed; here in the fall a cup of tea is often offered to the passenger, an attention much appreciated by the feminine guest. On hot moonlight nights it is a favorite custom to have supper on board, as the yacht drifts lazily over the still waters, making an ideal finish to a Sunday in the country.

Although most of our time is spent in our

beloved woods and gardens, it is the lake after all which brought us to this spot, and we are never oblivious of its loveliness. In fact one of our chief problems was how to treat our shore in such a way as not only to preserve but to enhance its natural beauty. We have about sixteen hundred feet on the water, as the island is long and narrow; on account of changing the main line of the shore for about three hundred feet to conform with the line of the house, we had to begin here at the very foundation of things and build the beach. Choosing for a model a natural shore near by, we placed the pebbles and sand and rocks in irregular outline leaving, as we imagined, ample room for overhanging shrubs before we put in the rich soil beside the gravel path. How much the success of a country place lies in willingness to submit to Nature's whims! From the rosemary willows stretching along the shore almost to the island bridge we planted wild roses. In June they are an exquisite delight, as we anticipated; in October to our surprise they glow with conscious color too, for twining around their ruddy haws, the crimson leaves of the self-sown Virginia creeper make a band of amazing loveliness.

"But doesn't the vine hurt the roses?" asks a conscientious garden-lover. It really does not seem to; surely we would not want them higher or more full of bloom. The jewel weed pokes its

tender stem through the prickly branches, and tiny asters, all self-sown too, make variegated patches of lavender and white above the green rose leaves. Before the roses begin to leaf out in the early spring, the ground underneath their bare branches is gay with marsh marigolds and dandelions; later violets—our own wood violets—blossom in company with hundreds of English primroses.

In a hidden corner of our tiny bay, under the rosemary willow, we set out water lilies, pink and yellow, blue and white. Of course these had to be planted in tubs, which are sunk below the ice in winter. Parting the delicate tracery of the willow branches on a sunny morning in August twenty or thirty of these fragrant flowers may be seen floating on the bosom of the bay, their round leaves lifting lazily with the undulating water.

This bay is a source of constant pleasure to us for it reflects the little island with its pebbly shore, its gnarled old trees and many wild flowers of varied hues. We scarcely touched this island, it was such a perfect wilderness. Beneath the grove of small poplars at the east we scattered wild columbine and trilliums, but amid the milkweed and wild grasses facing the bay we put masses of goldenrod and rosy loosestrife for bits of color in the water. Maples and walnuts, linden clumps and dwarf oaks, slippery elms and iron-woods in a tangle of grape, bittersweet and

Virginia creeper make this a favorite haunt for birds and beasts—not to say humans—and a grassy path to the rustic tea-house became a necessary invasion.

In this bay a pair of coots settle down for weeks each autumn; a kingfisher constantly flies back and forth from island point to willow, every now and then diving into the water for his prey; and one morning we discovered a mink's nest hidden beneath a mass of poison ivy! A guest well versed in the lore of the animal kingdom, wandering alone on the island at nightfall, had heard a queer cry like the mew of a very young kitten coming from beneath the shelving bank; so by the light of day we must needs take a boat and search along the waterside for the cause. Two or three hollows and one small but deep excavation close to the water, all abounding in clam shells and recently munched fish bones, betrayed the home of Mr. Mink. But of him and his progeny we did not at that time catch a glimpse; he may have been hiding beneath any one of a dozen rocks or hillocks, mocking both our untrained human sight and undeveloped sense of smell. Later, however, we did see a mink swimming near the shore in the clear water.

Some of our friends and neighbors are kind enough to own canoes painted a harmonious green or left in natural wood color; and one of my choicest

memory pictures is this bay as a canoe glides beneath the bridge and emerges into open water, paddled by a red-coated demoiselle who lingers at each lovely lily and slowly, although always far too soon, disappears beyond the willow tree.

One year a pair of kingbirds built their nest upon the farthest branch of the leaning walnut at the end of the island. More pessimistic than they, we daily expected that the nestlings would wriggle over the edge and fall into the water; but no such catastrophe occurred. The brood developed in unusual vigor and later came to the olive grove, where any evening in the twilight one could see the silver sheen upon their breasts as they balanced themselves precariously with fluttering wings on the highest twigs.

In midsummer wheeling chimney swifts and flocks of blue-backed swallows make this bay their hunting ground. Later the gulls arrive but no small bay will content them for long. If the day is stormy they may linger for a while, delighting our eyes with their graceful motions, but richer fishing grounds soon lure them on. Some years, too, the black terns fly back and forth uttering their harsh calls. The crows know where a certain spring in the bay at the end of the island keeps open water on the coldest day in midwinter. Here they congregate and here they fish! I could not believe my glass at first but distinctly I perceived Mr. Crow

draw from the water a small fish, carry it to the willow and hold it with one claw while he calmly devoured it. Whether the fish was a live one or not only the crows know, but many a morning I saw them about this bubbly spot drinking and making merry in true crow fashion.

At certain intervals during the summer various craft from the neighboring lakes come to our modest waters to compare speeds. Twenty or thirty entries make the prizes well worth winning and the spectacle an exciting one. What exhilarating pictures these annual regattas bring us when sailboats like white-winged gulls singly, by twos, and by threes come into view from behind the willows, emerge into the open water of the bay, go by the point of the island, and disappear toward the east end of the lake! Above, a cool gray sky, below a dancing sea; the outstretched forms upon the "skimming-dish" appear as tense as the white sail overhead, while the keel cuts through the rippling waters or lifts its blunted nose before the advancing waves. We watch each one eagerly as it tacks in the head wind careening so far that it seems impossible that it should ever right again; but just as we cry, "There she goes!" up it swings in time to take another tack. The scattered boats pass in prolonged procession—"46," "39," "27"—accompanied by the steam yachts at a respectful distance.

Soon from the village buoy comes the sharp whistle which signifies that the first half of the race is won. Then we look for the return fleet running before the wind with all sails set. There is something thrilling in that swelling jib pulling its load so easily and swiftly toward the goal. How different the attitude of the crew now! Instead of that tense posture ready to leap on one side or the other or to hang over the edge if need be in order to steady the boat, they now stand at ease on the level deck or sit calmly with upraised knees, leaving all to the straining breeze. They pass at varying distances followed by the gayly trimmed escort and greeted by waving flags and loud cheering. I suppose that one should take an interest in the winner on this great occasion, but to me the joy is in watching those skimming swallows dipping or swaying or sailing on level keel straight into the sunset sky.

Most people when building a pier on their shore line expect that pier to remain on that spot to the end of time,—I mean *their* time. Imagine my amazement, then, when one day I caught a remark about "*moving the pier.*" If the Constant Improver had casually said that he thought of moving the house I could not have been more surprised.

"Are you really going to move the pier?" I asked. "Where to? And why?"

"Well, I'm not going to do it right away," so he temporized,—this was in September,—"but it certainly would improve the looks of this shore very much to have the pier away."

No one could deny that. "But where will you put it?" I persisted. "We must have one, you know." For I am always dreading the moment when the Constant Improver's strong sense of the beautiful will overcome his practical ideas.

"I think it will go the other side of the island and be entirely out of the way."

"But the distance from the house?" I began.

"It is very little longer," he interrupted, "and that will bring all guests whether arriving by boat or motor to the front door."

As usual he was right. In January the heavy stones of the cribs were picked up from the bottom of the lake, carried on the ice to the new location on our eastern boundary, piled in their cribs again and the ice cut under them, so that they sank easily into place. In the spring when the pier was put out, we found it a much more attractive spot at which to anchor, and a stone bench under the drooping maples beside it soon became a favorite resting-place. Where the pier formerly stood a long seat now commands a lovely view of rippling water and dented shore.

About this time we began to realize that our house was slowly but surely becoming enclosed in

dense foliage, and that our beloved lake was gradually disappearing from our sight; but we had not yet learned the value of the ax and the saw in landscape gardening; and the old sentiment beginning, "Oh, woodman! spare that tree!" still swayed us. So it was a momentous day when we finally made up our minds to open the lake view at the east. In order to keep up our courage we said over and over again to each other: "We must not get shut in. We must have the water views." And so our choice was made, one by one five trees were marked for destruction, two of them walnuts over a hundred feet high! And the day arrived. While the Constant Improver bravely managed the undertaking, I fled to the farther end of the place and worked desperately to avoid hearing those sounds of Fate, those crashing blows. So skillfully did the men work taking the huge trees down in sections that, although in full leaf, none of the surrounding shrubs were hurt and when the débris had been carried away, the result was really surprising. A water picture was revealed, framed in quivering greenery, where white sails danced, where cloud banks reflected the glory of the setting sun, where round, majestic, crimson, rose the hunter's moon.

Encouraged by this procedure, we developed in hardihood and demanded more openings. A tall young poplar draped in a toga of wild grape such

as only Nature can arrange had expanded with the years until it completely blocked our view of the water at the west.

"That clump must come down," quoth the Constant Improver.

Standing before its luxuriant beauty I shivered, but turned away without a protest, accepting the decree of Fate. We freed the big Wisconsin willow from her neighbor's too close proximity and disclosed her, graceful, single-minded, regal, with space in which to sway her pendent branches unhindered. Our wild olives planted beside the shore path directly in front of the house, making a gray mass in company with the sea-buckthorn and guaranteed not to stretch above them, have, in this rich earth, grown beyond all scale and should be removed. I hope it may be done when I am not at home. I know that the after result will be a distinct improvement; but how anyone can have the heart to put an ax to that feathery, fruity refuge of bird-dom is beyond my understanding.

Is it not fortunate that the world is governed by a sterner sex whose clear judgment is not influenced by sentimental considerations! Being myself of a highly conservative nature and once pleased always pleased with the same effect, there have been moments in my existence when I sympathized with the long-suffering woman who, after having had her home remodeled every other

year, finally presented her husband with a carload of bricks and an acre lot begging him to work off his surplus energy on them. It must be acknowledged that thus far I have never needed to provide the bricks, as after numerous near and far connections had been safely furnished with homes of their own, institutions of various kinds utilized the architectural tastes of the Constant Improver, to their great advantage.

But one year there seemed to be nothing especial on hand, and I detected a brooding gaze on the plenty-good-enough garage, and overheard sentences beginning, "If I were going to build again" —which were ominous signs. Luckily at this moment the subject of boathouses came up. Now we had no boat; and if we had had, the Constant Improver did not approve of boathouses, as they disfigured the shore. But our neighbors who had boats did approve of them, and there was a good deal of discussion in regard to size, location, etc. Whereat the Master Mind became interested and finally said, "If you three men are going to build three boathouses on the shore, do let me think it over and submit a plan."

Nothing loath, they consented. Now was the Laird of the Manor happy again; with paper, pad, and ruler he made mysterious measurements, he telephoned for necessary dimensions, he paced off bits of the forest, he hung papers on long strings

and went out in a rowboat to judge of the effect. He even deigned to consult the Friendly Architect about possible weights and measures. Very busy indeed were all his spare moments now, and very inscrutable his countenance. At last his plan was ready and he called his neighbors together for consultation.

"You know that low piece of ground next to me in the thick woods?" he began. "Well, that can be bought, and you can put your three boathouses there in one building. Each man will own the lot under his house; there will be no connection between them; and yet the general effect will be of one admirable building."

"Will they cost more than an ordinary boathouse?" demanded one cautious neighbor.

"Not a bit," he was assured.

"Will they be thoroughly practical, light and dry?" asked another.

"Perfectly," was the confident reply.

The idea was certainly original, and the effect on paper very good, and that it would look equally well finished the neighbors believed; but as to the practical working of the plan possibly they felt more dubious. However they rallied loyally to his support in a unanimous; "Go ahead, then." And the work was begun.

Placed sixty feet back from the shore with three "ways" on which to pull the yachts from the

water, these "ways" covered with portable wooden bridges for the shore path, the wide trellised structure of smooth cement blocks presented anything but a conventional appearance. A broad wooden band disguised the necessary slope of the roof, the beautifully proportioned brown trellis concealed the awkward doors and divided the length into agreeable panels; and the cement blocks, put up with heavy mortar, made so pleasing a surface that the first idea of vines was abandoned. The middle house was lighted by a skylight, the other two by windows on one side as well as by the doors at either end. One windlass at the rear serves for them all. With bushes planted thickly in front of this structure, with trees bending over it, no one can say that it disfigures the shore line. Indeed it seems to nestle down into the landscape and become a part of the forest. Of course, this is partly due to the low ground selected for its site; but even in winter, when fully exposed to the gaze of the passer-by, it preserves its stately if unusual aspect and serves its purpose perfectly.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF NAN

It was the twenty-eighth of June, I remember, and a very hot day, when one of my guests ran into my room with the news that a bird was lying on the brick terrace crying vigorously.

"Oh! what is it?" I demanded.

"How can I tell? I guess it's just hatched, it hasn't any feathers—hardly."

"Well, I'll be right down. Move it out of the sun."

The telephone rang that minute, the mail came in, the cook wanted to see me, and I confess I forgot all about the matter. Two hours later I went down to the terrace in a conscious-stricken rush. The birdling was still peeping, lying under the shelter of a geranium leaf on the moist earth. It was about four inches long, the body naked, but wings, head and would-be tail covered with tiny quill-like feathers.

"Of course it can't live, and I haven't an idea what to give it; but we'll try milk," was my rather pessimistic remark.

So we put the tiny thing into a candy-box lined with soft paper, took a dropper and proceeded to

squeeze a few drops of milk into his throat every time that he opened his bill to peep. He was surprised but he was also hungry, and milk being the only thing offered he accepted it; then snuggling down under a covering of cotton he went to sleep with his head upright ready to expand that yellow gap instantly for further feeding. After twenty minutes of peace came more peeps which continued until more milk was forthcoming. In this manner we gave the baby his bottle every twenty minutes for an hour and three-quarters when we began to feel that food of more staying qualities was demanded. Looking in the bird-book, we learned that equal parts of potato, carrot and hard-boiled egg grated and mixed together made an ideal diet for young birds; so every time the youngster cried, which was every time he woke, this food was pushed down his throat on the blunt end of a quill toothpick. He always knew when he had enough and much appreciated a drop or two of water with each meal.

"But where do you suppose it came from?" asked the guest who found it, "and what is it?"

We searched the tree near-by, but the robin's nest was empty; we searched the vines, but no nests were to be found.

"I haven't an idea what kind of a bird it is, but we'll take it to the Observatory and ask the authority there."

With perfect serenity the birdling stood his first motor ride of twenty-five miles and was pronounced by the authority's wife, "a blue jay."

"Don't you see those blue stripes in embryo, two on each wing?"

We did see them, but were not convinced.

"It seems rather small," she continued hesitatingly; "I wish my husband were here."

We begged a little milk and fed the infant to the delight of the children, and then went on our way. Nearing home, we met some friends who knew a great deal about birds, and when we told them our story and took off the box cover, one of them instantly cried,

"Are you actually going to let a blue jay live?"

"Well, he's so little and so cunning, perhaps just for a few days."

The chauffeur in his cockney dialect remarked: "It looks like a Henglish sparrow, ma'am." But we demurred to that; a blue jay was bad enough, but surely this wee thing which took so kindly to us and our ways, this could not be one of that detested breed, the English sparrow!

Before we reached home, at a quarter before seven, the birdling was sound asleep and he never peeped again that night. It had been a strenuous day for him, and he needed a long rest. Think of the tenacity of life in the little creature! For on top of his fall of twenty-five feet he had cried two

hours without cessation; yet after a short night of rest he seemed a perfectly normal bird, devoting his entire time to eating and sleeping as a birdling should, and growing more cunning each passing hour.

I hesitate to confess that early, very early the next morning—at a quarter before five in fact—I actually woke him to see if he was alive! Very much alive he proved to be and very hungry. Four times before 7:20 he demanded food and then perched on my finger for more.

How the birdling throve on this artificial diet administered every hour from dawn to dark; how we dared not neglect him, as he could be heard all over the house; how the window ledge in my own sanctum became his abode; and how rapidly he changed from day to day would make a long story. Suffice it to say that we named our pet "Andy" at first, but afterwards were obliged to change it to "Nan."

On the fifth day of her stay with us Nan managed to climb out of the candy-box, and a deeper one was procured, then an open basket ten inches high. The very next day she flew out of the basket and into the hall. After that in the daytime she was allowed her liberty, but at night we put a mosquito netting over the basket. How she hated it! As soon as it was light she attacked this covering with claws and beak getting so tangled that

we had to remove it. The bottom of that basket was far too dull a place to suit her tastes; she wished to perch upon the rim, day or night. Here she took her daytime naps, and by the twelfth day she managed to tuck her head under her tiny wing. Several days before this she had begun to have real feathers and to preen them.

At my west window the screen is divided horizontally so that the lower part slides upward for placing food and water on the birds' table outside. This ledge where the two screens join Nan adopted as her own, and on the ninth day began to take short flights, accepting my shoulder as a city of refuge. Gradually she extended her excursions to my desk, to the big table, and then across the room to the different pictures.

Now she fluttered her wings at sight of food, and we varied her diet with chopped pecans and bits of apple. She would hop across from one of my shoulders to the other, peering up at my lips for the expected tidbit. I fed her always on my finger or shoulder, but birdseed and water were kept in the cage and the door open all day long. She would hop in and out at her pleasure. So knowing was she that I could put my face close to the open door without disturbing her, but if a hand moved toward the door she was out in a flash. Within three weeks Nan tired of the cooked food and began to take care of herself. Peanuts she would

not touch, but almonds and pecans she liked, also hempseed, lettuce, celery-tops and grapes. All fruit in the room had to be kept covered, or she helped herself. She knew perfectly well the food she liked the best, hempseed and pecans; if I offered her something else she would shake her head and gently but decidedly peck at my fingers until I conformed to her desires.

As soon as she could fly, big branches in leaf were brought in and kept by her window, but she scorned them, and if placed upon the twigs instantly flew off, preferring the solid footing afforded by window ledge or chair rail. Evidently, too, she feared the moving leaves at first, and even when accustomed to them, she never really liked them nor went near them of her own volition.

Her days were short but very full. It was not long before she lost her querulous, sharp call and developed, especially at twilight, a gentle rather plaintive note like a sleepy child who doesn't want to go to bed. And this was exactly the case, for she hated the pretty cage into which we put her every night and never willingly went there to sleep. In fact she became an adept at finding new hiding-places to avoid this bedtime capture, keeping so still, never moving a feather at our call, that it was almost impossible to find her; but when discovered she would enter the cage peaceably as if that was part of the game. Once she wriggled her-

self into so snug a space behind a candlestick that her tail didn't come out of kink for a week. Often she would get down on the wire behind a large picture; and when we called "Nan, Nan," up would bob her head only to jump back again at our approach. Hiding in the farthest corner on the lambrequin pole, she would remain perfectly quiet until discovered, when she would cock her tiny head on one side as much as to say, "How are you going to get at me now?"

About the first of August Nan shed her baby tail feathers, and it was the twentieth of September before they grew out again. With this new dignity she ceased to flutter her wings for food and began to utter a curious scolding rattle when opposed. She was now three months old, for we calculated that she was probably about a week old when she fell from the eaves of the house to the brick terrace below, and had developed a full suit of glossy brown feathers beautifully marked *although all trace of blue had disappeared.*

She kept herself immaculate. Never shall I forget how she made me understand that she wanted a bath. It was the tenth day of her stay with us when she began a series of queer antics, squatting on my small French dictionary and fluffing her feathers with many wrigglings and twistings, until the Constant Improver, seeing her, said, "She wants a bath." That given, how she enjoyed it!

From eleven to fifteen times would she step daintily in and out of the shallow dish, dashing the water first over her head and then gradually soaking every feather. Sometimes she would indulge in two baths a day. However she persisted in her odd capers on the dictionary, until I procured her a big bowl of sand. Here she wallowed in delicious content. Now was her life one continual joy!

Never did Nan care to leave my room, although the door was always open. Into the dressing-room she flew often and even the bathroom beyond, but there her ambition ended. Although the French dictionary continued to be her favorite, all books had a strange fascination for her, as she generally managed to detach a string somewhere about them with which to play. She loved the telephone too, first because it had a loose end on which she used to hang like a chickadee, and secondly because she saw another bird in its shining base. One picture on the wall reflected herself so plainly that she would spend hours fluttering down before it or hunting down behind it for the bird she knew was there. When doing my hair before the triple mirror, she was often on my shoulder, and her puzzled and disgusted air when she pecked at a bird and touched a piece of glass was laughable to see.

At first I placed her cage on the porch a part of each day so that she should grow accustomed to

the many birds, bees, wasps and flies; but she did not like the atmosphere, and either stayed on the bottom of the cage or pecked at any bird that came too near. Twice I took her on my shoulder to the lawn to have her picture taken but I had no suitable camera and the results were very poor. A screened porch downstairs seemed to be an ideal place for her; but she had her own notions as to location and did not feel at home there, so made her way one day back through two big rooms, upstairs, along a gallery to her own quarters. It was equal to a long migration for her, and how she followed the trail no one could guess.

She would remain on Kate's shoulder or on mine as long as we stayed in her room, but the instant we entered the hall, back she would fly to her window ledge. Twice she flew out of the window when the screen blew open and her airs of superiority as she strutted along the garden paths were comical to see. Kate, the maid of whom she was very fond, caught her in her apron, for the sight of the cage only drove her deeper into the bushes. We would have given her liberty now but she had always been so shielded and taken care of we feared that she would fall a victim to the first enemy that approached.

From the very beginning Nan was a most fascinating study in so-called animal psychology. All her tricks were the result of her own invention,

for we never consciously taught her anything. In fact we carefully refrained from doing so. How much was instinct, how much imitation, how much, if any, what we call "reason" I was never able to determine. One of her tricks that seemed to savor of reasoning was to wait until she saw me fully absorbed in writing, then light on my head and pull each hairpin out, flying off with almost a chuckle as the coiffure came tumbling down!

Leading a life of the utmost quiet and regularity, she hated the wind and a noise of any kind. The whistle of the passing boats startled her, the lawn mower made her nervous, and the carpet sweeper actually terrified her. Curiously enough she did not mind the typewriter at all, and would sit on my shoulder when I was at work and even perch on the carriage of the machine, not stirring when I pushed it over to begin a line. She was perfectly at home on my desk, biting the point of my pencil as I wrote, carrying off one by one my pens, my pins, my rubber bands, which she would play with by the hour, scattering them over the floor. One of her favorite occupations was to lift the lid of a silver stamp-box and abstract one by one the red stamps only, carrying them off in her beak, shaking them and picking them up again to see apparently if they were still sticky!

She was as companionable as a bird could possibly be, always chirping in answer to my call

except when mischievously hiding; she would play "peek-a-boo" around a vase on the mantel shelf with an apparent zest as keen as a child's, and the instant I stretched myself lazily on the *chaise-longue* with the newspaper, over would come Miss Nan to alight on its precarious edges, to nip out small pieces just for the fun of hearing it tear; or when brushed from that perch, fly to my head and once more gleefully rattle the hairpins to the floor. To drum on the fire-screen with her bill was another of her diversions, and to catch a stray fly on the window pane an unfailing pastime; a dead fly was no treat to her, but a live one she ate with relish.

She was shy with men but would go to most women, although she well distinguished the maid Kate and me. Colors she discerned, white clothes she infinitely preferred probably because she first became accustomed to them. It took me a long time to induce her to alight on my shoulder after I put on black. She displayed a fine taste for form, too; well acquainted as she was with my clumsy down wrapper she loathed it so that she would not come near it. Big bulky objects frightened her, and when Kate would enter the room carrying many gowns over her arm or a petticoat held aloft, Nan would fly to the farthest corner. The disorder of packing distressed her, she would dash back and forth across the room in such a

panic of fear that we had to move the trunks into another apartment.

But what kind of a bird was this wonder, this sensitive being, this petted darling of the household? In utter ignorance the first day or two I had visions of wild canaries, orioles, or even thrushes, but in this respect I was doomed to disappointment. A week after Nan came to us another more developed fledgling fell in exactly the same spot on the brick terrace. Our suspicions grew stronger. Making a more vigilant search we extracted at last from under the eaves a familiar-looking mass of hay and feathers; it was the nest, still full, alas! of English sparrows. Three days after Nan's arrival I had noticed at my window the most beautifully marked English sparrow and on the fourteenth day a female bird also visited the screen. An imaginative person could make quite a tale from these happenings. It really looked as if the birds were examining the surroundings of their lost child and asking of her condition. They well might reason: "Here are some incomprehensible beings who shoot our kind, and yet if a baby bird falls into their care they cannot do too much for it. If they like one so much, probably two won't come amiss." So they pushed another one out of the nest. Of course I do not say they reasoned thus but that is the way it seemed.

"What are you going to do with her?" asked my

friends as the summer waned and autumn winds arose. Poor Nan who nestled at my throat, who ate daintily from my lips, who trusted us—could we turn her out into the cold world? Perhaps in the city, where scores of her kind lived in the vines about the house, she might be freed.

So when we closed the country house early in November, Nan was placed in her cage, carefully covered and carried to town by motor. How she rebelled at being confined in the daytime! How she hated the rushing wind and the noise of the machine! She cried until exhausted, refusing to eat or stay on her perch, clinging to the sides of the cage and snapping at any finger or food that came within reach. At noon, when we stopped by the wayside for luncheon, we tried uncovering the cage; but to see us sitting free in the out-of-doors only added insult to her injured feelings and she threw herself from swing to floor and back again until we were forced to cover the cage.

It took her nearly a week to grow accustomed to her new room in the city, and although we placed her bath and food and cage near the open window, she only went to them when forced to by her needs, always perching as far from that window as possible. To be sure it was cold weather but to that she had been gradually inured; quantities of sparrows were flying and calling just outside, but she scorned to notice them. The city noises troubled

her, she sat morose and huddled on the gas fixture, responding in almost a timid manner to our advances. One afternoon before she was put in her cage for the night, she saw a flame come from that bright perch which she had chosen for her own; it is possible she may have brushed it with her wing, but never again could she be induced to perch on the brass tube, confining her excursions, when not on her food table to the tops of the picture frames. Could we force this tenderly nurtured creature to go out and battle for herself? Not in the winter's cold, at least.

When the spring sunshine began to warm the earth, it melted the cold heart of Nan the sparrow, and she became more sociable with the birds outside, frequenting the window where seed was spread for them, and finally lifting up her eager voice she chirped soft nothings to her kind. Day after day she spent upon the sill, pecking upon the screen and answering the chattering sparrows outside, until about the middle of April we opened the barrier, and in an unforgettable transport of joy our Nan flew away. Not far, however; for weeks afterward in the early morning she would come to the windowsill, where food was always kept for her, and call us in her own way. Once out in the yard Kate spoke to her, and she answered but did not come down; she had her own affairs to attend to now and had no time for us.

Her feathers were so glossy and fine and she was so beautifully marked that at first she was readily distinguished from the rank and file of city sparrows. Has she survived the summer? Has she forgotten us? Will she return to that familiar window when the winter winds blow keenly?

Only the future, that mysterious future which we are ever questioning, that future which holds within its shrouded depths our pleasures and our pains, that future which continually gives us new hope from day to day, holds the sequel to Nan's youth.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COUNTRY IN WINTER

To most of us swept along in the mad rush of city life the idea of the country in winter comes as an impossibility, unless presented under the guise of a large house party up for a week of sport. It seems to indicate a certain queerness, this desire to go up to a forlorn house in January, sometimes *alone*.

"What in the world do you do with yourself?" ask my inquisitive friends. "You certainly can't work in the garden at this time of the year. Aren't the days awfully long? Confess, don't you get lonesome? Some of them even add, "Aren't you afraid?"

I wonder if it is the contrariness of human nature that makes another's lot in life look so much more attractive than one's own. Or is it the mere fact that one *can* have all the diversions incidental to a gay social life that makes the peace of the country so desirable. I cannot tell; I have given up guessing; I merely state facts. I know that the thought of that silent house hidden away in the heart of the woods gives me longings unspeakable; that my spirit fairly sings within me

through all the discomforts of the dirty station and the ill-smelling, overheated trains; that the ride in the darkness on wheels or runners is filled with happy anticipations, and that once in the beloved home, all and more than my imagination could compass of peace and felicity has come to me.

The days, instead of being long, pass like a flying shuttle, and the early evening gives one more appreciation of the flames upon the hearthstone, the glowing light behind one, the cushioned *chaise-longue*, and an interesting tale. For in order fully to enjoy all one's pleasures one must not be prodigal, so I save my novels for the evening.

The simple fact of awakening in the morning at no especial time, with no appointments, is in itself so pleasing a feature of country life that I should think it would commend itself to all city folk. The utter ignoring of time, the scorn of man's invention, the obliteration of the passing moment, does it not bring us to a keener realization of the eternal? For it gives one an indescribable sense of restfulness with which to begin the day's doings.

"But in the middle of winter when the ground is covered with snow, surely you can't find anything to do in the country then?" I look pityingly at my triumphant inquisitor. Shall I try to explain the daily changing beauty of the winter landscape, from the hoar frost which transforms my world into fairy-land, through brilliant sunrises and more

gorgeous sunsets, through cloud effects of startling grandeur to that first wet snow which, clinging to every crevice, gives a new contour to my familiar scenes?—when, after melting days of a singular softness, follow fierce gales and silent nights of severe cold, until one day the heavens open and let down myriads of starry crystals to cover the earth as with a garment. The long struggle of the lake against the ice king is over, with the thermometer at ten below zero for three nights; the ice is thick enough for sleighs and boats.

Now, indeed, is the country divine! In a cloudless sky without a breath of wind the sun rises, a globe of fire. Is this our sober, tangible, prosaic earth, this rich tangle of white-draped branches, this iridescent expanse of unsullied purity? Not a brown leaf stirs, not a sign of life anywhere. But wait! Is it a flutter of wings under that bush by the terrace? Is it "dee, dee" I hear close to my window?

I must hasten to spread my table, for I have left the withered geraniums in my window box to serve as a natural shelter against the rain or snow, and on the earth beneath I sprinkle the food for the birds—cracked corn and oats, crumbs and suet, birdseed and chopped nuts, to please all tastes. Nor do they need a second invitation. The chickadees look at me steadily and help themselves with dainty gusto, the nuthatches are a bit more

selfish, perhaps, but not terrifying to the juncos, who calmly stand their ground. When the nuthatch is storing his bit in the tree trunk, back comes Mr. Chickadee with his bewitching little song and eats his fill. As I sit at my desk, ostensibly writing, my eyes are within a foot of these exquisite creatures; and I may as well acknowledge here that their interesting actions do form a large part of my daily diversion. When the thermometer gets to zero and below, the nuthatch squats down, so that his feathers protect his feet; but the chickadee pecks away unconcernedly at the food held in his claw, no matter if the gale does blow his tiny feathers all awry.

A gorgeous blue jay at times appears on my south maple. He has doubtless noticed birds coming and going from my window: isn't there something for him, too? I have carefully refrained from putting whole nuts on this table, so as not to invite his lordly presence, but on the floor of the upstairs porch he spies his favorite food and darts to the jar, then to the railing with a peanut in his beak. Tucking it into a corner of the vine he is back for more; presently his mate follows him, and they take turns at their breakfast until the supply is exhausted. His blue coat with square insertions of white is dazzlingly bright against the snow; with his bayadere-striped tail, his black collar, and his haughty crest, he certainly cuts a dashing figure.

As the sun climbs higher the blueness of the snow remains in the long shadows, but the rest of the world has turned to rose. Each moment brings a different gradation of color. One cannot say more lovely, when all is so enchanting. Now the whole earth is sparkling with diamond dust. Of what use are words?

The temptation to gather a few of these snow effects is irresistible, and I sally forth with my kodak. In order to enjoy walking in the snow or rain a woman must have a special costume, so I have evolved one consisting of a *very* short skirt, high leggings, and old-fashioned "Arctic" overshoes; adding a long fur coat, a woolen hood, and gloves, I am absolutely protected and comfortable even with the thermometer below zero. Now I am free to tramp in the deepest drifts.

Not all the pleasure of kodaking consists in snapping the pictures; there is also that breathless moment when you unroll the film from the hidden tank and gaze anxiously at the results. Have you succeeded in getting what you wished? Has the whimsical lens preserved the charm of the picture which so fascinated you? This is generally a matter of degree and often gives you an opportunity to try again. The printing of these same square scenes furnishes employment for many an afternoon; and the cutting, pasting into albums, and dating keep one busy during many an evening.

Then, in this systematic household the films are also carefully indexed and put away in books especially prepared for them, so that at any time one can find a desired negative from the four or five thousand already taken by the "kodak fiend."

Not having yet attained to the level of that sublimated being, "Elizabeth," content with an apple and a few nuts, my contempt for time does *not* include the obliteration of the luncheon hour or, as we country people call it, the dinner hour. To this function one comes indeed with a glad heart, for by this time the morning paper from the near-by city and the mail have arrived. Before the open fire, a tiny table is spread, and one feeds the body and the mind at the same time. Just outside the window the hairy and the downy woodpeckers come to feast on the suet tied to the nearest tree, and the little brown creeper keeps up his interminable perambulations. Luncheon over, I sit down at my desk to write, for never is one so inclined to answer a letter as when it is first received. After business notes have been attended to, checks sent, invitations acknowledged, then the mind is free, and we turn to the absent friend. That record of experiences and interchange of thoughts between congenial minds which our modern methods of life tend to discourage—what a comfort to find leisure for their indulgence!

I have drawn my desk close to the window and am on guard over the birds' table; for those fat rascals, the squirrels, have discovered its attractions, and the moment I leave, one of them takes possession, sitting contentedly munching the cracked corn while his companions await their turn with more or less patience. How like children they act, peering from their coign of vantage on the gable, ignoring my menacing gestures! Leave the window box? Yes, if I insist; but the roof and the trees are theirs; and they leap from swaying branch to slippery shingles in conscious superiority. Why can they not be contented with the peanuts on their own table on the other side of the house? I shake my pen warningly at the gray scout on the maple tree winking his bead-like eyes, but the chickadees on the sill within two feet of that weapon go on placidly snatching their bit of nut one after another; even the nuthatch seems to understand that this violent language is not for him and whirs away only after securing the biggest piece on the table.

Of course, all days are not bright. Infinite variety is one of the charms of the country. In the city the weather is of small importance and scarcely influences our daily life, but in the country it decides it. Another phase of the world appears when the sky is gray after a warm night and much of the snow has vanished, when after an hour or

two of fine rain the air grows cold and frosty so that each trunk and twig and withered leaf is wrapped in a shining coat of ice. A soft haze blurs the opposite shore, and in this strange atmosphere distant objects acquire a curiously exaggerated aspect: two crows drinking at a spring near the island loom large as eagles, and the children's pony drawing their small cart schoolwards resembles a Normandy draft horse. The red Siberian dogwoods gleam like rubies, the orange-tinted willow becomes a topaz rare, and the drooping Forsythias are strung with diamond drops. And now the wind is rising to a gale. The thermometer drops to zero, the open water becomes ice, and the birds hide themselves in sheltered corners. The thrifty housewife devotes her fuel to keeping a few rooms comfortable, and even calks those blessed casements with cotton batting!

"Magnificent weather for ice-boating!" suggests the optimistic gardener. But I am content with less exciting pastimes. I feed the shivering birds, I feed the saucy squirrels, I feed the open fires, and between blasts I reflect on the beneficent qualities of this same Master Wind. From the ice-bound water come curious unearthly sounds, weird moanings, deep sighs, faint far-off groans and heavy boomings. Suddenly a distant sharp report comes nearer and nearer until with a roar the fissure splits almost at our feet and the ice edges

turn up in a double ridge. This ice is fully seven inches thick. What tremendous power thus disturbs it?

On such days I usually draw up a big chair in front of the fire and knit. Knitting seems to be such an appropriate work for the country—so old-fashioned and domestic, don't you know? One simply cannot imagine a modern club woman with a knitting bag on her arm! But in the country there is always a demand for mufflers, hoods, and little shawls for the use of guests—as occasionally friends do break away to spend a week-end with us, and my knitting bag is a resource when other pursuits might seem impolite. These little interruptions made by visitors are always welcome and are quite possibly the reason why I am so contented and do not have a chance to get lonely. At intervals, when absolute necessity arises, I do go to town.

Now the chief pleasure in going to town is the very early start one must make to catch the train. Those early rides across the ice by the light of the rising sun, the clean, crisp air in our faces, the musical bells a-tinkle, the swift, smooth motion over the level track—almost I am reconciled to the city journey. Even from the cars one may lose oneself in delighted contemplation of the landscape; for through the pale light of a fierce snowstorm, the undulating fields of stubble, the misty

marsh grasses with here and there a muskrat's hummock, the clustered haystacks beside the silo towers, the tiny villages and country roads, the long reaches of prairie are all transfigured.

Everywhere the trees show their real form; the fine curving young willows, the knotted and twisted oaks, the splendid sweep of the great elms, and the trim young fruit trees in even rows sharply contrasting with their older sisters farther on, who have developed each one according to her own individual and picturesque fashion. The slim Lombardy poplar looks like a visitor among the lindens and the maples. Here and there a few evergreens, pine and spruce, stand guard over a cozy farmhouse where an ancient apple tree still bears the rope swing of summer. The small waterways are frozen over, and the only signs of life are in the companies of sociable crows spreading their wide wings and cawing cheerfully.

And then the return at night! How wonderful the ride through the blackness of unlighted country highways, the horses trotting briskly until we turn into our own almost unbroken road. Here they feel their way through the deep snow more slowly, for the windings are only outlined here and there by heaps of half-sawn timber and bundles of fagots ready for the carrier's cart. How long it seems before the lights of the big house shine forth a cheery welcome and we are home again!

Next morning the delicate tracery of the forest is blurred by the finest of gently falling snows, the wind is still sleeping and we are enclosed in a white, soft world. This is the snow which our grandfathers loved, the sticky, persistent snow; the good old-fashioned snow which covers the earth with a blanket, protecting precious wild growths and filtering through the ground, replenishes hidden springs, thus ensuring us a prosperous summer. Does one ever outgrow the fun of being out in a snowstorm? Not I!

> Who loveth the snow
> The jolly old heart of winter shall know.
> Who braveth the wind
> A savor of life in its breath shall find.
> Who cherisheth neither fear nor grudge
> Right merrily on his way shall trudge.

Bundled up in our comfortable old "togs" we set out to visit "Ciscoville." This is the collection of huts on the ice where each ardent fisherman sits in solitary state beside his tiny stove and watches two lines in a watery trench cut in the floor of his abode. Perch also may be caught here during the winter and even now and then a pickerel; but the main industry is securing that formerly rare and dainty morsel, the cisco. Deep down in the very depths of the lake lingers this species of herring, and to lure him to the surface a pail of minnows is thrown into the water; attracted by their gleaming

bodies the cisco rises lazily, but instead of pursuing the minnow, stupidly seizes the bright bead on the end of a line and eagerly swallows it. The lines vary in length from ten to forty feet, and by law only two are allowed in each house. Besides a door these tar-paper dwellings have two windows, also prescribed by law, in order that the inspector may be able to investigate at his pleasure. Some days the catch will amount to three hundred fish, at others only a dozen or so. Formerly the cisco could be caught only in June, when the gnat known as the "cisco fly" abounded; the fish coming to the surface to indulge in this luxury were caught in quantities, but now owing to the winter sport the supply in June is limited.

Sometimes this little village of "Ciscoville" consists of forty houses huddled at picturesque angles about the desirable localities with a stray sentry or two some distance away. I rubbed my eyes one morning as I looked out on the lake. Where was my fishing village? Had the ice opened in the night and swallowed it? Or was the mischievous snow-squall hiding it? Or had I only dreamed that a curious industry once flourished there? None of these things. The school of fish had departed, and the whole village after it. By man power and by horse power the small houses had been pulled along on their wooden runners to a more auspicious camp behind a projecting point.

A forest of upstanding stakes marked the deserted openings already coating over with thin ice, and the noise of sawing was heard in the distance where the blocks of ice were being turned over, thereby opening a way for the fisherman's lines in the floor of his hut.

Even in winter many and various are the pictures framed in the upright panels of my windows. To be sure the *mise en scène* remains the same, but the effects are always altering. Besides the changing lights there is usually enough of life to bring a sensation of pleasure. It is the small things, after all, which stand ever ready to interest us if we only can perceive them.

That muscular figure skating in long easy strides across the bay, pushing before him a sled heaped with bulging bags, little recks he of my appreciation. He is carrying provisions to the fisherman's hut just off the shore. But the result reminds one of an old Dutch painting in cool grays. What is that curious mode of locomotion just appearing out of the haze from the opposite shore? A man is standing on a low sled and pushing himself along by means of a stake furnished with a spike in the end. It would seem like slow work, but he gets over the ice at quite a good pace, and I suppose it must be easier than walking on that slippery surface. Another inventive genius sits upon his sled and propels it with *two* spiked broomsticks.

Flashing across the landscape with dazzling sail and shining spars, glides a small ice boat with its merry crew of two. Back and forth it tacks and turns, keeping a keen outlook for the water holes. From my cozy corner I contemplate it with delight, and am grateful to the unconscious merrymakers for giving me so agreeable a prospect.

Who without experience could believe that the small wooden triangle with its steel runners and its two sails, could hold within its narrow quarters such possibilities of pleasure, such keen delight, such excitement, and such danger? The first day that we had our new ice-boat, the air came in mild, irregular puffs, which made it doubtful whether we could go out at all; and when we did venture in sheer inability to wait longer, a large part of the going was furnished by the long legs of our skipper!

"Perhaps tomorrow," he encouraged us. And when the wild geese passed in the early twilight, chattering with the same effect as an afternoon tea, our one thought was the country saying, "That means a storm."

Sure enough, before the dawn came, not a rain storm, nor a snowstorm, but a windstorm of terrific violence. The wind was not cold, as it came from the south; the trees oozed moisture, the eaves dripped, and the surface of the lake shone as if with water. The skaters rejoiced in this

change, for it meant a smooth glare when the frost came; and the hockey-players shook their sticks gleefully, and the ice-boat enthusiast felt herself aquiver with the coming sport.

Clothing for ice-boating resembles an aeroplane costume, for every garment must be warm and close, with no loose ends for the wind to seize. Gingerly we step on the "deck" of the shivering craft, quickly we lie at full length, the fur robes tucked snugly about us; with cushions under elbows and with heads lightly raised we must bear likeness to turtles. "Ready?" sings out the captain, and "Ready," comes our muffled response. Then a moment of suspense as the sail swings into the breeze; we are off, whizzing away to the end of the lake. I confess I ducked and shut my eyes tight in that first breathless moment, the rushing ice is close to one's clasping fingers, the fierce gale is humming in one's ears, the taut sail is snapping; but when at last I dare to look, the speed seems less terrifying, and I begin to enjoy the thrill of rapid motion. "What are we going to do now?" I gasp as the shore looms threateningly before us. Nearer and nearer comes that sandy bluff, larger and larger grow those forest trees, and still our speed continues. "Shall we crash headlong into it?" Even beneath my close-fitting aviator's cap my hair begins to stand on end. "Is there anybody at the helm? Where is the captain? Why doesn't

he turn around?" I hold my breath for the crash which seems unescapable, when—lightly as a bird the boat swings around on the homeward tack for further races with the startled crows.

Now comes the January thaw, that singular interval of warmth when the air is hushed and the sky is gray, and when the whole feeling of the atmosphere is one of expectancy. Will it snow? Will it rain? Will the sun shine? Will the north wind blow? But for days the aspect does not vary, the thermometer lingering between 25 and 35. At night the trees are black against the remnants of melting snow and the grass is positively green in spots where it peeps through. But in the morning another world appears. That dew of winter, the hoar frost, has not only outlined every living thing with its white fingers, but changed the most sordid and ugly objects into things of beauty. The brown burlap over the terrace wall is transformed into cloth of silver; and even the straw of the fertilizer has become a fine metallic network.

An enchanted forest! Under a gray sky in absolute stillness the rain of the night has frozen in drops on each horizontal spray. One fears to move lest the illusion vanish. The ground undulates beneath the mystic trees, seeming to rise imperceptibly almost as the forest deepens. Faint purples and brownish pinks are in the depths all lightly touched with silver. Here is another

unexpected picture. Did someone say that the winter landscape was monotonous? Did I hear that the winter sights were always about the same? So I supposed in my ignorance, and this joy of discovery fills me with new appreciation. I must get nearer, I must go out into that mysterious woodland and look up through those shining branches and feel the crusted tree trunks and hear the birds a-calling.

In every country house there should be at least one bedroom with a fireplace; if a big one, so much the better. There is so much companionship, so much room for the imagination, so much soothing diversion in watching a wood fire. Each log has its individuality, its responsibility, each one can so plainly help or hinder the good work. We have even evolved a new way to build our open fires. The back log must of course be in its proper position close against the bricks with the ashes piled up underneath it, making a bed only an inch or two below the andirons. This ash bed is an important point and often difficult to carry out on account of the slowness with which the ashes accumulate and their desirability for the garden. After the back log and the front log have been separated some three inches and a newspaper crushed into the space, a block house of twelve-inch sticks is laid upon the paper, topped by a story of kindling. Instead of the kindling a huge bundle of fagots

may be used greatly to the onlooker's delight. Now we are ready for the match. A line of smoke curls upward at either end and almost instantaneously bursts into flame, which, rising, catches the upper kindling, and the whole construction is alight. As the small sticks are consumed, their hot ashes fall upon the bigger sticks, which in their turn heat and light the logs, so that there is always a red bed of coals, and consequently no smoking or lack of flame.

How pleasing to the eye as well as to our other senses is this glowing picture! Here is the beauty of unceasing transmutation. What is this flame that dazzles us with its nameless colors, its fantastic forms, its quivering variations? We watch it hovering above the wood and lo! it is not. Where has it gone, this gaseous bit of vapor, this part of the sun which cheers us when that mighty orb is hidden? Have you not noticed how feebly a fire burns if the sun's rays strike the flame?

Now the back log has assumed a mottled, soft gray surface edged with a darker hue, against which lean crackling, red-streaked fragments. The fore log is a jagged bar of black against the bed of coals; and growing thinner as the fire progresses, at last it splits and falls apart. Leaping across the breach thus made, the playful flames rise in a burst of joy as if released from long imprisonment. But the minutes pass, and the back log begins to glow

in shimmering waves of light, tipped by ghostly violet fingers. Now the helpful friend who has been shelling nuts for the chickadees rises and shakes her apron into the warm gray mass. Instantly a merry flame lights up the farthest corner of the room, and within its warm embrace a log is placed. Tiny fiery sprites run up and down the smooth birch-bark emitting little cries of glee, showers of sparks fly up the chimney breast, and all the soft gray coals are once more molten gold.

As the day draws to its close and the shadows of twilight deepen, the glow of light upon the hearth becomes more precious. Now is the time for a back log fresh from the forest with all its sap intact. No dashing display here, but a steady attention to the important task of keeping those smoldering ashes alive and sending out friendly heat. For hours it will last, gently simmering and sizzling with a low, contented murmur which leads one from tranquillity to sleep.

Part Three

OUR FINAL AIM

SHRUBBERY FROM THE UPPER PORCH

Part Three

OUR FINAL AIM

CHAPTER I

WILD GARDENING

The snow still lies in shady places, the trees are still leafless, but the air has a peculiar aroma and the robins have come, for this is early April. Within the wood, the leaf mould is throbbing, little by little the clustered stems of the hepaticas are thrusting their furry buds to the light; they only await the first day of sunshine to open their starry petals, rose, lilac and white. What if the snow returns, what though the winds of winter blow,—they pull their furry hoods about them and bend their heads to the freezing gale. They know the sun will shine again and the air be soft and warm; then they will once more delight our eyes, clothing the brown slopes with gleaming clusters and forming fairy circles about the friendly tree trunks. With what joy we greet these first flowers of the Springtime! Only the snow drops in

scattered colonies have preceded them, but we know from this time on, each week will bring its own surprise, each day its added beauty.

The curiously curled leaves of the bloodroot unfurl surrounding their ivory-like blossoms: we roam from dell to hillside trying to decide where they grow the largest and best. The Jack-in-the-Pulpit with his lush leaves, the Spring beauties by hundreds, the nodding anemones and the delicate umbels of the wild onion,—these April flowers cover the earth with a mantle of loveliness. I wonder if we half appreciate the beauty of the much abused dandelion as it adds its glowing masses to our Spring landscape, the buttercups and marsh marigolds carry this brilliant color down to the water's edge, and in the woods, the yellow violets and the bellwort repeat the golden note. The grass is vividly green and certain years are memorable for the blossoming of the forsythias, thus forming a splendid color scheme. In this climate of Wisconsin, the forsythias only bloom well about once in five years as the late frosts usually nip the buds.

Before the April flowers go, the May apples lift their umbrella leaves with the trilliums and wild columbine and the camassia, which is so like a ragged hyacinth, the white toothwort, the showy orchid and the lady's slipper, the Virginia bluebells with their pink buds and pendent flowers, the red and white bane-berries, the blue-berried sarsapa-

rilla, not to omit the ever-blooming yellow sorrel and the golden puccoon which deserves to be better known.

The manner in which these plants push their leaves above the soil is very interesting; the May apple leaf is folded like an umbrella and forces the round knob, the centre of the leaf, through the brown earth; the bloodroot leaf is curled around its stem so that the point of the stem comes first; the fern is coiled like a spiral spring so that the brunt of the pushing comes comparatively near the root. The Solomon's Seal is a solid green spike from which the leaves separate some time after the stem attains its growth. Perhaps we know more of these first plants of the year because they are more conspicuous above the brown leaf mould, later on the number and variety overwhelm us and we only watch the blossoms.

How wonderful the trees, too, are at this season! The pussy willows are gone but the maples and the oaks, the wild plum and the crab, the choke cherry and the thorn make the world a gladsome spectacle in this merry month of May.

The Japanese use their gardens as places for contemplation. They rest there. Would it not be wise for us to learn from them how to take a certain satisfaction in just gazing at our exquisite flowers, our splendid shrubs, our noble trees? Why not let this Heaven-given beauty sink into our hearts, become

a very part of us so that we may go forth out of the garden refreshed in spirit, reborn in vitality.

One of the great charms in garden making is the appeal to the imagination, the visualizing of new effects and combinations. No matter how many years one works, one is never satisfied, always there is something just beyond. If I were painting the portrait of a true garden lover, I should depict her gazing at her exquisite flowers with a brooding expression, a divine discontent; one could almost hear her say: "Next year I must move that——" or "Next year I am going to try this——." For the most fascinating garden ever known, the triumph of perfection, the joy of joys is the "next year" garden.

One evening as I turned eagerly those pages of brilliant products, that blending of Literature and Art, usually called a seed catalogue, I discovered hidden under their long Latin names many an old friend of field and forest. For our wild flowers are beginning to be appreciated; their variety in color and form and their easy cultivation make them favorites wherever they are grown. What more appealing than a bed of wood violets? What more dazzling than a mass of blackeyed Susans? What flowers more fragrant and curious than the milkweeds? What more delicate than the Virgin's bower and the wild grape bloom?

Why not combine these plants in a border,—or more daring still, in a series of borders—with paths,

forming a square or oblong or formal garden? Could this be done successfully using *only* the wild flowers? Think how little care such a garden would require! No turning of the earth in Autumn, no planting in the Springtime! Would it be possible to get a succession of bloom? Would the borders grow brown as the plants ripened? Could it be kept fairly trim and neat?

It would be so interesting a problem to work out; a record should be kept of failures as well as successes; and the cost of soil, fertilizers, seeds and plants carefully noted. Once finished, it should be good for many years if it were given even ordinary attention.

A soil heavy enough to retain moisture with a covering of perhaps two inches of leaf mould would produce the most satisfactory results. On this leaf mould, the seeds should be sprinkled, just raking them in deep enough so that the wind will not blow them away. This should be done in the Fall, the natural season. A light covering of leaves or slough hay would be advisable as our climate is very severe. The ripened plants should be left in the garden each winter so that they may deposit their own fruits as many wild flowers are biennial. This process from seed to blossom demands the quality of patience, as during the first year the garden would be merely a study in green! The second season, however, should amply reward one with its lavish wealth of bloom.

An ideal situation would be one with full South exposure but protected on the North by trees or buildings. Take for example, the space covered by our own little garden, 50 x 60 feet, and plant wild flowers in wide borders on either side, grass through the centre and native ferns across the end, surrounding an oblong cement pool perhaps with boulders to disguise it and make shallow bathing places for the birds.

Although this garden must be open to the sun, it should be enclosed in some way, either by a hedge, a trellis or wall and this should not be more than four feet in height. Desirable shrubs to place on the outside of this barrier are the native spikenard with its attractive berries, the wychhazel that blooms in October, the hobble-bush pleasing in both flower and fruit, the prickly gooseberry whose foliage is admirable for cutting and the hazelnut which attains such exquisite colors in the Fall. These are all to be found in our wild woods. I do not include the elderberry in this list, as it would come anyway if there were a bush within two hundred feet. It is a beautiful shrub in leaf, in flower, in fruit and most beautiful of all, certainly most unusual in effect when the birds having eaten all the berries, the rich claret-colored flower stems stand in flat clusters above the pale green leaves.

Think how charming the borders of this garden would be composed of alternate plants of hepaticas

and violets! This would ensure bloom for two months and a good green edging for the rest of the season. This border could be straight or curving as one preferred; personally, I like the straight line best to begin with, as Nature would vary it agreeably and one could let the plants grow over the grass as they liked. Beginning with ten feet in width, the border in a few years would probably grow to twelve or fourteen feet, but even then the grassy space would be sufficient.

Back of the hepaticas and violets could be planted Spring beauties, bellwort and toothwort, the seeds all mixed together giving the same effect as when they are seen in the woods; then in the third line bloodroot and columbine could alternate. The finely cut foliage of the columbine would conceal the yellowing leaves of the bloodroot in the late summer. In the fourth line the false and the real Solomon's Seal, the blue vervain, the showy and fragrant milkweeds, the Canadian anemone, the loosestrife and blazing star and the evening primrose would lift the color to a higher level. The purple and yellow coneflowers would make the fifth line gay combined with the figwort and the bergamot, the tall blue bellflower which grows so abundantly here, the boneset and the Joe Pye weed, the Cardinal flower with its cousin the giant lobelia and many kinds of aster to form a feathery undergrowth and a cloud of delicate bloom. This scheme of

planting ensures great variety of foliage as well as of flowers. I am a bit cautious with scarlet blossoms, like the bee balm for example, but the Cardinal's wands would never grow in masses. Lifted singly here and there in this rich border, they might give a gay note which would be truly welcome. Beyond against the wall, the gorgeous yellow flowers of Fall should come, the blackeyed Susans and the yellow daisies, the sneezeweed and the many varieties of sunflowers, the white lettuce with its fairy bells and the giant meadow rue. The goldenrod is a tempting flower and now that it is cleared of any suspicion in regard to hay fever, one may enjoy to the utmost its many manifestations. I am avoiding the Latin names, but, for the botanist, they are noted in the index.

In late August and September appear two of the most delightful wild flowers that we have, the easiest to grow and excellent for cutting; these are the brilliant orange Rudbeckia triloba which I am sorry to say has no common name; and the Eupatorium ageratoides which you may call "white snakeroot" if you prefer. These should have plenty of room in the back of the border, although they will not confine themselves to a spot of your choosing; each year they will wander forth on an exploring expedition and rest wheresoever the spirit moves them. Like lovable spoiled children, they need strict supervision.

Could any flower be more exquisite than Queen Anne's lace? Whether it would submit to cultivation could only be learned by experiment. The white flowering spurge which also grows in such abundance by the roadside would be an enchanting flower to mix with the columbine leaves as its blossoms come after the columbines go. This list does not pretend to be a complete one—it is merely suggestive, something to go on from; doubtless each one will think of other favorites that I have not mentioned.

Wild roses and lilies I have purposely left out of the border. Roses must always have a space apart and all the nourishment that the soil affords. In the language of the nursery man, they are "hearty feeders"; they brook no rivals in their domain. Lilies last such a short time and ripen off so quickly that they soon become unsightly; if planted in low saucers or long boxes, they can be placed in any spot one likes, on either side of low benches, on the steps, by the gateway or even so that the blossoms peer over the wall; they then can be easily removed when they have finished blooming.

I have reluctantly omitted from this list of wild flowers one which is generally considered undesirable but which forms a beautiful combination with the blackeyed Susans. This is the common thistle. Properly restrained, I am sure it would give a picturesque note to any corner. The wild grape,

too, in this limited space is tabooed. It would take far too much of one's time to keep it within bounds.

If your wild flower borders are inclined to look stiff and formal at first, you may be positive that this condition will not last, for by the third or fourth season, unconventionality will have crept in and the effect will be novel and pleasing; suppose long blades of grass peep over the shoulders of the blue lobelia, or climb to the top of the blazing star; suppose the yellow sorrel strays beyond its boundaries as it is sure to do, even suppose the dandelion elects to visit spots where you really wouldn't have placed it. As far as possible, let Nature alone in her riotous blending. A certain amount of judicious weeding must be done, however, to preserve the more delicate plants from extinction. There is a blackeyed Susan, or has she yellow eyes? Anyway she has a very greedy disposition and would soon possess the earth, without discreet repression.

At the far end of the garden from among the low boulders, the ferns should rise; they would need only three feet of space and would stay within their limits. No plant requires so little attention or appears with such regularity or flourishes so unfailingly as our native fern. Low meadow rue beside the pool and an occasional blue flag with possibly a water lily would add to the wild effect here.

The entrances to a garden of this character should be carefully studied in relation to the

surroundings. Wide steps could lead into it; or a gateway with two low benches one on either side; or one end could be finished with a curved settee, an umbrella and a table. The Virginia creeper and the Virgin's bower are adorable for clambering over gateposts and covering any otherwise bare spaces. The nearer the house the garden is placed, the more constantly one may enjoy it and a window overlooking it would be a continual delight.

By October, the garden has a new aspect with its changing leaves, its berries and the infinite variety of its seedpods. The late Professor Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum thinks that the proper way to raise all plants and even trees is from *seed*. What could be more entertaining than to go forth along the roadsides and the railway embankments, through the swamps and into the woods to gather the seeds of those marvellous flowers that we have watched from the speeding motor or from the rushing train: the blue chicory, the pink phlox, the shooting stars, the butter and eggs, the bouncing bets,—who do you suppose named these flowers?

The Michigan Agricultural Experiment Station has published two bulletins on Michigan weeds and their seeds are so clearly described and illustrated that any tyro could easily identify his specimen.

From childhood, I have always been interested in seeds. Of course only a specialist, given merely the seeds, would be able to name any plant; but

some of their forms are so characteristic that the knowledge once acquired cannot be forgotten. The dancing maple samara, the plumed seed of the milkweed, the turtle-shaped seed of the wild carrot, the tooth-crowned fruit of the chicory, the flat jointed green "ticks" of the desmodiums, the hooked burrs of the bed-straw, the feathered parachutes of the dandelion, most of us know full well; but the winged seeds of aster and goldenrod, of ironweed and blue lettuce are harder to identify. It requires a microscope to properly appreciate the extraordinary antics of the equisetum spores,—I have heard it called the horse's tail or scouring grass. Many seeds instead of dancing away at the first frost cling closely to the parent stalk until the winter winds gradually dislodge them; then the snowy meadows are spread with a rich harvest for the collector. A handful of this powder gathered at random will reveal, under a magnifying glass, marvellous shapes and qualities. "It was Darwin, I believe," this is a quotation from Wm. Hamilton Gibson, "who coaxed quite a number of foreign plants from the dirt scraped from the foot of a migrating wild duck."

Why not interest children in seeds? Let them draw half a dozen, then plant them in his or her own particular plot to await future developments. Do you remember those kindergarten verses beginning:

"Little brown seed, oh! little brown brother,
  Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other;
  Hark to the song of the lark —
'Waken! the lark says, 'waken and dress you,
  Put on your green coats and gay.
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
  'Waken! 'tis morning — 'tis May.
Little brown seed, oh! little brown brother,
  What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white like my mother;
  Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
  When you've grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
  Little brown brother, goodbye."

CHAPTER II

TERRACE HAPPENINGS

When the war came, we shut down our glass houses for the winter and with few exceptions gave away our tender plants. Those gorgeous great hibiscus on the south terrace were presented to a friend who could protect them. The osmanthus or nandina from Japan went south to a more congenial clime. But the cryptomeria—(one does grow fond of individual plants, the more care, the more pleasure) that cryptomeria which with such solicitude I brought from the forests of Nara a baby seedling, scarcely two inches high in a pot the size of a thimble and then packed in a wee basket to carry on my finger! Hung beneath the swaying lamp in my cabin during that long rough voyage across the misnamed Pacific, suspended on a hook in the railroad compartment across the continent, anxiously watched and religiously watered each day,—what satisfaction to deposit it safely in its new home with apparently undiminished vigor! It soon developed new "needles" and demanded larger quarters. On the terrace, it spent long summer days and when the frosts threatened, it was placed in the glass house until Spring again. It was

amusing to watch its growth. Each year another size receptacle until from the tiny thimble jar to the great tub that two men with difficulty carried, it attained a height and width that required larger quarters. So the South Park Board of Chicago with its high conservatories now shelter it and we go occasionally to admire its splendid growth and renew old acquaintanceship. We did have some of its children on the place raised from seed but they too had to be relinquished and went to make some other estate interesting.

These we gave up with some regret, but the jasmine, the fragrant white jasmine was a real loss. Fortunately, when the cruel days of war were over, we were able to gather together some new plants of our favorite and now it blooms all summer 'neath my window as of yore.

The salmon geraniums and impatiens sultana we board out with a neighboring florist and the last week in March, we prepare the greenhouse for their reception and for the flats of vegetable seeds and the few necessary annuals. The sun by this time is hot enough to slightly force the tomatoes and the cucumbers with the addition of a small fire at night to take off the chill. Here, too, four varieties of lilies are started and make their growth. Planted in boxes four feet long of terra cotta or wood stained brown, or even plain cement, and placed in turn along the one hundred and twenty feet of

sunny brick terrace, they form an effective decoration for many weeks. This seems an ideal manner in which to enjoy lilies as when the bloom is over the ripening plants may be removed. Even on the terrace, we have to guard our lilies from the chipmunks who not only dig down for the bulbs, but actually eat off the blossom at the base where I presume some sweet must be secreted. We tried cayenne pepper plentifully sprinkled on the soil to discourage the beasties, but they only wiped their noses vigorously with their paws and went on digging. Then we called mothballs to our aid, the most powerful scented. That did seem to discourage them, also it aroused intense amusement among amateurs who asked wonderingly about the new fertilizer!

By the middle of May, the royal procession of lilies begins, led by the umbellatum elegans. With what sturdy strength they bear their open blooms that look up to the sky! Great chalices of orange shading to velvety crimson, they repeat the tones of the goldfish swimming lazily near. All this splendor is the result of a few plants given to our gardener's wife by a lady living on the shores of Lake Mendota where, with all the advantages of sunshine and moisture, they have still one more that is important. Evidently no preying rodents with a taste for bulbs live there. We give her thanks each recurring Springtime.

When these gorgeous blossoms have finished adding to the beauty of the world, their places are taken by the Hansonii variety also from Japan but smaller and more delicate in coloring. Its orange cups are marked with purple spots and it bears some resemblance to our native lilies.

The white giant longiflorum next brings its note of contrast to the terrace, so chaste, so consecrated, so rich in associations!

At the same time comes the spider lily sent by a dear friend from the southland where, incredible as it may seem, it grows wild along the wayside. We are never tired of watching its long petals spring open and the web-like centre unfold. Now, too, arrives the royal lily (regalis) from China, one of the great gifts that the Arnold Arboretum has brought to our country and distributed to the world. Its pink bud with the ivory striped cup and lemon throat, its fragrance and hardiness, make it a general favorite. We have raised about five hundred plants from seed and they multiply and increase in the most friendly manner. Poor soil and no care is what they demand.

When we have reluctantly said goodbye to this most exquisite flower, the old garden lilies of our grandmothers are ready to appear, those tiger lilies whose color blends so perfectly with the trumpet blossoms on the pillars of the porch close by.

The three hemerocallis, the fulva and flava and

Thunbergii are blooming until the Fourth of July and come into the house for the vases; the wild lilies, superbum and Canadense appear in the woods during July through the shrubbery, and in all sorts of unexpected places, growing to the incredible height of eight and nine feet with whorls of blooms eight to fifteen on a stalk. These we cannot bear to cut, but take our best friends to discover them where they gleam in the forest. The Philadelphicum has been a fickle visitor, but we are hoping that our last acquisition from a very kind friend will prove permanent. Perhaps it demands a more acid soil than we have given it.

One more lily brings joy to our hearts, the lycoris squamigera, a kind of amaryllis. It is an odd leafless lily,—I shall never forget my first sight of it. Solitary and stripped, it looked as if it needed mothering, for the leaves come in May and then die down completely and disappear, while the flower stalk, like asparagus, comes alone through the bare earth in August. We tried planting it beside low barberry bushes and among tall phlox, but the most successful effect was giving it a bare spot by white artemisia.

As various weeds appeared, we let them stay and when the lilies did arrive, a host of fleabane and blue campanula and yellow triloba and more leafy stalks made a colorful forest for the rosy lilac of the lycoris. The blue green leaves of the iris accentuate their color and combined with the wild

flowering spurge in a rose color shell, they make a charming table decoration.

It is surprising what a variety of harmonious effects one can get with these long flower boxes placed at intervals on the south terrace. One week the outlook is gorgeous with orange lilies, the next it is fairy-like with dancing columbines, again it is heavenly blue with Chinese larkspur and morning glories or chaste with Easter lilies. Old fashioned fuchsias add their graceful outlines and brilliant colors to the green terrace and where fuchsias are, the humming birds assemble. In June, we even cut quantities of the yellow lysimachia punctata to fill short terra cotta boxes that rest below the dog-trot windows; standing in wet sand, they last for many days and are replaced by gladioli in July and August; later on with wild asters or rudbeckias, and finally with the berries of Autumn. It is an easy and effective manner to arrange flowers and the appearance is so natural as if growing that I wonder more people do not adopt it. We do plant many of the annuals in this way so it appears as if gay colonies from the formal garden had wandered up to the very windows of the big house to make friends with the birds and other occupants. Dull green Chinese bowls of blue petunias or the pansy like torenias add variety to the terrace flora, and after the lilies have departed, tuberoses lend their fragrance and rosy balsams recall the gardens of long ago.

From the middle of June until frost, the heavenly blue morning glory planted in tubs and trained on six-foot trellises comes to the terrace for the admiration of each new visitor. I believe 134 blossoms one morning is our largest harvest, and of course, as a rule, they close at noon, but if the day is dull, they seem to feel it their duty to enliven it so they stay open until three or even four o'clock. The blue of the flower is even more effective in this gray light than in the brilliant sunshine. We have discovered that we can keep these flowers open all day by picking them early in the morning, *searing* the stems and putting them in water. It is intensely interesting to watch the delicate bell gradually fold inwards so slowly that one cannot actually see it move as it takes four hours to completely close.

Of the original planting over the low terrace wall, only the clematis both native and Japanese remains. The sweet scented honeysuckle proved too delicate for our severe climate, the roses were removed to the upper garden by themselves, the spiræa Van Houttei demanded a place apart, so at the end of the lawn it flourishes in abundance, the Indian currant became straggly, the forsythia outgrew all limits, the privet climbed to heights undreamed of, and the Hercules Club was too thorny for close companionship. In their place, the Japanese barberry invites the birds, the hydrangea arborescens flourishes even under the maple tree,

clumps of peonies give color in June after the tulips have gone and many wild flowers have selected this sunny plaisance for their home.

The leatherwood promised to stay low and its early flowering made it agreeable. A curious quality of its leaves conserves the water on them long after it has dropped away from near-by shrubs; is this caused by a glandular secretion which mixes with the water and prevents it from evaporating quickly? Whatever the cause, the effect is fairy-like as the light shining through these dewdrops forms a wonderful iridescence. Between these two leatherwoods is crowded a Hugonis rose. All, when put there, were harmonious and in proportion, but one leatherwood is coming out this Fall, transplanted to a larger field, and then the rose will have the room it needs to expand. With the native helenium autumnale, we have introduced its charming hybrid Riverton Gem, dark crimson in color and blooming at the same time.

Four weeds, real weeds have to be continually eliminated from this border: nettles, bindweed, sweet cicely and a plant whose leaves so exactly resemble a species of sunflower that I have to wait until the tiny white flowers appear in order to root it out. Its name is imposing, deringa Canadense, and its seeds are sharp enough to be used as pins. I am sure Mother Eve fastened her first fig leaf with them.

One year, when the trumpet vine, resenting the rebuilding of the porch, died back to the ground, we did permit the bindweed to keep the akebia company around the trumpet vine's heavy trunk. Anything to make that corner green was our motto. From the railing on the upper porch, it soon waved its banners of seeds. Never had it found such encouragement. The effect from a distance was not bad, it was certainly green, but the face of the professional gardener on perceiving it was a study! "Do you know what you are encouraging there?" he severely demanded. "Yes, but just for this year," we explained. He smiled grimly. "Let us hope so" was his cryptic response, and I know now what he meant, for we have dealt with those millions of seeds ever since.

The window boxes on the south terrace are still filled with that exquisite salmon pink geranium, Mrs. E. G. Hill. We have never found any plant more thoroughly satisfactory. In the north window boxes we set out quantities of maiden hair fern some time in May. This grows in quivering masses unfolding month by month its graceful whorls until late Fall when we return it to the forest. Anyone who has ever tried to photograph a maiden hair knows that it is never still, it is like the aspen leaf, it waits not for the wind but of its own volition trembles in ecstasy. We remember the motion pictures of growing plants that Mr. Pillsbury

photographed; although in a closed room, they quivered and shook with inherent energy.

Why should a lawn be eternally green? We looked out one morning on an Oriental carpet of white clover, blue self-heal and yellow buttercups! But this bringing the wilderness into the midst of civilization proved too much for the conventional mind. The lawn mower was commanded at once. *I* like variety, but of course I accept the judgment of the wise.

The determination of plants to blossom, to form seed, to perpetuate their kind! Escaping from Europe, this self-heal has now made the entire journey across this continent under anything but favorable conditions, hunted and pursued, over broad rivers, climbing mountain ranges, through all diversities of climate, to emerge triumphant on the Pacific coast. I am expecting to hear of its arrival in Australia at any moment. Is persistence alone the secret of success?

How proud we are of the three trees that still guard the house on the south! The maple and the elm on either end of the terrace, and the maple on the western corner that has to be shorn of its lower limbs so frequently but that spreads out over the roof with all the more of vigor and majesty. I suppose it portended something dire, but one morning in August, I awoke to a new spectacle. The elm tree beside my south window was entirely draped

with tiny cobwebs, each faint thread outlined in dewy drops and shining with rainbow tints. It was incredibly beautiful. Of course its iridescence departed with advancing day. What small army had done its work during the night? Or was it the moisture alone that disclosed to us the filmy webs?

It is only by continual effort that we keep open those vistas down to the lake. Trees on either side send out lusty limbs of verdure, seedlings climb upwards and a visitor frequently is the first to enlighten us as to our enclosed condition.

"You surely could see the water from this window when I was here before."

"Could we? Well, we must investigate."

This generally means a wholesale slaughter of splendid growth more drastic perhaps than is necessary for the moment but to prevent another such occurrence within the next few years.

From the south terrace, going towards the sunset, shallow steps lead down into the formal garden. This is really a continuation of the terrace, a glowing corner beloved by the birds. They know the dahlia stakes are put out for their special benefit; and that the pebbles placed in the upper bowl of the fountain are to make their bathing safer. Robins hop gravely along the brick paths and orioles build their swinging nests above it. Catbirds run races or should we say fly races across its flowery spaces and stop to drink at the geranium-ringed

pool. Wrens are chattering among the marigolds and goldfinches dart into the dark recesses of the surrounding shrubs. The woodthrush that formerly built near the cellar door has gone farther afield, but his plaintive song comes to our listening ears at dawn and in the twilight.

When we first planned this formal garden, we supposed the planting was "for good" as the children say. Little we understood then of the characters and idiosyncrasies of growing things. Only by reading our records is it possible to remember the different phases through which we have gone, the successes and failures, all of which were interesting until now each year we change less and have more fixed features. I cannot say that we are completely satisfied with its effect each week from June to Frost, but was there ever a garden outside of Eden that fulfilled its owner's expectations? I have seen that brooding look come into the eyes of an enthusiastic gardener when showing what was to me a perfect gem.

"Perhaps that border is a little high—"

"I believe a little more white—"

Our formal garden is not a symphony of any color; I should wish the soil always to be covered, but it isn't. The gardener murmurs something in early June about breathing space and room to grow. A seedling columbine or even a hollyhock occasionally gets on the very edge of the brick

walk, but I haven't the heart to remove it. It does spoil the symmetry. I cringe before the politely concealed dismay of the landscape artist.

The central fountain and the goldfish and the rose geranium circle, the brick paths and the surrounding walls are about all that is left of our original plan. Instead of Dorothy Perkins and hardy chrysanthemums on the southern wall, are great spreading branches of that exquisite lemon rose, the Hugonis above varicolored columbines. Virgin's bower in late summer forms a pleasing background for the many tall dahlias which really are the crowning glory of the garden. This means that it is most effective in September, and up to that time, my attitude toward it is apologetic, except perhaps in peony time. So I can say with truth that our tiny plot of ground is really successful twice a year, when the peonies bloom in all their gorgeousness, and when the dahlias are at their vivid best. Single peonies I prefer, single dahlias too and single roses. In fact, my choice is generally for a flower of simple form.

The box proved too delicate for borders or for pots. It has been replaced by that boon for the midwestern planter, the pachysandra terminalis. Generally this keeps well through the winter, but every five years or so, we cut off the old leaves in early May, and it becomes a lovely green shining border again by June. This stand-by for all shady

places has a short stalk of tiny white flowers with the scent of the arbutus in May and a small white berry in the Fall.

The box trees standing on either side of the centre path have been replaced by low pines (montanus) in big square timber boxes beside the terrace steps; their "candles" in early summer are interesting to watch. When they grow too high, they are transplanted to the forest and new younger ones are substituted. They make an admirable gateway down to the flowery beds below. The Japanese quinces that formerly stood against the gateway to the woods have expanded into mammoth proportions in the upper garden.

I feel it is only a question of time when the white double blanc de Coubert roses will follow them for I tie their thorny branches back from the path at least once a fortnight now. All summer long, these ruffled roses bloom with joyous abandon, provided that someone keeps them from going to seed, and I shall miss their snowy beauty against the cool shadow of the forest.

Lilies, except for the tiger variety, have disappeared from the formal garden; it was impossible to provide enough for "the little beasties" as well as ourselves.

On the north wall of the formal garden on the north side of that wall, we planted euonymus radicans, four roots according to instructions. We

were warned: "It is not a rapid grower, but once settled will make an evergreen wall covering unusually attractive." In the meantime, on the south side of that same wall, we planted woodbine for immediate effect. In three years, the euonymus had attained the top of the three-foot-high stone wall; in five years, it had spread grudgingly and sparingly over the top; in ten years, it had made so little progress that we seriously considered taking it out. But as it was not in the way of anything and we knew of nothing that could satisfactorily replace it; we let it alone and tried to forget it. Suddenly, after *sixteen years*, it decided to grow and immediately sent out great branches which actually blossomed and had a few rosy berries! In two years more, we were obliged to remove any other vine within twenty feet of its stalk and to raise a framework over the brick steps to support it. What delayed it, what started it, is still a mystery, but I can see that ultimately and that before long, it is going to be one of our star attractions.

Blue and yellow I would have my garden be with only enough other color to accentuate those tones. Browalia from California is a delightful summer companion growing in loose masses beside the walk; pale blue salvia (farinacea) stands behind it or I regret to acknowledge sometimes lops over it. There is a charm about a garden not

too firmly staked. Salvia patens and heliotrope share their southern border with the morning star zinnia, a single golden flower with touches of crimson here and there on its petals. Calendula and other marigolds, san vitalia and triloba each have their favorite spot, and if a wandering weed with dainty bloom deigns to visit us, we welcome it for one season anyway. This year, the four centre beds are filled with rosy morn petunias which we hope and pray will stay *rosy;* white dove-eyed phlox or vinca; blue ageratum and heliotrope; yellow morning star zinnia and san-vitalia.

Experience has caused me to entirely change my mind about the ageratum. I can see now why it is a universal favorite. It is so constant, so dependable. If the rain makes havoc of its neighbors, the petunias, *it* stands firm, irresistible; if the heat dries the earth beneath it, still it preserves its poise. Grateful for good care but gracious even under neglect, what an example it sets us humans!

CHAPTER III

WHAT THE BIRDS PLANTED

WE KNOW that the winds and the birds are surely our friends for they have done so much real work for us. Who but the persistent North Wind could have placed a winged seed in that crevice of the terrace wall and held it there until it found its bit of earth?

An acanthus-like rosette nestles against the boulders. Those frosted, deep-dented leaves with dull red centres remind one of tropic climes. If we could only keep it in this lowly form! We will try clipping its central stalk and watch its behavior for this is nothing but our common hawkweed which normally waves its tiny tassels and feathery seeds at an altitude of from four to six feet.

The lady fern shyly ventures on to the south terrace choosing so minute an opening between the brick floor and the wall that one can hardly believe this tiny leaf is the same fern that spreads to eighteen inches under the forest trees. The little lady is never alone but brings her sisters each Springtime to enjoy the cool shadows behind the boxes of brilliant flowers. "How did you ever get those ferns to grow there?" asked a visitor

accustomed to the planning of gardens. I am apt to be suspicious of ridicule when professionals inspect our attempts at gardening. So I answered: "Don't you ever let the winds and the birds help you with your work?" "Never," she firmly responded. "They always plant things in the wrong places." I am speechless; there is nothing left for me to say, but I cannot help thinking that perhaps *our* birds and breezes are more than usually discriminating.

A lusty clump of leafy stems makes its appearance each June in a crack at the base of the boulder wall and no amount of curtailment keeps it from blossoming some time during the summer. This lythrum with its mass of magenta blooms is most effective on the island shore mirrored in the still waters of the bay, but evidently it wished a closer acquaintance and begged Friend Wind for his assistance. Little it cared for the discord that salmon and magenta make. If we were really good gardeners, I suppose we should get rid of the whole plant. But we are curious to see how many kinds of blossom the winds and the birds will bring us.

By the dog-trot door graceful sprays of Solomon's Seal rise above the asters' low growth in June. What bird helped us there? The unusual sight of a hackberry tree in embryo beside the window box has called forth much comment. "How did you think of putting it there? You

know it is quite out of its environment," demand our interested guests. Well the birds seemed to think we would like it and so brought it to our terrace. We really had nothing to do with it and we understand that we can enjoy only a certain amount of its beauty and grace.

"How remarkable that you are able to grow a rubber plant outside in this climate!" remarks a casual visitor, contemplating a tangle of woodbine and clematis, wild asters and grasses on the south terrace close to the house. I scan her face keenly. Is she making fun of my native planting? "No," I answer, "it is not a rubber plant but our common milkweed that some frolicsome breeze has dropped in that sheltered corner and we like its exotic leaves and fragrant flowers."

These inhabitants of the terrace wall have chosen the side next the house for their abodes; on the outside there is no rock growth at all. I suppose the botanist would say: "Of course they seek the shade and shelter that the north exposure gives." But I like to think that they are disporting themselves for our delight and take pleasure in our admiration. As to vines this low wall is a battlefield. Its bare outlines in Spring become a waving mass of leafage and bloom before September. The trumpet vine that no barrier discourages makes its way under the wall and forces openings in the bricks to emerge strong and lusty

for our approval. Woodbine and clematis, the native and the Japanese, the rare Irma Dwyer with its clusters of blue-edged flowers, the akebia and even the bindweed run races for open spots.

The great thorny sprays of the setigera rose sprawl over the trumpet vine on that same sunny terrace. The colors of the blossoms do clash a bit with the orange bells and salmon geraniums, but they last only a short time and the haws are effective all winter. Some kindly bird planted this for us.

A Joe Pye weed is making a visit to the terrace this year, not so tall as its neighbor in richer soil, but a sturdy stalk some four feet high whose misty mauve blends with the trumpet flower near. The white snakeroot takes possession of every empty spot, no matter how contracted, and unfolds its snowy crests not only here but wherever the sun shines brightest.

A native dogwood decided to come over close to the house and keep the woodbine company; of course the birds assisted it in its migration and it forms another shade of green along the terrace walk. It has to be severely pruned each season as does its sister shrub beside the East porch that sends out great branches across the bricks seeking the sun and air. If we had planned to plant these bushes in such a location, I am sure they would not have prospered. I cannot say that they bear

much fruit either, but the birds brought them to us and we do not wish to seem ungracious.

Perhaps the most surprising instance of this co-öperation between the birds for our benefit is a growth on this same terrace where for years we had tried in vain to train a woodbine. There is no question in my mind as to whether plants have wills or ideas of their own. *I know they have.* All about this blank space the Virginia creeper grew luxuriantly but no amount of persuasion with tapes and tacks would induce the vine to stay on this particular six square feet. One season we noticed a sturdier growth among the ground covering of grasses, goldenrod and eupatorium. True to our principle of leaving Nature alone as far as possible we ignored the woody sticks and kept on training the stubborn sprays of woodbine over that blank wall. But one Spring we woke up to the fact that a charming small-leafed bush was growing against the wall sending out stout branches tipped with exquisite white spiny balls. It was a puzzle for botanists. "It looks like a button-bush but of course it can't be, here so far from the water." It was and is a button-bush. If not planted by bird or breeze, a fairy must have done it for no human could have imagined such a location for this moisture-loving shrub. Of course there is plenty of it down on the shore. Not only did it cover in time that particular six square feet of

wall but it went up higher forming a second lovely canopy beside the porch roof and we are wondering if it will keep on climbing, so changing its entire nature to suit its surroundings.

Those two wild gooseberries that flourish so gayly on the North terrace, do you think we planted them there? Not at all. We had quite other plans for that bit of ground. Ferns and Boston ivy were our choice. This was at the very beginning of our work on the place and we knew very little about conditions. The ivy promptly died down each winter and the ferns did not care for that particular piece of shade, although they grew happily some twenty feet away. In wild gardening one must always preserve an open mind and be ready for any emergency, so when a tender prickly stem appeared between the house wall and the bricks of the north terrace, we simply let it alone and in four years it was a beauty. Without changing the drooping character of its branches, we trained them in graceful sweeps over the rough gray wall and across the dog-trot window thus forming from within an exquisite emerald screen sewn wth amethyst berries. Of course when it trails too plenteously along the terrace, it has to be restrained, but this necessary pruning gives us the foliage we most desire to combine indoors with any flower. Not only is the peculiar freshness of the leaves a joy to the color

lover but their serrated edges, their stems in gentle curves, even the prickles on the stems are reflected against the wall in half-toned shadows.

Later on another wild gooseberry noting our hospitality decided to keep her sister company and selected just the right spot the other side of the bed. The effect is symmetrical but not stiff. The ferns promptly gave up the struggle but two aralias found the empty earth between the bushes and sent up their splendid stalks. For two years they flourished with unusual effect; the contrast of leafage was striking. The grouping would have been perfect in a still place, say a greenhouse, but when the North winds came with full force, the prickly gooseberry branches tore to pieces the great lush leaves of the aralia so now we have given up any combination and left the wild berries to their own sweet will.

Another gooseberry has been planted by the birds beside the pergola entrance, a dark corner where its verdure brings delight. A curious instance of bird planting occurred in the thick woods where we discovered a gooseberry and a blackberry growing in a crotch of a huge oak some fifty feet above the ground! It was the oddest sight in May to come upon that lofty cluster of erect green branches against the sky while the blackberry vines swayed in the gentle breeze. Of course at that time there were no leaves on the forest trees.

One Springtime a red-berried elder modestly came in sight above a privet bush close to the staircase tower. That winter the privet bush died to the ground, whether from severe cold or the greediness of the elder bush history saith not, but that next summer the elder spread itself so bewitchingly above the privet's feeble growth that there was no choosing but to let it stay. In three years it was a glory, twelve feet high, eight feet across, covered with long sprays of delicious white blossoms. We know that the red-berried elder is only a visitor, we realize its wandering propensities but while it is willing to stay with us we do enjoy it. Of course it has berries but these are snapped off so quickly by the hungry birds that they never make much of an effect. There was one year when we saw its possibilities for beauty as that was the year when every living creature, except man, from the seed-eating birds, the squirrels, even to the fish in the lake, devoted their whole attention to devouring with gusto the seventeen-year locust. I believe there is a locust in the Arabian Desert which the natives eat with immense enjoyment. Or is it in Madagascar?

When we first came to Wychwood we planted some high-bush cranberry which took kindly to our rich soil and now there is a great thicket of it bowing its fruit-laden branches to the Autumn sunshine, but were the birds content with that?

No, they must have it here and there along the shore, tucked into damp hollows among the shrubs and even brought it to the formal garden, luckily the other side of the wall, where it forms a lovely graceful screen whether in fruit or flower. Each year I fear its death sentence by the gardener as it does shade somewhat the peonies and dahlias beneath it but as it is on the north it cannot do much harm, I plead.

At the roots of a huge oak tree not far from the open wild garden we placed one of the Indian *metatas* for a bird bath. I meant to plant something near it, as the birds do not like too exposed a situation for their plunge, but I had done nothing about it when one day I found a small honeysuckle waving its weak arms above the bath. "Did you plant anything by the oak bird bath?" I asked the gardener. "No, I haven't got around to it yet, but I will soon," he answered. "Please do nothing about it for I believe the birds have taken it in hand," I replied. And they surely had. Such a splendid shrub as has grown from those weak beginnings and under the complete shade of the tree, too! I know *we* never could have made so successful an experiment.

Down by the brook grew a magnificent maple tree, but its top had been shattered by lightning and although we nursed it for some years finally fearing it might crash in one of our fierce wind-

storms we were forced to fell it. We left the stump about three feet high and what was my surprise the other day to see an aralia growing lustily from its centre! I thanked the gardener again for his excellent imitation of Nature's effects, but he only looked bewildered and denied having anything to do with it. Of course the birds again had ministered to our enjoyment.

"What is that queer growth on the pergola post?" Three learned professors and I were wandering into the garden and stopped to investigate. It was the eighth of July and the season had been rainy. A stem some five inches long with two small leaves and a folded tip was growing between the bark and the soft pulp of the post. We were accustomed to watching for fungi but this was a pale green. There were two plants, nearly the same length, some eight inches apart. The scientist took out his penknife and at the root of one stem displaced a sun-flower seed husk! The nuthatch had evidently eaten his fill and was being provident for the coming winter. How much nourishment was contained in that post or how far the plant could grow was something to be watched and discovered.

Walking down the East trail one brilliant morning in August an exclamation from my companion made me turn. "What a lovely effect!" "Where?" I asked gazing at my beloved woodland,

seeing so many sun-spattered pictures. "Why, there!" and she pointed to the foot of a great maple. It *was* lovely. Against the rough gray bark spread fan-wise sprays of wild gooseberry, the serrated leaves in varied shades of green moving delicately as the breeze touched them. "How did you ever think of planting it there?" I explained that of course no one would ever have thought it possible to plant a seed between the roots of a maple tree close to the trunk but some bird had unconsciously added this new picture to our out-of-door gallery.

Above the great mass of prairie rose beneath my window appear tall stalks of tiny leaves adding a touch of vagueness, of mystery to the rosy clusters. "What is that green among the roses?" asks a curious visitor," an artemisia? The effect is rather nice." No, it is not artemisia; it is really nothing we have arranged and we deserve no credit. Playful breezes planted tiny seeds in the rich earth and behold this army of plumed warriors that more prosaic people call the goldenrod. In August the rosy landscape has turned to gold, such varied tints and forms, with the blue of the American campanula and the delicate mauve of Joe Pye. If we have sorrel three feet high and Solomon's Seal six feet long, the Joe Pye not to be outdone occasionally measures nearly nine feet and we bring in its silver buds to gleam against the golden screen in the hallway. No, the place is

not neat, it is not even tidy, it would be the despair of most gardeners but there is an abandon, a lavishness, a joyful hearty welcome to usually forbidden plants that forces them to make good in order to justify our faith in them.

"Have you seen that blue flower on the island just over the bridge?" asked the observant gardener one particularly busy morning in July. "It is new to me and I don't know what it is." So dropping all my work, over to the island we wandered, lingering to see about dead wood on the overhanging willow, to note that the grape vine along the bridge should be tied to the parapet and some of the dogwood pruned. Close to the path, rising from grasses and native plants, two feet high, stood weakly a single stalk of blue flowers in the axils of the leaves. No, I had never seen it before. No, I didn't know its name, but noting the bell shape of the bloom and the serrated rather broad leaf we returned to the Britton and Brown and soon traced its origin. Without doubt a Campanula Trachelium or nettle-leafed campanula that some bird had brought us. Of course the bird could not know our joy in blue flowers or our ambitions to have as many varieties of native plants growing here as possible, but we appreciate this co-öperation to the utmost. We are encouraged to learn that although escaped from cultivation, it is a perennial and spreads rapidly so that

by leaving it alone we shall probably in time have a lovely blue carpet on the island the end of July. As this time of year wild flowers are scarce, it will be all the more welcome. That is one of the joys of wild gardening: we need not fear too lavish a growth—there is always room for new developments.

In unexpected places among the shrubbery, in the forest, along the paths, beside the brook rise small bushes that are not noticed until July when covered with scarlet and orange fruit they make lovely bits of color in the green growth. We do appreciate these graceful honeysuckles and put out an extra allowance of bird seed for our thoughtful friends who are working for our benefit.

Of course we do not depend entirely upon the birds and the winds for our supply of native growth. In the surrounding country when the owners decide to improve their property and "clear" the glorious native growth so as to build houses, garages, etc., the news comes by mysterious channels to our ears and as much of that wilderness as we can possibly transport comes to our preserve to be kept for the future. I never have been able to understand why violets and ferns are not considered as beautiful ground covering as closely cut grass, why mandrakes and Solomon's Seals, trilliums and goldenrod are not as effective blooms as geraniums and zinnias. That precious bit of

leaf-covered woodland that it has taken so many centuries to perfect, why is it not attractive as it is? Why try to improve it? It would seem as if this ready-made garden might appeal to some one of the owners of those cunning little cottages. Perhaps in time the experiment will be attempted.

Our six real weeds that we struggle to keep off the place (I might as well confess without success) are: dodder the despicable, deringa Canadense, sweet cicely, hog peanut, burdock and Canada thistles. Only enough plantain is kept for the birds and there is no "pusley." The galinsoga, whose musical name is its only attraction, covers every inch of bare cultivated soil, but does not care for the woodland. It is easily uprooted, but never discouraged. Nettles with their delicate creamy blooms occasionally find a foothold but except in the wildest corners are removed. The bindweed, the Virgin's bower, the wild grape, the ground-nut and even the trumpet vine attain too rich a growth by August and have to be rigidly pruned. When we discovered that each one of the innumerable new shoots of the trumpet vine grew by actual measurement over two inches every twenty-four hours, we understood better why it was so difficult to keep it under control. One is so tempted to await the brilliant cluster of orange blooms before cutting it back. But to avoid being smothered by its ardent caresses, it is necessary to

be firm. In our climate the trumpet vine dies back each winter to the main stem and its leaves come after the other vines but we never feel discouraged as to the ultimate outcome. We know this gorgeous, riotous, willful plant will always be with us and, even if reluctantly, will conform to our wishes.

CHAPTER IV

THE FLANNEL FLOWER

WE DO love the flowers of Spring, the sheets of adder's tongues, the three colors of the hepaticas, the toothwort and Spring beauties by the thousands before the violets empurple the slopes and the mertensia brings the sky down to earth.

But there is one flower that gives us extraordinary pleasure. This is the flannel flower. We read about it long ago in some bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and decided to try the experiment. Certainly no one could have foreseen the delightful results.

The flannel flower has not the mystical beauty of the orchid or the faint tints that only the microscope discloses. It is sincere, it is flamboyant, but it possesses a hidden sweetness, for the flannel flower is really a tiny glass tube of honey and water ornamented with a petal-like halo of red flannel and wired to a branch or swung with a string from a nail. When the humming birds first arrive in early May, there are not many honey-bearing blooms close to the house, so as we love to see their darting flights and their long waits on the elm tree

near, we tie the flannel flowers to twigs and nail them close to the windows and along the railing of the porch. It is delightful to see that dainty bit of bird-dom dip delicately into each offered vial. I am not positive, but I believe that a stray ant or fly or even bee drowned in the sweetened sauce does not come amiss to a humming bird's palate. Never shall I forget the sight of a mother bird shredding a seventeen-year locust and cramming it down the throat of her little one.

The catbirds ever curious, and much concerned with all events taking place around the house, visit each tube and taste its contents. "Not bad" they seem to tell each other, for in turn each has his share. Where did the catbird get its taste for sweets? One year we put some cocoanut on the bird table just outside the dining room window and to our surprise, the catbirds fought for it. It was amusing to hear them call if the table was bare and they knew quite well the difference between bread crumbs and the richer food.

The orioles who always nest close to the house, wondered at the excitement over the red flower and drew near the living room window to investigate. One had the courage to try the mysterious potion, and his expression of surprised delight was delicious to see. Then the waiting mate must have her turn and each visitor of the family must share the new concoction. There are really enough vials

for all, but as with children, each one wants to drink from the one in use. The bills of the oriole are not fine and slender like the hummer's, so very soon the liquid was beyond the oriole's reach. I hardly expect to be believed, luckily I have plenty of witnesses to confirm the fact, but once that bird lifted up the red petal, peered at the bottle under it, looked all around it and finally tipped it with its foot and so drank successfully the entire contents. It was so daintily done, too, not a drop spilled on his brilliant breast. Was it my imagination or was there pride in that toss of his glossy head? I cannot say if only the one bird did this deed, but I saw it repeated several times. It is a usual thing to see the oriole, when the liquid gets too low, lift up the red petal and then peck at the base of the bottle. This is his invariable habit with the trumpet flower—why does not this other bloom prove equally soft and accommodating?

At the cottage, an oriole did a still more curious trick, for the flannel flower was suspended from a string some six inches long. The humming bird could easily get at it, but it was beyond the oriole's reach. Was she frustrated? Not at all. Holding to the twig above it, with one foot she carefully pulled up as much of the string as she could reach, then tucking that down under her claw, she grasped another loop. By the third time, the vial was at her feet and her bill soon followed. Was this

reasoning or instinct? Of course strings are familiar articles to orioles as they are accustomed to weave their nests of the soft fabric if accessible. One oriole in Arizona, finding the only tree a palm tree and no strings at hand, carefully tore the palm leaves into threads and so wove the pensile pouch of them, sewing it to the under side of the huge leaf.

But to return to our flannel flowers,—not only the orioles, the catbirds and the hummers visited those bottles of sweetness. The grosbeaks,—the rose-breasted grosbeaks following the example of an adventurous spirit of their kind, came cautiously to the north terrace where hemp seed had been scattered especially for their use. They remarked the visits of the orioles and the catbirds to the window ledge. What was that curious flower so temptingly colored and apparently such a favorite? One by one the male bird and his brown mate hopped to the sill and up to the twig above it. And they too pronounced the beverage good. They must have told their friends, for one afternoon four pairs of grosbeaks were on the terrace at once with flying visits from yellow warblers, catbirds, orioles and hummers. There was no quarreling, their manners could not be improved, but each one was not permitted to linger too long. No such feast as the lady oriole procured one morning at my window when she dipped into the crimson cup thirty-three times by actual count. No wonder it

took time to keep the vials filled. But our largest party was on the twenty-fourth of May, when six male and five female rose-breasted grosbeaks ate hemp seed on the terrace, then took turns at the flannel flower while the rest of the company came and went in happy abandon. There were certainly twelve of these glowing blossoms scattered among the barberry bushes the other side of the terrace and close to the living room windows. Such an opportunity to observe living wild birds is rare and their fearless conduct gave us intense joy. They did not hesitate to turn their backs to us as they devoted their entire attention to the delicious nectar. Imagine that breathless company of humans seated inside the wide grouped windows about three feet away watching this pretty feast. The color alone was marvellous. The rich orange and black of the orioles, the foil of the catbird's gray, the delicate yellow of the warblers and that glowing contrast in the rose and black and white of the grosbeak's Spring plumage, while the hummers poised in rainbow tints above them all. How tiny the humming bird seemed as he alighted on a bare twig close by. Once I saw him bathe in the fountain's spray, darting under and out again, then preening himself on the elm tree close to my desk window. He always selects a branch that is not leafy so that he can keep watch of the surrounding country.

As the humming bird usually drinks with outstretched wings, we were taught that he preferred to take his food in that manner, but I notice that he alights on the twig or rim of the bottle, if it is conveniently arranged for him. The catbird's thirst is satisfied evidently with three or four swallows of honey; not so the humming bird's. He goes down into the slender vial from ten to twenty-three times in one visit, managing that slender bill twice as long as his head with such delicate skill. Perched on the rim of the flower, he takes long, deliberate draughts, then lifts his head to swallow. One can see plainly those four or five contractions of his throat as he leisurely gulps the liquid down. Then another thrust of the beak for more refreshment. What iridescent color! What joy to watch that tiny wild creature within four feet of one's eyes sitting quietly close to the window pane drinking and looking about entirely at home! One morning, he kept his bill immersed in the vial, while I counted slowly thirty, then he flew away at once. Did he get a mouthful for his youngsters?

From certain windows which the birds frequent, we have removed the screens so as to get a clearer picture of our visitors. The hummer, after refreshing himself from the honey cup, sometimes poises before the glass regarding with longing the rockets or yellow lilies or forget-me-nots on my desk close

by. "I call it tantalizing," he seems to say, but I am relieved that he understands the deceptive nature of glass which the migrants never learn. Each season, two at three, at least, lovely victims lie helpless on the terrace floor. That beauteous creature, the Canadian warbler, is the most frequent sufferer. If they are simply stunned, we can, by administering a stimulant, sometimes revive them. A friend of ours kept a humming bird (it probably was a young one) in the house for nearly three weeks. His calls for food were persistent and shrill and, apparently satisfied with his abode, he did not attempt to escape. Changing his food from honey to a stronger diet caused his death.

Our flannel flowers are not only visited by the hummers and the catbirds, the orioles and the grosbeaks, the wrens, too, possibly out of their insatiable curiosity, poke their inquisitive noses into the open hole. I have never seen them remain long or noticed their swallowing any of the sweet, but there is another visitor that does enjoy hugely his unusual fare. This is the chipmunk. What a glutton he is! Nothing comes amiss to his palate. He drinks all he can reach from the top, then as the opening is narrow, he noses the bottle upside down and proceeds to consume the remainder. They are cunning, there is no denying it, but after all, this food is for the birds and not for them. We select the farthest ends of branches that sway

to hang the bottles on, but even then, we are not always successful in protecting them against the chippy's greedy visits.

These glowing bits of color appearing among the vines on the house have caused much comment among visitors. One gentle lady insisted when she came in that she had seen a cardinal resting quietly by my upper window and only my taking her there convinced her that it was just the flannel flower. She confessed that its immovability surprised her.

Recently, we heard of their use by an enterprising lady in Maine. Among the flowering plants on her second story porch, she fastened vials of sugar and water covering them with some bright material and so attracted the humming birds and procured some marvellous pictures.

As the warm days come, the May flies make their appearance with a collection of other gnats and winged creatures who find the flannel flowers appetizing. The greedy things do not stop until they are immersed in the sticky fluid. What to do? But the catbird has solved the problem. He alights confidently on the branch, dips into the vial and emerges with a new treat; fly dipped in honey. Evidently, he likes it, for he tries again, and when his child appears, he feeds him with the strange delicacy. The oriole descends from her eyrie in the elm and makes remarks about her having a good

time after partaking of the drink provided, but the hummer's only sound is the rapid whirring of his wings as he balances himself close to the brimming cup.

On a rainy morning, how grateful the earth looks in its velvety richness! No amount of artificial watering takes the place of that gentle downpour. What an important factor it is in plant development! I have been watching the tight peony buds for days of brilliant sunshine and they refused to show any color, but after a night of rain, the gluey outside envelope seems to have melted and they look ready to burst into full blossom. The poor bedraggled lady oriole comes to the flannel flower fearlessly, although I am on the porch standing within four feet of her. She dips into the tiny tube fifteen times before she is satisfied, and then is in no hurry to be away. I stand motionless, the big reserve supply of honey in my hand, for I have been filling the "flowers." Was she watching me from some hidden corner? The hummer seems to mind the rain less than the other birds and keeps his lovely coat dryer.

The downy woodpecker and the nuthatch are on the suet cage within six feet of my window almost any hour of the day, and the latter comes to the sill for seeds all summer long, although he is supposed to hide in the woods until the late Fall. I even heard a chickadee in July, but failed to see him.

We know they stay on the place, but it is only with cold weather that they come to the house and make themselves at home around the food table. Neither the nuthatch nor the downy woodpecker evince the slightest curiosity in regard to the flannel flower. The downy is not shy, but devotes himself to his delicious suet, the nuthatch darts to the dish on the sill, chooses his nut or seed and is away to the tree bark to deposit it for cracking.

The flannel flowers are left hanging the rest of the season, but when other more real blooms come, they lose some of their attraction. Only the catbirds and the hummers are constant visitors until they migrate. We have been accused of pauperizing the hummers and perverting their habits, of making them lazy by providing such an abundance of food so easily procurable, but their swift flights do not seem less swift—yet, and their darting tongues taste each open cup of the trumpet flower, each offered larkspur, each fuchsia bell as of yore. Evidently, the morning glory, that heavenly blue chalice, contains nothing to interest the hummer, although frequently he alights on its outstretched stem, which scarcely stirs under his gossamer weight.

The humming bird is a friendly creature. He likes to be with humans and he chooses a site for his nest near the house instead of in deep woods.

In fact, we have noticed that during the nesting season, most birds select building sites near some habitation. In the forest, lives the oven bird and the crow and the chickadee, but as one approaches the house, a louder and more varied chorus of song fills the air and a winged creature rises from pathway and shrub. We understand that it is not only companionship that they crave; the constant supply of food and water, with their protection from enemies, gives them confidence to stay and *return*. We have not the banding fever,—yet, but we can well understand its importance in the scientific world. We feel sure of some old friends who return to us. The marvel is that any of them find their way back to a particular spot after their formidable flight. Some day, we shall know what that mysterious word "instinct" includes.

Each aid which enables us to get closer to the wild bird in its home life so as to study his habits and his disposition is not only interesting, but important, so the flannel flower has given us many happy moments and we cannot be grateful enough to its clever designer. To the trained bird student, as to the beginner in bird lore, we recommend the flannel flowers and their guests as an experience never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER V

THE CARDINALS

DURING the summer of 1917, a Kentucky cardinal was reported as visiting the grounds of the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay about four miles west of Wychwood. Now this piece of news caused great excitement among bird enthusiasts as the cardinals had not been found so far north, although at Lake Forest, some fifty miles south of us, they had been nesting for years. As the cardinal does not migrate and our winters are so much longer and more severe than in the South where he is a well-known resident, much thought was bestowed upon how to make this bird comfortable, even happy. Prof. Edwin B. Frost, an expert bird authority, put the following advertisement in a local paper on June 7, 1917.

"WIFE WANTED—Widower, who has found this region pleasant for permanent residence despite the long winter, seeks a congenial mate. No qualification as cook or seamstress necessary, and dowry is no object. Successful applicant must be a homemaker desirous of raising a fair-sized family. She must be musical, and preferably a

native of Kentucky. No objection to a widow. Address C. Cardinalis, White Oak Lodge, Williams Bay, Wisconsin." This had many amusing consequences from literal-minded people who answered the demand from all over the country, but it brought no mate for the cardinal.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1917, after scattering the bird's breakfast on the south terrace and in the formal garden below my windows, I happened to glance down and there hopping along the brick paths in a company of juncos was a huge (compared to them) red bird. Surely the cardinal! I rushed down stairs to our guests not daring to believe my own eyes and all saw for themselves the noble bird eating calmly the sunflower seeds. That was the beginning of our acquaintance. As the big house was only open for the holidays, seed was scattered at the cottage and shelters provided in loose brush near. The cardinal stayed all winter feeding at the bird-table and making occasional excursions into the surrounding country. We would hear of his appearance at different homes about the lake and towards Spring his continued absence made us fear that he had found a more congenial spot, but on the 7th of April 1918, he flew down to the bird-table and whistled gayly as if to say: "Here I am again!" How welcome he was! What satisfaction his presence brought! He *must* be persuaded to stay with us. But how? Of course

a mate was the only possible solution, but could we procure one? And if we succeeded in getting a bird, could we be sure that this mate would be acceptable?

We finally decided to try the experiment and so applied at the Lincoln Park Aviary, Chicago, to see what could be done and how to go about it. The curator was much interested in our story and said he had a Mexican female cardinal which he would give us, and he encouraged us by saying that she was more brilliant than the native female so she should be that much more attractive. She also had lived here long enough to be acclimated; so, with some misgivings, I carefully carried her in a tiny wooden box on the train out to Wychwood. As soon as we arrived, we put her in a large cage with food and water and a comfortable perch. This was on Monday the 15th of April. She was not particularly pleased and tried to get through the wires, but at dusk settled down for the night. I think she had been used to the freedom of a large out-of-door aviary so naturally disliked the confinement. In the morning she was very restless, but ate some sunflower seed. At about ten-thirty I heard the male bird singing in the distance and at about eleven-thirty saw him and heard him in a tree near the western boundary of the place not far from the house.

I followed the minute directions of the curator

at Lincoln Park in bringing the two birds together. Down at the cottage in a screened porch eight feet square around the front door we released the lady cardinal before luncheon. She had a comfortable perch in the corner, three kinds of seed and plenty of water. When vexed she has an angry note which is unmistakable; she also has a charming whistle unlike the male's call.

Radclyffe Dugmore says: "The female cardinal, though more subdued in coloring, is by no means inferior to her mate in her powers of singing; her song is rather softer, but not less beautiful."

Later on in the day we again heard the male bird singing and saw him nearer the big house. The interested wife of the gardener kept watch and the lady bird accommodated herself to her surroundings as most women do. She did not mind the going back and forth of the people in the house, ate and drank and looked about at her new home and the world outside. Although Monsieur Cardinal was seen in the vicinity for the next two days it was not until Wednesday the 17th that he came to the window-box just outside the screened porch where the lady resided. His usual feeding place was the other side of the house, but food had been put out here to accustom him to her company.

It was evidently a case of love at first sight for no one could doubt his pleasure. He sang with all

his might in a tree near; he paraded his beautiful person on the window-box; he ate his seeds keeping one eye on her and when she descended from her perch in the corner and deigned to stand beside the screen near him, he even offered her his choicest delicacy fresh chickweed. A low murmur seemed to inform her of his kind intentions and when he picked up grasses from the ground and brought them to her sill, anyone could read his thoughts. She was very coy but apparently pleased at his devotion. All day he sang to her at intervals; she was quite at home now in her sheltered corner and made no effort to escape.

Thursday he was on the window-box both morning and afternoon and sang from the trees near; they seemed to get some satisfaction in merely looking at each other the way lovers will and we were told they must get acquainted before they were allowed to come together or she might take a dislike to him and then nothing could be done. How extraordinarily human it all seemed! As the weather was cold and rainy it was decided to keep her in the porch until Sunday especially as she was so contented. On that day she began to resent her imprisonment and watching for a favorable opportunity when the male bird was looking at her (for that was an important point made in our directions) the door of the porch was opened and she flew out at once but *not* towards

the tree where her lover awaited her. Are bird sweethearts akin to humans? However, he soon perceived her and followed her and they were both soon contentedly feeding and racing through the air and enjoying thoroughly the companionship of one another.

How we all from the cook to the latest man on the place kept watch and ward for the cardinals and reported results. We did so hope they would nest on the place. On the 19th of May I saw them both and saw the lady bird whistle; at dusk June 2d the male bird alighted above the drive near the house and went through his lovely repertoire several times. On the 8th of June both birds were flying into an aralia bush close to the terrace with straws in their bills! This caused the greatest excitement. Too much, perhaps, for they did not go on with that home. Perhaps they chose a more secluded spot for during the week of June 10–15 a cardinal was seen at the head of the lake opposite the Observatory where there are thick woods. Later he evidently came back to Wychwood to see the old home town for he was distinctly seen June 16th about noon on the lake shore and on the 2nd of July I watched his silent presence on the big oak by the lawn. He was also reported that same day at the Ayer place five miles away at the end of the lake but what is five miles to a flying creature? Merely a few minutes'

exercise. Of course it might have been the female at the other end of the lake. It was reported by a maid. On the 28th of July a pair of cardinals were seen and heard on the Seipp place some two miles up the lake with rumors that three or more had been seen at the same time.

In the late Fall, November 14th, to be exact, in the afternoon both cardinals appeared at the cottage to the great joy of the whole family and on the 29th they were feeding and sang by the window, exactly one year from the date of the gentleman's first appearance on the place. The next day they came for food and on the 2nd of December when the big house was opened both birds called on us there and enjoyed the hemp and sunflower seed liberally sprinkled on both north and south terraces. They chattered together or expressed their satisfaction at the food by little cheeps and seemed totally unafraid. Snow covered the ground the next morning, but on the bare aralia bush close to the house that crimson bird faced the rising sun. What a dazzling picture! Curiously enough when the brilliant bird nestled down into the middle of those bare stalks, it was impossible to distinguish him. It was only when he was in the open spaces that he stood forth triumphant. Madame Cardinal kept him company and they are evidently used to staying together, for when he flew away she was at his side.

On December 27th Mrs. Longland writes: "Three cardinals were here today. I cannot say positively if there are more or not as I never have seen but three at the same time."

During the latter part of May 1919, four cardinals were seen near Williams Bay and on June sixth and the following week five were seen at the Observatory. Evidently Monsieur Cardinal had brought the family to show to his first benefactor. Professor Frost recognizing this fact inserted the following card in the local paper:

June 1919

Card of Thanks. An advertisement for a wife, placed in your paper by a friend two years ago, and innocently given further publicity by the humorist of the Chicago *Tribune*, has brought most happy results. Instead of leading the lonely life of a widower in what to a native of Kentucky seemed the cold north, I now have all the comforts of family life, with three fine youngsters, of whom we are justly proud. This winter, too, has been of almost southern mildness. To all concerned I offer my thanks.

C. Cardinalis
Near Wychwood
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

At Christmas time, 1921, both cardinals were visiting at Wychwood and in the Spring sang for a month morning and evening near the woodshed.

In May 1923 the cardinal came up to the terrace of the big house to reconnoitre, but found it deserted and no food out. The next May they were seen and heard in the woods, and tales of cardinals were coming in from many places along the lake.

Last winter they appeared high on the hill near the village but they chose a family well known for their interest in and kindness to all animal life. "What shall we feed them?" they telephoned frantically to our Mrs. Longland and, on being informed, they laid in a supply of sunflower seeds that would have fed an army.

It was reported that cardinals had nested on a fence in a bosky hollow near the village this Spring so perhaps we are going to shelter a big colony of these lovely creatures in the near future.

On the 20th of March 1928, a heavy snowstorm sent all birds half starved to their old feeding place by the cottage. Song sparrows and tree sparrows, robins and phoebes and towhees and cardinals, as many as a hundred birds altogether, scrambled after the crumbs, seeds, ground peanuts, shells and all, even dried currants and raisins and figs that the desperate provider put through a chopper and put out for their benefit. A big dishpan half-full would not last many hours in this hungry company. It is a comfort to know what robins will eat. I have seen them occasionally on the suet cage, but our robins scorn anything so

plain as bread crumbs. Bread they will eat if it is a certain kind, say raisin bread, but then it is only the raisins that they really like. Dried currants, raisins and chopped figs with fresh fruit such as California cherries, make a robin a very expensive pet to feed.

After this bad storm the cardinals never left our estate. Through April and May and June both birds fed daily at the cottage. Imagine our excitement! For ten years we had waited patiently and now our hopes were to be rewarded. They must be nesting near. We do not try to discover the nest for fear of frightening them. But we have at last a feeling that they are at home here and do not merely use us as a convenience in the winter when there is no other place so comfortable. They have chosen our woods for their abode during their happy season and we shall do our best to make them contented.

In June it seemed quite possible that there were not only one pair of cardinals nesting here but two pairs, as the two females after feeding always flew off in opposite directions. One day a pair came down to the feeding table by the pump in our kitchen yard while others were still dining at the cottage, and frequently afterwards they both visited this table. Probably the cottage sill was growing crowded for early in July four youngsters made their appearance under the bushes beside

the cottage, and the mother bird carefully husking the seeds fed them one by one. That is she husked the seeds and laid them down on the sill until all were done then took the four in her mouth and flew down to the waiting brood. Could she count, do you suppose? After that the father bird fed them but he only husked one at a time and immediately fed the child. These young ones were as large as the mother with long tails and quite red but their bills were black. The mother's bill is red. Once the mother gave the father a seed husked to take to the baby and he promptly bestowed it on the child. Soon the babies were ready to come to the table with their parents, but until the 14th of July they were still being fed. Possibly their bills are not yet strong enough to crack the sunflower seeds. From five o'clock until dark they are feeding or being fed. What an immense amount of food birds consume!

A red letter day! We have found the nest of the cardinal close to the woodshed in a tangle of grape over a wych-hazel bush nearly six feet from the ground. The secret was kept until the birds had left their home.

Later another pair of fond parents brought their brood of four youngsters to the cottage shrubbery and fed them from the table. The colony is increasing by leaps and bounds. A fifth nest was discovered August 20th only fifteen feet from the

garage door about twelve feet from the ground where the lady-bird sat in plain sight ignoring the noise of the truck lumbering by and the humans constantly passing.

The latter part of July this year about ten o'clock in the morning a pair of cardinals flew into the wide open door of a neighboring garage and dashed against the glass of an opposite window so violently that they both fell stunned to the floor. The chauffeur picked them up and carefully placed them on a ledge of the wall outside in the sun with a cupful of water near. The male bird revived, drank, and was able within an hour to fly to a tree above where he remained silently watching for hours until his mate opened her eyes, stretched her wings and at four o'clock joined him on the tree and they both flew away. These too clean windows are the cause of many a tragedy in the bird world. The warblers especially fall victims in the Spring and Fall. The lovely Canadian warbler we have been able to study minutely and the migrant thrushes who see the reflection of tree and sky and dash to their doom.

All through the summer the cardinals have been seen, in the woods, by the well in the laundry yard and of course feeding close to the cottage windows. At twilight and early morning their ringing notes are heard and through the day faint echoes come from the tree tops. I hear that

in the South they sing all winter. Will this lovely habit continue in this more severe climate?

Hudson describes the song of his caged cardinal in South America when at the age of eight, this bird was given him: "It was a blissful time for me during that late season, when I lived for the bird; then, as the days grew longer and brighter with the return of the sun, I was happier every day to see my cardinal's increasing delight in his new surroundings. It was certainly a great and marvellous change for him. The cardinals are taken as fledglings from the nests in forests on the upper waters of the Plata River, and reared by hand by the natives, then sent down to the bird-dealers in Buenos Aires; so that my bird had practically known only a town life, and was now in a world of greenest grass and foliage, wide blue skies, and brightest sunshine for the first time. By day his cage was hung under the grape vines outside the veranda; there the warm fragrant wind blew on him and the sun shone down through the translucent red and green young vine leaves. He was mad with excess of joy, hopping wildly about in his cage, calling loudly in response to the wild birds in the trees, and from time to time bursting out in song; not the three or four to half a dozen notes the cardinal usually emits, but a continuous torrent, like the roaring lark's, so that those who heard it marvelled and exclaimed that they had

never known a cardinal with such a song. I can say for myself that I have, since then, listened to the singing of hundreds of cardinals, both wild and caged, and never heard one with a song so passionate and sustained."

CHAPTER VI

BIRD NOTES

ALTHOUGH the cardinals are perhaps our star boarders, other birds have brought to us rare experiences. Not only to learn about the home life of these wild creatures, but to be admitted into their confidence, to become really intimate friends of theirs is indeed a cherished privilege.

When one is awakened in May by joyous carolings, one can still distinguish each individual song; the faint sweetness of the woodthrush, the clear whistle of the cardinal, the gay warble of the oriole and the constantly changing notes of the catbird. The wren evidently is a late riser at this season; for once his bubbly tones are not in evidence. They say the robin has twenty-six different calls, but I confess I have not learned them all. His watchman alarms and his happy soliloquies are familiar. The rose-breasted grosbeak seems to mimic him in even purer tones.

In spite of terrible tales of the warrior wrens, we cannot resist their wheedling ways so we have put up gourds and boxes and plaster apartments and cocoanut nests close to the house where they

dart back and forth, examine and clean and build. Their bubbling song never disturbs *my* dreams and their friendly deeds in keeping the screens free of insects are thoroughly appreciated.

Just over the upstairs porch hangs a plaster log formed by a well-known artist and so christened the Clarkson Apartment. This is a favorite home for the birds and is used at least once a year. On the 23rd of July one year about nine A.M., we heard a vehement scolding by the wrens near the porch, and soon discovered that a flying squirrel had enlarged the opening of the nest and was calmly curled up inside, although where he put himself in that thicket of twigs and young birds, I could not see. The parents were desperate and helpless. No amount of noise disturbed the little beast. We took down the nest and succeeded in poking out the squirrel then put it back on the hook. The parents would fly to the hole with food, but would not enter, while the little ones cried constantly; evidently, the squirrel had not disturbed them except mentally. But the nest was very mussed up and doubtless kept the scent of the enemy. Within half an hour, the determined little beastie tried again to enter the nest, but we were watching and drove him away. We then put wire over part of the opening which he had enlarged while the parents very nervous and anxious hovered near. When we came inside the house, the wrens began

to pull out the twigs, while we helped them; the little ones' cries being so pitiful, finally, by eleven one parent entered with food and after that the supply become continuous as usual. At 2:45, we found a little one, with pin feathers, only, on wings, sprawling on the brick terrace and another on the veranda floor. We put them both back in the nest and the parents fed them. There must have been at least one more inside. Often there are six babies in those tiny cluttered nests, and they seem to be literally pushed out, the strongest first, when the time to leave has come.

Wild birds become very friendly when treated with kindness and they do not hesitate to come to the human in time of need. In the cement house hanging above the cottage window, the wrens were very tame, and when the gardener's wife sat quietly alone on the East porch, the mother wren would run along the railing within reach of her hand and pay no attention to the fingers busy at their knitting. Once the bird actually alighted on her head and they always seemed happy in their mutual understanding. One morning, however, the wren came to her and hopped restlessly about apparently calling for help, but no trouble was apparent. The bird made such a fuss that Madame gardener left the porch and went to the other side of the house where the porch was screened. Here the wren followed her and getting as near as

possible, kept on trying to make her understand. By noon, the bird was so insistent that Madame gardener told her husband she knew something was wrong and that he must look about and see if any of the little ones were in trouble for she was sure the bird was anxious. The rest of her family were inclined to jeer at her imagination, but her husband looked carefully all about, followed eagerly by the wren until he finally discovered deep down in the window area, a half-feathered fledgling too exhausted to peep, and, taking it from the hole, he had the satisfaction of seeing the mother bird feed it with a worm almost before it was out of his hand.

The parent wrens bring their whole families to the pea patch in the kitchen garden and teach them to hunt for insects on the vines. These special birds are welcomed by the gardener, for they eat also larvae and injurious bugs of all kinds; not a pea will they touch, they will even fight the rose-breasted grosbeaks whose appetite is not so considerate, so the crop is safe when the wrens are on guard.

The noise of the typewriter does not intimidate our birds at all. In fact, it seems to incite them to further effort, for, when I begin my work, the wren redoubles his trills and even comes down to the sill by the open window where his vocal efforts are almost deafening. The catbird, too, ever curious,

gets as near me as possible and calls. I am positive that it is only the screen that keeps him from making a closer acquaintance with the ivory keys. Occasionally at twilight, he comes down from the near-by tree to my window sill and gives me a private concert which I feel very selfish to be enjoying alone. Sometimes, I think that a new bird must have arrived for the notes are unusual, but on investigation, I find it is only my old friend practicing a new song.

I am fond of the catbird, he is so very friendly to people. Perhaps he is not so kind to his fellow creatures, but I notice that when the baby downy comes for a bit of suet, he does not disturb him and he vacates the flannel flower when the hummer arrives. The wren and the catbird seem to live in a sort of armed neutrality; both build their nests on or close to the house and, any time of day, one may see them feeding or singing or preening their feathers on the perches provided for them.

How fortunate we are to be living in a land where some wilderness still remains! Where wild cherry and crab and hawthorn blend their exquisite blooms, where there are still meadows of mustard and dandelions, and swamps where the redwing hovers! After a night of gently soaking rain, how the leafless forest leaps into life, that tender luscious green of early Spring with the tree trunks velvety black.

All the birds rejoice, too, from the tame mallard disporting in the muddiest puddle to the tiny warbler now more sure of food. How exquisitely they chant their hymns of praise! I cannot and I will not believe with the materialist that a bird's song is merely exercise or an egotistical exhibition. He sings because he is happy and so adds to the gayety of the world. Sometimes above the city's din, a robin's voice is heard. What a thrill it brings with its pictures of green meadows and running brooks!

One season an adventurous robin built her nest upon the fire escape of our fourth story apartment in town. What caused her to pause in her northward migration? What tempted her to stay in that bleakness of brick and iron? To be sure the city parks were not far away, but why this choice of residence? Could she have felt our need of her? She must have known our welcome for never was visitor so spoiled. The choicest fruits from the larders of the apartments were placed at her disposal. I won't say cakes were actually baked on purpose for her, but she certainly had her share. Such responsibility for her comfort and well-being as each one in the building felt! An alarm from the robin brought running footsteps and anxious faces. Might it be a hovering hawk or one of the numerous army of vagrant cats? Her daily doings, her cheery calls brought sunshine to the

entire neighborhood. I have often wondered if she returned another year.

Early in May this year, one of our familiar robins was looking about for a home site when he spied the only thick green growth anywhere visible—the euonymous radicans which from the low wall was trained over a square framework above three steps. Close to the brick walk that connects the back with the front of the house, in this upright verdant framework, at about the height of a man's eyes, she began to weave her nest. The top of the frame was equally green and leafy; why she did not choose that as her compatriots in the pergola had done is her own secret. Plenty of twigs were near at hand in the forest, bits of strings immediately thrown out from the kitchen were placed at once and deftly introduced, soft mud was available in the copper gutters above her head. With what joyous zeal she worked all day scarcely stopping to eat! She took little notice of passers-by and the next day, the finishing touches having been given, the bird disappeared. Whether this wedding journey lasted two or three days, I am unable to state, but six days after the beginning of the nest, three beautiful blue eggs lay in its rounded depths. Another day, another egg, and Madame settled down to her brooding. When grown-ups pass too close to the nest, she alights on a near-by shrub scolding a little, but darts back

as the footsteps recede. Of course everyone has seen this forming of a robin's nest, the care and skill with which the material is introduced, the strengthening of weak spots, the constant rounding of the interior, the rapid weaving of the supports. It is a marvel one never tires of watching. How does the young bride know how to carry on all the traditions of her race? Each kind of bird builds a different kind of a nest. I presume we must resort to that overworked word "instinct." Does that explain it? Just what is instinct?

"I'm sure," declares the cook, "that this is the robin that built in the garage last year." For we have had curious experiences with robins in the garage.

One year, a robin built on the stovepipe about six feet inside the rear door. It was very early when we moved out and we had to have a fire in the stove, so we carefully put up a board on the beam as near as possible to the stovepipe and moved Madame Robin's nest to it, pendent strings and all. She immediately adjusted herself to the change and raised her brood in safety.

Another year, a friend of hers built in an adjoining apartment on a beam directly over the truck while our Madame decided to annex the hose-frame to her needs. This was about five feet from the floor and about ten feet inside the front door through which the motor car must of necessity

pass each time it left or entered. In spite of the fact that the robin seeks the protection of man, it is not an easy bird to tame, perhaps because it is difficult to feed. It was not very convenient to get along without the hose-reel for six weeks, but in the face of such faith, what else could we do? Madame Robin had plenty of attention which she took quite calmly as her due. After her little ones had departed, possibly she missed the excitement of indoor life, for later in the season, she chose a site immediately over the front door but still on the inside. Naturally, with all those homes in our midst, the doors of the garage could never be entirely closed day or night.

After the robin youngsters had gone their way in life, some wrens, oblivious of the fine variety of gourds, etc., provided for them, appropriated this robin's nest and raised their second brood in apparent content with the pungent odors of the garage.

What do you suppose appealed to the wren who selected a broken-open hornet's nest for her abode? Of course it was a last year's nest cunningly and strongly attached to the beams outside the pantry window. During the winter, an investigating mouse or a flying squirrel had torn it open so that its beautiful construction of cells was plainly visible. Here the wren brought a collection of twigs. My only fear is, will that paper pouch be

strong enough to house six lively youngsters later on? Possibly it is only a cock's nest, a refuge from family life, when the home becomes too crowded for comfort.

There is always such a sense of adventure when starting from the house armed with clippers and field glasses—something new is sure to occur, some novel sight to delight one. One morning in June, wandering along the edges of the lawn, seeing what dead wood could with advantage be removed, how the yellow lilies were prospering, if there should be any grape vine insidiously appearing above the barberry bushes, in fact, making that daily tour of inspection that is not only a joy, but a duty, I came upon a queer bird all white standing on the lawn near the bridal wreath. I had heard of a white blackbird, but we were not supposed to have blackbirds on the place. He hopped along finally, and when he called, it sounded exactly like a robin. I kept perfectly still and was rewarded soon by seeing this fledgling fed by Mother Robin herself. *A white robin!*

I called up the cottage and shared my news, and soon the people on the place were out with opera glasses and the men warned to look out for it. At one o'clock, the robin was brought in to me, the men saying they were sure it would be shot or destroyed, as it was so tame and trusting. We left it free in the dog-trot with water, cut grass and

worms, also a branch to perch on, but he only yelled and yelled until, about three o'clock, Kate and I succeeded with difficulty in giving him a dropper of water and parts of a worm. I then kodaked him as he gazed reproachfully at me, but I could not explain to him that I did not mean to imprison him. This bird was absolutely white all over with pink eyes, bill and legs. He had no spots or discolorations upon his feathers. He was fully grown and a beautiful specimen of an albino. About six o'clock, he had resigned himself to his fate and sought the darkest corner of the porch where he napped with his head under his wing. Seeing the impossibility of feeding him, I opened the door of the porch and he flew a long flight, calling to his mother for food.

We saw him after that almost every day near the lawn on different trees, for he could not fly far. But after June 10th, we saw him no more. Did he fall a victim to the many enemies that his peculiar color attracted? Is he still preserved in some museum as a rare find? We do not know. We cannot tell. What we do know, is that he added ten days of pleasant intercourse to our country life and a happy memory to our varied days at Wychwood.

Our bird history would be incomplete without some mention of the pair of horned larks raised by a bird enthusiast and brought to our estate to

settle and increase. They were four weeks old when they arrived June 30th and had been accustomed to some freedom, but went into a cage at night. They loved the expanse of the laundry yard and were soon the pets of the entire household. They were quite fearless, came to the hand to be fed and did not attempt to fly away. We had no wrens at that time, and the other birds did not molest them. They strutted about their small domain, raised their crests when displeased at each other, and led a happy, carefree existence. But it became more and more of a problem to induce them to enter the cage at night. It took the resources and the stratagem of every member of the family to get them into that cage. They would hide behind the bushes and not make a sound when we called them; they would run anywhere but into that open door, until finally on June 25th, a beautiful mild night with a big moon, we were forced to let them free. They flew to a high branch and looked their defiance.

About seven the next morning, they returned to the yard again very thirsty indeed and looking as if they had not enjoyed themselves as they had expected. For three nights, we had no trouble in persuading them into the cage at dusk, but on the twenty-ninth, they concluded that they would like a night off again. The next morning, only the lady lark appeared. Quite nonchalantly she ate

and drank and was busy about the grounds, not moping at all for her mate. Very early the following morning, August 1st, Sir Lark himself arrived minus his tail, and a funny looking bird he was. Their experiences seemed to have given them a taste for home life as they made no further attempts to fly away.

For nearly four weeks they were contented and happy, the tail grew out again, and we hoped their wandering days were over, but on the night of the 27th of August, they both departed on some important business known only to themselves. After two days, the lady lark returned, but we never saw her mate again. Possibly he was killed by some larger bird or some animal; he was perfectly fearless and inclined to be pugnacious. Whatever happened to him will always remain a mystery.

The lady lark did not rebel at her cage at night now but settled down to a domestic existence alone. On the tenth night, some animal succeeded in getting into the cage and ended the life of our pet.

I suppose we cannot blame these wild creatures for taking their food where they find it, but how difficult it is for man to protect the helpless ones. If we stopped to brood over the tragedies of the woodland, our pleasure in it would soon vanish. We must accept these facts, too, as part of life.

no tying up, no snipping of seed-pods, no covering in winter, no fertilizing, no separating of root masses; they are entirely self-sufficient. Each year they appear with unfailing regularity, each year they show more zest for life, eager for more fields to conquer. Not but what they have their own ideas, too, but once content, they are there to stay.

We have succeeded in providing acceptable homes for the two Onacleas, the ostrich and the sensitive. I wonder why this anything but fine-leaved fern should be given that name. Possibly because it is extremely particular, not to say "finicky," about its food. The three Osmundas have also accepted us as friends, they live in happy proximity on the slope beside the entrance, the tall cinnamon fern with the brown spores that give it its name, the interrupted fern with the odd collection of spores midway of its stem and the royal fern, spreading and gracious, a lovely company under tall elders and aralias.

From beneath gray boulders appears the lady fern so delicate in outline, so determined in character, adapting herself to her surroundings, fulfilling her humble rôle in the world with cheer and goodwill; who shall say she is not happily named? It almost seems as if the lady fern and the maidenhair run races to see which will fill first certain desirable spots in the forest. That

forest with its continual surprises, its ever varying novelty, how many phases it possesses! And which is the more enjoyable?

The dark almost black mass against the brooding winter sky; the fairy forest under a clinging snow when each great branch, each tiny twig is wrapped in ermine; the iridescent forest when after a sleet storm the sun shines again forming rainbows in every vista; the mossy forest of very early Spring changing each day in tone until suddenly it is in full leaf! Now it has become the mysterious forest of the summer time, hiding its hills and valleys, shutting in its deep dells, keeping its precious secrets for its lovers. The fragrant tree blossoms, the varied tints of overlapping leaves, the many kinds of seeds, each have their happy season until the splendor of the Autumn clothes the earth and we watch those brilliant golden showers in silent ecstasy. One year a wet snow came out of the north so early in October that the trees were still green; the morning sun illumined a rare and exquisite picture. Another year the snow fell upon the crimson and gold of early Autumn. Imagine the glory of that spectacle!

Those first warm days of Spring when the still twilights tingle with promise! What are those mysterious rustlings in the woodland? Is it possible that one can actually *hear* those millions of tiny leaflets pushing their way steadily up through

the thick covering of brittle leaves to light and air?

Our forest is composed mostly of three kinds of sugar maples; these plant themselves and innumerable seedlings carpet the forest floor attaining varying heights as the conditions are propitious. Many oaks occur at intervals, fine old monarchs surviving years of stress. These are generally white or red oaks but in one far corner we discovered a black oak with its distinguishing rough cupped acorn. A dear friend brought from his home by the Rock River a chestnut oak about three feet high. Planted with care, nourished tenderly, half eaten by the seventeen-year locusts, moved to a better location, now having attained a height of eighteen feet, it bids fair to become some day a splendid monument to its generous and thoughtful donor. Elms we have, too, both white and the slippery elm, but they are not plentiful. When the acre of woods at the rear of the house was "cleared" for a lawn, an ancient bent oak was preserved to curve over the pergola, two or three fine maples were left to edge the northern boundary shutting off the kitchen garden and a splendid oak was saved on the East to make purple shadows in the Autumn.

A small, insignificant, one-sided young tree attracted my attention almost as the ax was at its base. "But that is an elm," I cried. "Yes, but

look where it stands," patiently explained the landscape artist, "right in the centre of the lawn." "Anyway I want it saved for the present," I begged. "It can be quickly cut down any time." "But it is only a slippery elm, not at all a desirable tree," persisted the artist, "and it will spoil the sky line." For once I was determined and never have I regretted my decision as year by year the grateful tree expanded in the sunlight until now it is a stately specimen, seventy-five feet high, symmetrical, luxuriant, casting long shadows on the grass beneath and serving as a refuge for every passing bird. I acknowledge that from a conventional point of view the tree is in the wrong place; the artist was right, but would that much more of sky give us the pleasure that this great canopy of green bestows?

In the forest ashes both black and white give splashes of color to the Autumn landscape; a few black walnuts tower above their neighbors. One of them beside the brook is an imposing shaft of ninety feet crowned by graceful drooping branches. Butternuts and bitternuts add their variety to the woods and basswood abounds. It is one of my favorite trees with its delicious blossoms beloved by the bees. How many of us know the remarkable beauty of the blossoms on forest trees? Those frail and delicate tassels swaying in the April sunshine, dewy, evanescent, reminding

one of mermaids in their cool greens tipped with color. Only under the microscope is their real harmony revealed, the variety of their form and texture, their marvellous adaptability for their work in the world. Hough's "Handbook of Trees" for leaves and fruit and conditions of growth is invaluable, but for blossoms we consult the rare and precious drawings of Faxon in Sargent's monumental work "The Sylva of North America." With what exquisite clarity and grace these dainty flowers are portrayed! With what scientific precision, too, are the fruits delineated!

In the late Fall under the oaks small acorns are bursting, sending out a tiny thread of a root really begging for a covering. In 1904 we planted five of these nuts in five small pots to watch their growth and the next Fall, when six inches high, with seven leaves, we set them out in the open wild garden beside the path to the Spring. They grew taller each season and were rapidly becoming real trees when the seventeen-year locusts nearly finished them. But they managed to live through that epidemic, and like healthy children soon regained their strength. Now after twenty years they stand twenty-one feet high, of course too near together but making so friendly and leafy a group that we have decided not to separate them. If one desires a specimen tree it must have plenty of air and space about it, but a small company of

trees makes a leafy canopy very refreshing in the summer heat.

When we first came to Wychwood we planted some pines and spruces on the northern boundary, but they never did very well; some of them lived and one or two of them have grown to excellent proportions but a deciduous forest is not the place for evergreens. The only native one we found was a small cedar. True to our theories we added more but they have remained stunted and unhappy.

Over the water, ancient Wisconsin willows fringe the shore where alders rise and cover any space left bare. These willows Professor Sargent says are a hybrid of the Babylonian willow, but how they came to this far country is one of the mysterious problems yet to be solved. Our alder is of foreign extraction, too, I believe. It is called the European variety and probably arrived on the water from some estate farther West as we have never introduced any exotic trees. It is difficult to keep this alder in check, but I cannot but admire its soft brown cones and lavender catkins against the deep blue of the February sky.

On the gravelly island the aspens quiver in the still air; the ironwood tosses its pale green fruit; the wild cherry and crab and hawthorn spread their feasts for the passing birds; a twisted ash bending over the water offers its hospitality to the kingfisher and an occasional heron. Twin maples,

a linden or two, rise above the tangle of wild grape and, I am sorry to say, poison ivy while a cluster of low trees bound together with honeysuckle and bittersweet seem to find successful resistance to the fierce winter gales.

Quite recently we made a discovery that astonished us. This was that the woods on one side of the avenue leading from the highway down to the house were different in aspect from those on the other side. In what this difference consists it is hard to explain but the plants know and recognize it. I hear the gardener say almost to himself: "Those primroses don't like it where they are. I must try them somewhere else." Or "See how well those lady-slippers are doing there; I planted just as many in another place in the woods apparently under the same conditions and they died." Perhaps the contours are broader on the East, an old wood road leads to an abandoned gate through a hollow now guarded by low overhanging young trees which a heavy fall of snow one winter bent down, and they have never recovered. The effect is so unusual and graceful that we have not attempted to improve it. On the northern slope the yellow lady-slippers have found a congenial home, while hepaticas have taken possession of the opposite side. The trees are generally larger in this portion of the woods, which tends to darken the forest floor so it is not so hospitable to floral

covering, but ferns of all kinds find a happy abode in the deepest dells, and here in early Spring the largest colonies of bloodroot carpet the earth.

West of the winding avenue the woods are more open, tufts of forest grass appear, the brown lengths of decayed logs form rich homes for the Canadian white violet and many small orchids; the hillsides are steep and the hollows more cup-like; here the lovely pyrola follows one's footsteps, the trillium dances in multitudes, the mandrake hides and the mertensia flourishes vigorously.

When the mighty mass of leaves in the forest drifts to earth, in early Autumn, it would seem as if they would form a covering at least six inches deep and last for years, but by the following Spring in some mysterious manner this heavy harvest has melted into the ground and become soil with only a thin layer of leaves to keep it moist.

For twelve years we have kept careful notes as to when the glory of the Autumn foliage is at its height. When comes that supreme moment that the Indians call "The day of Color?" One year it arrived as early as October 3rd and the latest date was October 26th. These are the two extremes. From the eighth to the nineteenth is the usual variation.

Not only along the pergola nor beside the hooded entrance have our ferns made themselves at home but in many special nooks throughout

CHAPTER VII

IN THE FOREST

THERE are various paths leading into the forest but perhaps none more popular than the sun-flecked pergola. When we first built this rustic pergola, we had much advice from experts insisting that it should be made of nice white painted timber or at least the bark should be removed from the logs, that as they were they wouldn't last ten years. Well the rustic pergola still exists and after twenty-six years it presents a charming picture of hoary age, its roof a lacy network of vines even before the leaves have come. When they are out nothing could be imagined more truly a part of the woods and the landscape. It has fulfilled its youthful promise and justified all our expectations.

To be sure the supports and the top timbers have all been one by one replaced as the need arose, care being taken not to disturb the growth. The roses have all been removed to the upper garden for more light and air; the clematis, too, both native and exotic has gone where the sun shines brighter; the kudzu, in time of need our best friend, proved of too grasping a nature to

abide with us in peace, so, I must confess with difficulty, every scrap of the fast-growing vine has been eliminated from the estate. In its place the Virginia creeper and the wild grape, both native growths, cover the long walk while, at certain intervals, the trumpet vine flings its graceful lengths along the way.

With the increasing shade on the west of the pergola we decided to leave that border in its natural state. To be sure in early Springtime, the ground is blue with scillas and their running mates the chionadoxa—has it an English name? But gone are the golden glow and the plumed poppy, the eulalia grass and the feathery Ravenna reed; gone, too, are the lilies, wild or tame, for the chipmunks proved too fond of them. Violets blue and white and yellow have crept in among the hepaticas and columbine, the ferns and baneberries, the spikenard and meadow rue and here we introduce plantations of new (to us) varieties from other parts of the state.

Great masses of ostrich fern not only fill shady spaces between the laundry wall and the brick walk, but their roots have dived under the wall and their cheerful fiddle heads now unfold in the yard itself, so that we must mark a limit where the clothes may hang or foot may fall.

No other class of plants has given us the carefree joy that ferns compel. They require no weeding,

the woods. These "nooks" have been a source of much interest and pleasure as well as real work. The first one was a necessity.

When we came to our forest, we found a dreadful hole which had been used as a dump for years. The scarred trees, the blackened remains of rubbish, above all the rusty tin cans, made us shudder. But we cut down the dead trees, carted away what we could and covered the remainder with black soil. Wide-spreading ferns now stand on guard above it, moisture loving plants rise from wild grasses, the yellow lady-slipper, even the white one, deigns to blossom there and its ancient uses survive only in the name *Tincan* or more euphoniously, as we pronounce it, *Tinken Hollow.*

Fired by our success we hunted out other suitable openings and gathered there plantations of wild growths which soon appeared so much a part of the woods that it was amusing to hear each visitor "discover" them for himself.

Dell Louise along the East trail with its carpet of maidenhair, its great moving fronds of cinnamon fern but noted especially for its gigantic Solomon's Seal some six feet high! No, we did not plant these last, but we did add to their number.

Egandale, named in honor of our devoted friend and benefactor who was always sending us new and choice plants suitable for our work! Egandale, with its long mossy logs for resting places and for

gazing at the lovely effects below and upon surrounding slopes! Here hepaticas, bloodroot and violets run riot, here trilliums and mertensia form sheets of color, here the dog-tooth violet, later the deliciously scented pyrola, the cimicifuga's tall spikes and even some native yew flourish mightily. Here, too, ferns form a background for all this color blended in sweet confusion with the unnameable small growth that Nature provides. Week by week some new flower opens, some almost forgotten plant is revealed.

Bane Berry Dell! What pictures the words call forth! That sylvan glade of surpassing loveliness, sun-spattered, quivering with renewed life, starry with trillium, white and yellow violets and hidden May-apple blooms! Every rod is a revelation as one stops spellbound in the grape-vine path and searches those farthest depths. It seems cruel to divulge its secret sources. I feel as Ralph Waldo Emerson did after seeing an exquisite tableau of angels ascending and descending; on the way home a friend eagerly began an explanation of the picture. But Mr. Emerson gently stopped him by saying: "If you don't mind, please don't tell me about it. I prefer to consider it a miracle."

But for those practical souls who like to know how a thing is done I will confess that the whole deep valley is a copy, plant by plant, of a glade in the woods far away, seen and reproduced by our

thoughtful and able gardener. The only original parts are the encircling trees and, of course, the lay of the land. Carefully planted from Nature, then permitted to develop as the winds listed, the effect is wonderfully charming. Great white trilliums dance above the brown leaves, slipping down the sunny slope; blue cohosh and Jack-in-the-pulpit rise from long woodbine sprays, blue mertensia and wild ginger follow each other, innumerable white violets star the ground; low bushes of leatherwood contrast with hundreds of maidenhair and lady ferns, with the broad beech and long beech fern, with the oak fern and Dicksonia. But one of the rare effects of this woodsy glen is the baneberry, the red and the white and the hybrids with their lacy leaves, their dainty balls of bloom and their shining berries in July and August. I wonder that it is not better known, this actea rubra and alba. It is perfectly hardy, easily raised from seed and well repays one's care.

What an endless field of study the forest supplies! Our eyes must not always linger in the tree tops for there are rare and precious offerings beneath our feet; not only the season's flora to watch and record but a whole world of humbler growths not less engrossing. Only the microscope can properly picture the marvels of the mosses but it is astonishing what treasures the trained eye discovers in the woodland.

"Yes, here is the liverwort," exclaims the enthusiast, kneeling before his beloved find, "and here, over here, see, it is fruiting, those miniature pine trees." Miniature indeed! "You know the hepaticæ are part of the oldest existing forms of plant life." And that wee ashy club not an inch long seized upon with such delight from the grassy bed. "Cladonia!" And his face is illumined with real joy. "We found lycopodium growing in the woods," announces the returned scientist, triumphantly, after a broiling morning. "You know its seeds take fifteen to twenty years to develop into seedlings." Of course I didn't know and I felt overwhelmed with the vast store of knowledge awaiting the eager student.

But there is still another product of our woodland that gives us keen delight. This is the world of mushrooms. Beginning in May with the morels that most delectable food and continuing with the "inkys," sparingly through June and July, to the great harvest of the Autumn we feast on these savoury delicacies. We are extremely careful about identifying before tasting them and, if there arises the slightest doubt, we act on the safe side. But why should intelligent human beings deny themselves this appetizing food because certain others are careless or ignorant? We have eaten twenty-one varieties, finding three of them only fair in flavor; the hypholoma perplexum, the

pluteus cervinus, the collybia radicata. Of the former even Professor Peck admits that its flavor is not first quality and McIlvaine pickles it; the two latter should be fried; we creamed them as we do the coprinus which may explain our decision. The other seventeen varieties that we have tried we have found excellent; this list includes armillaria mellea, agaricus placomyces, clitopilus abortivus, clitocybe candida and multiceps, hypholoma sublateritium, lepiota Americana and naucinoides, pleurotus ostreatus, panaeolus rititrugis and russula virescens. It does seem as if mushroom nomenclature is unnecessarily cumbersome. These eleven are rather rare and when discovered are greeted with enthusiasm. But our stand-bys are the three coprinus: atramentarius, or the inky, comatus or Shaggy Mane, and the micaceus, the little brown one that grows at the base of many trees and is full of flavor. The field mushroom or mushroom of commerce, the only one possible to cultivate, is occasionally brought in. But neither its texture nor its flavor compares with our favorites the "inkys." One year we had the inky mushroom either alone or cooked with other kinds *every day* from September 2nd to October 27th and never tired of them. In October come the puff balls only differing in size from the tiny ones as big as a cherry to the mammoth creations fourteen pounds in weight and all of

them the greatest treat. The only precaution taken is to be sure the flesh is absolutely white; the least tinge of yellow indicates age and should be avoided. All the "inkys," too, must be fresh of course, with no deliquescence.

But our enjoyment of mushrooms is not confined to the palate; their immense variety of forms, their dissimilar manner of growth, above all their rich and varied colors appeal to another sense. Proudly we return from our "hunt" in the forest laden with treasures to spread on the wide brass table in the dog-trot which reflects their colorful tints.

Although one may find a few mushrooms in the forest almost any month from May to November, the great harvest comes in the Fall culminating in October. We brought in from our exploring expedition the 8th of October one year *130* varieties! To name all of these before some of them melted away proved impossible but we have learned the proper title of nearly a hundred kinds including the ones we find edible. Certain local leaflets are helpful in determining these names with the excellent illustrations of Atkinson and the elaborate work of McIlvaine for confirmation. Invariably we take a spore print to be sure of its class and then it is not too difficult to place the mushroom on its proper page. As to the very poisonous ones we content ourselves with a look,

although enthusiasts who come to the place do not hesitate to handle them or even to carry them away.

We think of sunshine as being the compelling power to growth and the darkness of night as a resting of plant as well as animal life but we shall have to reconstruct our ideas. "Experiments to determine whether or not trees grow at night," says *New Hampshire Forests*, "have brought out the remarkable fact that they make about sixty-seven per cent of their growth at night and only thirty-three per cent during the day. This shows that the growth at night is about twice as fast as during the day. In addition, the experiment indicated that the greatest height growth of trees occurs late at night, and the least growth takes place in the middle of the afternoon of clear days.

CHAPTER VIII

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

Is flower arrangement a gift or can it be acquired? Of course it is a gift but by careful study it can be acquired by the willing heart, the seeing eye and the deft hand. It is hard to put into words correct flower arrangement; there must be balance without stiffness, a carefully simulated naturalness, an artful artlessness. At present there are two prominent schools, the natural and the artificial, or the Japanese and the Modern. The Japanese have written volumes and spent years in this study and around it has grown an interesting symbolism. But the object of the Koshin-Ryu school is to show each object as it grows and this is the naturalist's ideal. Mrs. Averill in her invaluable treatise "Japanese Flower Arrangement Applied to Western Needs" says:

"The pleasure and benefit that I have derived from a long study of this style cannot be estimated. Not only in the grace and beauty of the lines achieved and in the strengthening of sense of proportion, but also in the quickening of observation of the natural growth of all plants and trees, and in the simplifying and improving of taste in all direc-

tions, I have gained so much that it makes me long to pass on to others what I have found so helpful."

The modern school presents a combination of mid-Victorian bouquets and Della Robbia garlands in mass formation, often original even startling in results, but its artificiality appeals to another type of mind. Fortunately, for the world diversity of taste and outlook prevents any *one* ideal of beauty.

Flower arrangements with us are divided into five classes;

for the dining room table
for other tables
for mantels or bookcases
for wall pockets
for floor jars.

One must consider the height from the floor that is most becoming to a flower, as a charming effect, if arranged to be looked down upon, loses all grace if placed too high.

To a Nature lover it is a real joy to sally forth in the cool of evening to select and cull the needed blossoms for the following day. One should go with no preconceived idea, for each morn brings its own ever-renewed harvest of beauty. Flowers for four or perhaps five meals are to be gathered and combinations sought. There is no lack of material; it is the restricted choice that makes it difficult. Buds just ready to open are often more

desirable than the full-blown flower; then the right foliage to choose, whether wild clematis or gooseberry or sorbifolia or meadow rue. These are our favorites and are chosen according to the receptacle to be used. Given plenty of water and placed in a dark corner, by morning they are crisp and ready for the artist.

To be surprised with a different decoration each time one enters the dining room adds much to the joy of dining. It is not the many flowers but their thoughtful arrangement in the right form that calls forth admiration. For interchange of pleasant glances, for the promotion of general conversation, a low centrepiece is almost a necessity. All the details of the table can thus be grasped and its complete presentation appreciated. Colors under electric light frequently change but a soft bright yellow shade assists in preserving daylight tones or one can procure blue bulbs for moonlight effects or red ones for the sunset. In the case of a large family party it might be wise to have the centre bouquet high and wide so as to isolate each group. It might act as a screen between the conscientious parent and her offspring; it might even permit the man to tell his favorite story or relate his most thrilling experience without the aid of his spouse.

When one considers that at least two hours of each day are spent at the dining table gazing

consciously or unconsciously straight before one, how important a part of the daily fare the flowers become! They should not only be agreeable but satisfying, even stimulating.

Our table is usually an old-fashioned round one, five feet in diameter for six people and, of course, oval when there are more guests. A low round brass or glass tray six to twelve inches wide holding two inches of water generally forms the basis of the dinner decoration leaving simpler effects for breakfast and luncheon. Small bronze fish or turtles, glass or pottery holders of various colors (I have even seen one in the shape of a sponge) have largely taken the place of the pliable leads formerly used. Anything that does not offend the eye but holds the stem in correct position is permissible. Let each stalk make its own display to the best advantage but the whole should be harmonious from every seat; this can only be achieved by arranging the flowers on the table itself and judging the effect while seated.

Round or oblong shallow tins painted green or yellow or even blue filled with vari-colored stones and mosses make an attractive centrepiece, especially if at one side a small tube is wedged to hold a fresh flowering stalk. Small rock gardens can be utilized in an emergency but the most successful table arrangement is noted for its spontaneity, its fragility, its suitability for this *one* occasion.

Later on there can be no objection to its gracing a side table. A shallow glass tray of water in which stands a small dancing figure holding a real rose with petals scattered over the surface,—what could be more refreshing a hot summer noontime? Single hollyhocks or colorful swamp mallows may float on water in company with the heart-shaped nasturtium leaves. If the flower stems are first dipped in boiling water they will last at least two hours. Now so much color is used in linen and glass, more care is necessary in floral arrangements, but it gives an opportunity for daring and original combinations.

There is a tradition in the family that on Sunday morning the most perfect fronds of maidenhair from the dell shall ornament the breakfast table. They form a not too symmetrical circle of perhaps two tiers but are so delicately poised that the slightest zephyr sways them. Invariably they stand in a green vase about six inches high matching in color the fern leaf. These vases have a history of their own. At a Flower Show in England we first saw them, specially designed for Sutton, excellent in color, with a firm base, holding ample water and suitable for many varieties of bloom. We ordered fifty from each of the three sizes and they are universally admired and have gone with flowers into many homes. Wild clematis is our dependence for weeks, either alone in garlands

about a low clear green dish or mingled with pink snapdragons, or with Joe Pye weed on a translucent green glass platter. This last requires the sunlight for its haunting loveliness.

The black chokeberry's creamy white cluster with bridal wreath and the stiffer deutzia make an early June combination with pale jade linen and glass.

A May delight is a low brass tray in which the leaves and catkins and brown cones of the alder are mingled with yellow jonquils.

Short branches of cherries make a July dinner merry. They are attractive in wall pockets also.

Tiger lilies with peony foliage in a broad white china bowl surprised us one cool evening in late July.

In a low oblong clear glass dish disport three dancing nymphs in a gay circle supporting rich purple iris and blue columbine bells with a fringe of meadow rue.

It is advisable to have a blank book for jotting down unusual combinations or seasonal creations, for it is difficult to remember from year to year our most successful centres.

It would be impossible to reproduce exactly any flower arrangement but a hint, a suggestion aids the imagination. From our Floral Diary I quote at random:

Purple Siberian iris with the grape fern.

Sprays of snowy bramble with wild columbine.

Blue Chinese larkspur with the white plumes of the goatsbeard.

White single roses on an emerald green platter, the leaves trimmed so as to show the sparkling water.

The glossy green leaves of the black oak tinged with red on a round brass tray reflecting their colors.

A low bowl of creamy china, holding dancing columbines in all the variety of tone that these hybrids show, with encircling meadow rue almost touching the pale apricot cloth.

Rudbeckia triloba with the velvet heart among the feathery seed pods of the native clematis.

The rich blue Victory larkspur with artemisia Silver King or the grey foliage of the wild olive.

Sprays of high-bush cranberry arranged flatly to display the manner of growth.

Yellow day lilies with fronds of the royal fern above a primrose cloth.

Siberian iris with blue cohosh leaves.

The fragrant spikes of the blue Irma Dwyer clematis with pink snapdragons on a pale green glass platter.

Pale mauve iris rising from clear water in a glass tray with a few sprays of the royal blue Chinese larkspur.

Yellow sunflowers in an East Indian brass bowl

for Sunday night late supper, brass candlesticks holding the only lights.

When a family is smaller than five, one of the less formal tables is used; these tables fifty, forty-two and thirty-six inches in diameter are most convenient being very light in weight and when not needed they fold into a small space and stand on edge in a corner. The big table in the centre is left alone in its flowering grandeur and the decoration becomes simpler. The feast is a movable one served by the north terrace where, just the other side of the window on the suet cage, birds are feeding or in cooler weather by the sunny salmon geraniums where the humming bird dips his long bill into the flannel flower within two feet of our eyes. Sometimes it hugs the fireplace and again it is laid in the breezy dog-trot. Why should one eat always in one particular spot? It is stimulating to the appetite to have a fresh outlook, new surroundings. Now the flowers frequently stand on one side of the table, such charming conceits are now available! A dainty figure in white china holding a real rose or a dancing nymph under an iris umbrella or a single mandrake with its two rather overwhelming leaves but if placed at a proper angle the flower is disclosed. The small green jar carries the color down to the white cloth for there are occasions still when nothing takes the place of the white linen beloved by our ancestors.

A short picket fence about five inches high in white china whose posts are hollow for water is a never failing resource when flowers are few. A spray of purple or deep pink petunia sprawling along the pickets; the lavender buttons of chives with a misleading leaf of meadow rue; even the Chinese lanterns in the late Fall give a touch of novelty to the cozy table.

The Iris family always remind me of very elegant ladies of long ago and to think that all this variety and magnificence was evolved from the blue flag of the swamp! How varied they are in form as well as in color! Each one lends its own particular beauty to our table but perhaps our favorite is the wide open orchid-flowering iris which grows deep down within its leaves and waits to be discovered. I can well sympathize with the iris enthusiast who gazes fondly at her long row of green seedlings and exclaims: "I may get something extraordinary, you know!"

Our bookcases in the living room are five feet from the floor, an ideal height for showing flowers to the best advantage. Besides various types of vases, on these shelves stands a honey-colored terra cotta box three feet long, six inches wide and six inches in depth. Seven high tumblers are placed shoulder to shoulder within so that they are invisible, but filled with water they hold the stems and permit a loose, natural yet firm arrangement

of flowers. Here we display either a profusion of one variety, or experiment with combinations. Pale magenta rhododendrons with lilac iris, pink rhododendrons with lilac and yellow iris, forget-me-nots too for a misty effect; rose geraniums supporting day lilies, royal lilies, tiger lilies, the pink amaryllis, the varied dahlias,—each in turn hold sway in this long box. Sprays of deutzia ten to twelve inches in height irregularly placed with five pink rosebuds each on a different plane standing on guard at one end, make a cool design against the leaf green of the wall. The background is of the utmost importance in all arrangement.

Branches of single roses with plenty of their own foliage arrange themselves, beginning with the yellow Hugonis from China, the white Altaica in late May, the lucida and blanda, our native roses, more frail and less lasting, ending with the rich prairie rose in July. We soon learned that drooping flowers are shown to better advantage from that height although the stiffer-stemmed ones are so arranged that they turn their faces to the observer. When the fuchsias are ready to be put to sleep for the winter we prune long sprays for the bookcase box. We even poach from the kitchen-garden and obtain surprising effects with okra and martigny. Tiny red peppers raised in pots for the purpose decorate that shelf in late Autumn after the yellow sunflowers and black-eyed Susans and feathery

asters have gone. Not the least delightful creation is a collection of berries and seed-pods for Thanksgiving or a bittersweet tangle for Christmas.

Different shrubs as they flower come into the house to keep us company but these are generally cut in boughs four and five feet long for the tall standing vases in the hall, living room and dog-trot. The eleven kinds of viburnum, the six kinds of dogwood, the native opulaster and the thorn apples, the wild bramble with its graceful arching sprays of white against the dull green wall, crab apples and lilacs, honeysuckle in flower or fruit, brilliant maple or oak branches to the wych-hazel in late Fall form a lovely procession.

"Where do you get such huge branches?" often ask our interested friends. That is the way we do our pruning, why not? The syringa that almost bars the path in the upper garden, next year when it blossoms, we will cut in two for the house; that chokeberry that has grown to such a height by the tiny formal garden that it keeps away the sunshine,—what splendid boughs of beauty it will furnish! The honeysuckles that trail to earth their wealth of berries orange and scarlet,—how gracefully they fill the great green jar before the Japanese screen in the hallway! And that screen itself of golden hue, what a background for any decoration! One October just before a frost we

hung a tin-lined basket on one corner and trained lengths of nasturtiums across its brilliant surface. To our surprise the plant actually grew and kept blossoming for three weeks.

In order to get the best effect from any flower everyone knows that the proper receptacle is necessary. In the dog-trot beside the high-backed bench that was made for the United States Building at the Paris Exposition of 1900, stands a round brass tray from India on a low standard. This tray thirty-one inches wide is elaborately patterned and has a round depression in the centre about nine inches wide. One day while arranging the flowers for the specimen table in the corner of the dog-trot, we dropped some wild roses on this brass tray and they acquired such added beauty that we immediately adopted the idea, filled the depression in the centre with water and laid our offerings around it. These vary with the seasons but perhaps the most successful are the weak-stemmed dahlias whose rich variety of color laid against the shaded brass is unexpectedly charming. All during the dahlia season which lasts many weeks this stand is a source of keen pleasure, white clematis giving a touch of lightness to the massive blooms. Squash or pumpkin blossoms with plenty of vine make an interesting effect there but in spite of searing they last but a few hours.

How can I express the joy that our wall pockets have brought into our lives! Nothing seems amiss to them, they accept and beautify each spray and stalk that is placed in their keeping. As we have no shelves to the fireplaces in the living room or hall, the flat side panels seem peculiarly fitted for graceful wall vases, the blossoms acquiring new beauty in form and color by contrast with the dull brown wood. Bridal wreath curves about the basket's handle or pink honeysuckle reaches up to the bronze sconce above it; lilacs droop in tiered irregularity or yellow daisies form themselves into a fan; especially the velvet-centred triloba gains added brilliancy from the firelight's glow. Against the putty color pebbled wall of the dog-trot, berries in these wall pockets attain a new brilliancy; the high-bush cranberry in its absinthe stage with crimson stems, luxuriant chokecherries, all shades from rose to maroon, even the translucent currants in rich sprays, in fact any branch of fruit arranges itself pleasingly in these graceful receptacles.

One July afternoon I cut a tall flowering stalk of the common milkweed, seared the end and put it in water for the night; in the morning the upper flowers were growing limp so I cut the seared end off and replacing it in fresh water it revived and stiffened; the third day one tier of blossoms developed and the fourth day a green cluster opened

and the second became tinged with color; on the sixth day the flowers were still developing and the stems were stiff but the lowest leaves were turning yellow. On the eighth day the flowers were constantly developing, leaving only the six upper ones green but the leaves continued to grow yellow. On the tenth day we threw it away although the leaves had not wilted. This wild flower is one of our great favorites for its exquisite shade, its delicious fragrance and the beauty of its foliage.

Everyone who has a garden no matter how small should have a shrub called sorbaria sorbifolia tucked away in one corner; it is perfectly hardy, grows rapidly, has a nice tuft of feathery white flowers but its great desirability is its foliage. This combines with any flower and lasts for days.

Do not hesitate to remove leaves from stems that are *immersed* as not only do they contaminate the water but they detract from the beauty of the simple lines supporting the flower. To adequately show form and color and manner of growth, all vases should be arranged in the spot where they are to remain. Thus each branch has its proper value and the whole can be criticised from its different angles.

I do not claim anything remarkable or original in these suggestions. Proportion is one of the most important factors in flower arrangement and no

matter how carefully the vase has been prepared, it must appear spontaneous, unstudied. What should be constantly emphasized is restraint and the attainment of that naturalness and simplicity that is the height of art.

Books have been written and will continue to be written on flower arrangement but the subject is inexhaustible so that each one may surely find by experiment unusual effects and novel combinations.

CHAPTER IX

OUR NORTHERN BOUNDARY

About three-quarters of a mile from the house, a rather narrow road winds through the forest up an altitude of one hundred and sixty-seven feet to the highway where stands the stone gateway. We had always wanted a Lodge at this entrance, and meant to build one some time, a sensible economical-of-space cottage, brown of texture and inconspicuous, that would not conflict with the wild surroundings, but by judicious planting become a part of the woods. Here was a tempting problem to solve. We studied small houses in books and pamphlets, we wandered over the country East and West with this object in view, but in the end, we found nothing better for our purpose than our own clever cottage where the gardener lives. So we reversed the arrangement of the rooms, made a few minor changes and replaced the woodshed with the one indispensable apartment in a house nowadays, the garage.

It was interesting to choose the exact site. We, ourselves, measured it off with strings and stakes, to see how few trees must be sacrificed, to calculate if the earth taken from the cellar would be

sufficient for the grading, then away to visualize the finished effect from the highway, the inside avenue and the woods!

Before frost, the excavation was made and the work went forward all winter until finally in May 1927, the family moved in. The Lodge, with its low spreading eaves and grouped windows, gives an air of hospitality as well as exclusiveness to the place, only increased by the pleasing little maiden who opens the gate for the car.

The planting about the Lodge was and is a triumph of wild gardening. Everything, except the half dozen small cedars and hemlocks, were transplanted from the estate. On the south of the house, a curving path of brown stepping stones shaded by spreading honeysuckles leads to the tiny grassy slope at the rear. These loniceras are the most dependable of shrubs, they will stand any amount of bad treatment and neglect. Give them sunshine and they will blossom profusely and bear their red and yellow berries in vast quantities. Little wonder that they are one of the birds' favorites as well as our own. They may not be exactly native, but they have been on the place so long that it seems as if they should be counted as one of us. Beneath these bushes, is a ground covering which is unusual and effective, great clumps of white and blue and yellow violets, pink wild geranium, two varieties of white and one of

red trillium, yellow bellwort and wild columbine, Jack-in-the-pulpits and dandelions, huge tufts of shooting stars and rayless buttercups all mixed in with the fine foliage of galium or bedstraw and wild grasses; short stalks of asters and goldenrod, the American bluebell with other Autumn blooms supply the green; the blue polemoniums add that color necessary to a successful garden. This enchanting effect is repeated on the other side of the straight brick walk to the front door and finished against the house by a group of tiny cedars, hemlocks and junipers.

Lilacs and syringa await their turn to bloom, red-berried elder, high-bush cranberry and prickly ash with a native dogwood relieve the flatness of the growth. The ostrich, cinnamon and royal fern with the dainty leaves of the lady fern are just unfolding for this is its May aspect. The native aralia will soon bring the garden to a higher level and protect the Spring flowers as the summer plants expand. Young ironwoods and seedling elms extend their leafy arms above this bit of wild beauty, while farther aloft tower great oaks and maples. Even now, there is no sharp break between this little garden and the forest floor, and each year will bring them more together. Already green clusters of native growths are appearing down the shady slopes while tiny seedlings of maple and elm have discovered and taken advantage

of the open space about the Lodge. Of course a certain amount of restraint has to be exercised even in wild gardening, the weaker must be protected or in time the forest would entirely shut in the house as it did the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. That tale with Jack and the Beanstalk was my favorite as a child. It was the Beanstalk, not the giant that impressed me! I called for these two tales until my mother begged for a change. Why does a child like the same story constantly repeated? Does she grasp more detail at each repetition? Or does the mere familiarity please, giving her an unconscious sense of mastery? If only we could recall the exact impressions of childhood, the delight in the sound of words without any idea of their meaning!

Soon after we came to Wychwood, we put up an inconspicuous wire fence extending along the highway on either side of the stone entrance and down to the lake on the East and the West.

In a few years, this barrier was completely hidden by the natural growth of young shrubs and seedlings from the forest. I confess that we added somewhat to this woodsy border, but only to thicken it and quicken the effect. Hazel brush, maple-leaved viburnums which turn so brilliantly in Autumn, sumacs and bitternuts filled bare corners between thorn apples and wild cherry, silver poplars and wild crabs; bittersweet spread

along the wires and wound itself about any approaching support; wych-hazel and prickly ash gave variety to the roadside and of course wild roses were allowed the utmost freedom.

We did not need to plant any sunflowers as they were already in the ground waiting only for their season to appear, but we did add to the orange lilies found growing down by the brook, carefully avoiding any stiff or formal effect by letting small colonies run along the water's edge, as in time Nature would have placed them. We did not try for any floral display by the roadside, but depended on the shrubs in Spring and the changing leaves in Fall for effective coloring.

There was no need to introduce or encourage the wild grape. Its good points so pleased us at first, its fragrant flowers, its useful as well as attractive fruit, its graceful leafy lengths, that we did not discourage it. That was all it asked, to be let alone so it could fling its strong arms wide and embrace too closely its unwilling hosts. It did not take us long to learn its true character. We left certain localities to their fate where it was hopeless to cope with it, and those we acknowledge are picturesque spots, but in most of its haunts, we cut it down and kept a ruthless watch for its insidious advances. A rosy questioning stem armed with only a delicate tendril would appear far from the parent root; its innocent aspect did not deceive

us. We always tried to trace it to its origin and cut it as far below the ground as we could reach. "Why not dig up the roots and have it over with, if you object to the wild grape?" asked an interested helper one morning as she watched me dodging under thorny branches and along muddy banks at my game of hide and seek. This advice sounded sensible and simple, but we only tried it once. Those roots must extend down at least thirty feet, and they have a habit, too, of selecting a spot close to a tree or shrub to begin their earthly existence in, so if one is destroyed, the other must go also. No, there are but two solutions for the wild grape. Either you must keep continually cutting it down or you must learn to like it.

Exactly opposite the stone gateway above a network of sumac and bramble and grape stands a symmetrical maple; all summer long we salute it when passing and mark its continual sturdy growth. In the Autumn, it becomes a molten fountain and in Winter, a graceful tracery of intertwining branches beloved by the etcher.

On either side of this maple extend lovely tangles of natural growth; willows and hawthorns, wild cherry and silvery poplars, young elms and lindens, children of the near-by forest who have taken possession of this sunny border and all the way down the hill in combination with our own riotous roadside, make a natural woodsy drive

delightful to behold. Wild roses and asters, goldenrod and sunflowers, sweet clover, and, I regret to add, ragweed, make the ground covering. This latter we fight to the finish, but it takes much time and attention. That and the Canadian thistle are our worst weeds and cannot be encouraged. The road commissioners, in their fight against pestiferous weeds, make no discriminations and mow down ruthlessly *all* roadside growth. So shrubs are a protection as they are only disturbed at dangerous curves. I believe that the next generation, having learned to know and love wild flowers, will form new and better regulations for the countryside.

One day not far away, a new owner began to "clean up" (I think that is the expression he used) his place and extended his operations even to the very roadbed itself. Suppose someone should thus destroy that natural woodsy effect opposite our own gateway! We must control that land, so in January 1923, we bought a narrow strip, a little over an acre, across the highway from Wychwood extending about 200 feet on either side of the entrance. Besides giving us our friendly maple by the gate, this tract brought us several large specimen trees; an immense black cherry, a red oak and a white one, a group of lindens, more maples, a butternut, a picturesque willow and two elms, beside some native dogwood. Along the northern

fence, we put out small wild plums and crabs which even now make a pretty showing in the Springtime. Beside the eastern boundary is a shallow pool fed by a running spring. What possibilities this last acquisition opened before us! Cat-tails were put in at once and a few pitcher plants from a neighboring swamp. A great willow guards it on the southern side where a small brook leads down the hill to the lake. Here in this open pond, we have "planted" gold fish. It remains to be seen whether this experiment will be successful. Our adviser said: "Put in a couple of dozen and forget them for three years." We visited them two or three days afterward and they gaily whisked their tails at us as if to say: "You see, we're all right. We don't need you any more."

On the borders of this pool which is fed by springs and therefore never completely freezes, we hope to raise many plants that prefer an acid soil. By bringing in some truckloads from the tamarack swamp and keeping watch of the soil condition, we trust that many interesting experiments in plant life may be undertaken.

But the most desirable part of this addition to our land is the open sunny space for various tests. Into the clayey loam, a kind of marl was mixed and then the nursery of native shrubs and trees was started. Each one of these specimens has been raised from seed, is numbered and a record kept

of its development. No care is taken of these plants, no water is given them nor any cultivation, they must stand on their own merits.

By this method, we obtain definite information on the behavior of many wild plants: how long it takes the seed to germinate, when it is transplanted from the flat to open land, what growth it makes from year to year, and the condition under which it prospers or the reverse. All this may be valuable for people starting an estate for we feel sure that each year our native growth will be more and more appreciated as it becomes better known.

Tangles of wild roses, the hawthorn's huge bouquet, open spaces with a variety of sunflowers and milkweed, asters and vetches, violets and hepatica for ground covering! How much more interesting these are than the same amount of land in grass! And so little care is necessary! No sprinkling, no cutting, just pure enjoyment. Of course each Fall after frost, the dead stalks must be gathered and destroyed, but a flower bed that requires attention only once a year is a happy discovery. If dandelions come into this garden, as they surely will, welcome them. If thistles appear, those rosy balls of sweetness, do not be too drastic but leave some seeds for the goldfinches. If you have been catholic in your broadcasting of wild flower seeds, each month will give you a garden of a different hue; pink with wild geranium and

trefoils, bouncing Bets and wild pea; white with daisies and mandrake, or flowering spurge and fleabane; blue with closed gentian and chicory and the many mints; yellow with sunflowers and rudbeckias; or snowy with milkweed when the seeds fly in the Fall.

No one seeing a *single* wild plant can have any idea of the beauty in these blooming masses. I regret to say that chicory has utterly refused to stay with *us;* and the white flowering spurge that spangles the railroad embankment, looks and passes us by; the Queen Anne's lace, too, that we have spared no effort to encourage,—"No," the three of them unitedly say, "your way and ours do not agree." But think what a charming effect they would make on some lady's sandy waste land mixed with grasses or whatever Nature would provide!

Endless are the possibilities of the woodland, a continual stimulant for renewed endeavor. With an open mind comes the seeing eye so that each year brings unexpected pictures and suggestive hints for future development.

CHAPTER X

THE FUTURE

NOTE: *Mr. Hutchinson died in October 1924, but Mrs. Hutchinson and he had talked over their plans in such detail that she felt his sympathetic companionship to the end of her life.*

THERE came a moment in our busy lives when a sudden thought flashed into our consciousness almost simultaneously. We had been so occupied with our fascinating problems, so absorbed in developing the possibilities of our beloved woodland that no conception of its far future had occurred to us. The years were flying by and each one only added to our joy in this unique possession. But what would be its final end? Must all our labor go for naught? Could we leave this child of our adoption to an uncertain existence? No, something must be arranged so that this bit of nature could be preserved for all time, a part of the wilderness when all about it became civilized.

As is usual in America, no one of the next generation could or would undertake this responsibility. All of them loved it as a playground but their life interests were elsewhere. We were about halfway between two universities but one was a state

institution which possibly in the future might fall into the hands of politicians, and the other quite frankly declared that the property was too far away and they had all they could manage nearer home. Of course, we understood that an endowment must necessarily accompany this gift. We discussed the matter with our friends. We consulted unbiased individuals. We talked it over with various scientific institutions. We visited other sanctuaries for the preservation of wild life in Illinois, Michigan, Northern New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, and inquired how they had been founded. It was a pilgrimage filled with pleasant happenings. The donors and their families were invariably hospitable and sympathetic and spoke frankly of their vicissitudes, their varied experiences and their developments. Of course our sanctuary was small compared with most of the others, but the same difficulties confronted us, and we were most grateful for their suggestions. What an intense and lasting interest the love of Nature inspires and how it brings together all ages and conditions of people in sympathetic contact!

Some inkling of our final aim must have lain dormant in our subconsciousness from the beginning; the only real change we have made is the widening of the field from our own two selves to include the whole student world. The announcement of our

purpose was made at a meeting of the Lake Geneva Garden Club at Wychwood, August 11, 1926, as follows:

"Friends and Members of the Lake Geneva Garden Club: Most of you know all about our work at Wychwood, what we found at the beginning, what our ideas were in regard to it and what we have succeeded in accomplishing; but perhaps not all of you know about our plans for the future.

"Youth rarely looks into or even thinks of that dim distant space that lies before him, that far future that so insidiously creeps upon him. For the thoughts of Youth are concentrated on the one purpose of life, creation. As he goes forward and sees his beloved ideas crystallizing and becoming tangible facts, he longs to feel that this life work of his may be maintained as an inspiration to others, a step forward in the slow progress toward world betterment.

"In 1901, we found here in the midst of farms and clearings, surrounded by park-like homes, this bit of wilderness; 72 acres of untouched, ungrazed, unspoiled forest. In making our home here, we tried as far as possible not to disturb the original conditions, only increasing desirable plants already here and adding plants native to this district. We made one exception to our rule. In the immediate vicinity of the house, we did not confine our shrubs to those of the state but included

many bearing a succession of berries so that at all seasons the birds might have ample food. For not only did we desire the birds as friends and companions, but as co-öperative workers, knowing full well that, without their aid, all our plans would go as naught.

"Now the question arose how best to keep this precious bit of Wisconsin woodland forever in its natural state, how to show what this prosperous country of cultivated fields once was, how to preserve the many native plants necessarily destroyed by civilization and how to maintain this refuge for the birds.

"After studying various methods and consulting with different scientists, after visiting and talking over the matter with those who have arranged plots of land for preservation all over this country, we decided to follow the ideas of our good friend Professor Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum who advised the making of a Trust, turning the property known as Wychwood over to a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees who would carry it on forever for the benefit of students and scientists. This Board is to consist of three trustees, one man eminent in plant life, one man eminent in bird knowledge, and one a business man. I am very proud of and grateful to my present Board: Dr. Henry C. Cowles, Chairman of the Department of Botany at the University of

Chicago; Dr. Robert Ridgway, the first living authority on Birds, and my nephew and lawyer, Noble Brandon Judah. The transfer of the property to this Board of Trustees has already been made, and within a month or two, the endowment fund for its support will be placed in the Illinois Merchants Trust Co. I will not attempt to go into more details as these will probably be changed from year to year as necessity demands. As first Director, I intend to make this my home, the same as it has always been and to assist in carrying out the plans formulated by Dr. Sargent. Our faithful helpers, Mr. and Mrs. William Longland, will of course continue their efficient service.

"The property is to be known as "WYCHWOOD: A SANCTUARY FOR THE NATIVE PLANTS AND BIRDS OF WISCONSIN." It will be carefully protected at all times; only those with permits from the Director or one of the Trustees will be allowed access to it. We have started our registers, one for scientists and one for interested laymen. The amount and variety of knowledge available here is really surprising. Through the generosity of the Arnold Arboretum, who have assisted us in every possible way, we have already about 450 dried and named Wisconsin specimens in the Herbarium. We aim to know and label and make a card catalogue of every plant which includes, of course, trees and shrubs, mosses and grasses; of every mushroom,

every insect, every moth and butterfly, every bird and animal that exists on the place.

We intend also to bring in any Wisconsin plant that is not already here. We hope to raise from seed, keeping careful records, many native flowers and trees, and besides showing them in their natural habitat, to have them marked in a nursery for research and investigation. All this might seem an impossible undertaking for any one life but with perpetuity assured, these records should become very valuable and add to our world knowledge.

"We have had the enthusiastic approval of scientists in many fields; the mushroom lovers and the entomologists are especially keen on the opportunities for observation to be found here. It is rare that one's pet hobby can be a joy to oneself and at the same time, a real assistance in the scientific world, so we think we are very fortunate in devising this scheme for which we bespeak your good wishes and your hearty co-öperation."

At the beginning, there was a misconception about our ideas in regard to the place so that sometimes parties would arrive laden with baskets, and many children, demanding entrance, as Wychwood was now a "Public Park given to the State of Wisconsin!" So a leaflet was published containing a short résumé of our purpose with our few rules and regulations. I quote from it:

GENERAL INFORMATION

Wychwood is in no sense a public park.

Visitors are admitted only by permission to be obtained by writing or telephoning to the Gardener in Charge, William P. Longland, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, telephone number, Lake Geneva 449-W.

School classes accompanied by teachers, and Garden Clubs may obtain permission in the same manner.

Every visitor is requested to register at the Cottage on arrival and is especially asked NOT to gather leaves, flowers, roots or seeds or in any way to interfere with the natural growth.

In order to prevent fires, smokers are begged to be extremely CAREFUL.

Picnicking is not allowed.

Wychwood is an Experiment and Research Station for the use of students under proper restrictions.

Students desiring to work there should apply to the Director or to a member of the Board of Trustees for permission."

We feel under special obligation to the members of our first Board who have been unsparing of their time and thought in starting this new enterprise. Dr. Henry Chandler Cowles possesses a knowledge of conditions in the surrounding country which has been of the greatest assistance through our varied problems. Our brilliant nephew, Noble Brandon Judah, in the midst of other important responsibilities, has given generously of his services to the Board. All business details go through his hands and he has been uniformly understanding and courteous. The Fund is admin-

istered by a Trust Company, so that eliminates one important item of real care. To Dr. Robert Ridgway, we feel particularly indebted for his constant interest. When his name was suggested by Dr. Sargent, we hesitated to impose upon him, but the result proved the wisdom of the old saying that if you want something done, ask the busiest man you know to undertake it. With his own Sanctuary "Birdhaven" and his home place "Larchmound" at Olney, with his days occupied in finishing his monumental work, "The Birds of North America," we felt great reluctance in begging for his help; but Dr. Sargent, his old friend, was ruthless and determined and would not take No for an answer. How we bless him for it!

Wisconsin is a State with a peculiarly varied vegetation. We must make a study of the necessary soils and see how many varieties of plants would consent to live with us. Our faithful friend and adviser, Dr. Cowles, has kindly furnished us with the following details:

"The State of Wisconsin contains three main types of soil, namely: (1) Glacial soil, known as drift brought down by the great ice sheets thousands of years ago; (2) Residual soil which lies mostly in the southwestern part of the state where the glaciers never came; the soil there is due to the weathering of the rocks, whereas, the glacial soils were brought in from areas to the north; (3)

Alluvial and lacustrine soils laid down by streams, lakes and ponds. The latter soils are partly organic, due to partially decayed plant or animal remains. From a mechanical point of view, the soils may be classed as clay, clay loam, silty loam, sandy loam and sand, depending on the fineness or coarseness of the particles composing the soil. Muck and peat are dark colored soils, organic in origin. All of these types are found in the state and, as would be expected, soils of such great diversity and character are associated with corresponding differences in the natural vegetation. Not all vegetation differences in the state, however, are due to the soil. The warm dry climate of southwestern Wisconsin contrasts with the cool, moist climate of northeastern Wisconsin. The oaks and prairie vegetation of the south contrast sharply with the dense northern forests of hemlock, spruce, fir, beech and birch. These differences in vegetation are due more to climate than to soil.

"The most widespread soils of Wisconsin are sandy and silty loams, silty loam being the principal type in the southeastern part of the State. Prairie soils are found only in the southern third of the state. Such soils though naturally treeless are very fertile. Sandy loams and sand are found largely in central and northern Wisconsin. Red clays occur especially around Lake Winnebago, and in the extreme northwest. Peat soils are wide-

spread throughout the state, except in the southwest and west.

"Soils differ widely as to their acid or non-acid nature, and the natural vegetation of acid and non-acid soils is widely different. Nearly three-fourths of Walworth County has a silty loam soil. Wychwood and also most of the area around Lake Geneva has soil of this character. In some parts, especially southeast of Lake Geneva, are acid swamps with tamaracks.

"The vegetation of the state is so intimately associated with soils that often one may tell the kind of soil by the kind of plants growing on it. These plants indicate also the types of crops suited to the soils, some crops being suited to soils rich in lime and other crops being adapted to acid soils. Acid soils are of two sorts: (1) dry sandy soils with pines and various members of the heath family; and (2) swamp soils with peat; the latter soils often contain white cedar, tamarack, and, in the north, spruce. In these acid swampy soils occur numerous rare and interesting plants such as the pitcher plant, sundew, cranberry, the lady-slipper and other orchids.

"Silty loams that are non-acid in character are characterized by oak, linden, ash, elm, maple and many herbaceous plants and shrubs."

We were fortunate in having already this forest of native trees with no introduced exotics, the

natural ground covering and somewhat varied soil.

"How many varieties of plants do you suppose you have here?" asked a scientist one afternoon, as we wandered along the trail. "Oh, I don't know," I answered, "perhaps 500," naming what seemed to me rather a large number. He made no comment. "Have you a list of them?" he persisted. "A partial one, yes, but not at all complete," was my cautious reply. "Well, you should begin a herbarium at once" was his decision. But I protested: "That does not interest me in the least. Anything more ugly than a dead flower jammed into an unnatural shape—"

"But it should interest you," interrupted my learned friend, "it is the only absolute proof of what you have here. You can say you have so and so, but if at any time of year you can show the flower itself properly mounted and dated, there can be no question."

"Mr. Huron Smith, Curator of the Milwaukee Museum was kind enough to let us have his check list of the Plants of Wisconsin, and from that we have checked those growing here. His assistant, Mr. Fuller, gave much time to making this list correct."

"Yes, all that is good work, but that does not alter the necessity of your having a complete herbarium."

I don't know whether there was unconscious

collusion or whether it was a coincidence, but every time we came in contact with a botanist, remarks were made about a herbarium until after Professor Sargent himself urged it and explained to me the ease (?) with which it could be done: after he took me through their wonderful and efficient herbarium department at the Arnold Arboretum and offered to supply me with lists of all needed material and necessary addresses, we finally promised to think seriously over the matter.

Just then Providence opened a way and we could do nothing but follow. The able and well-educated wife of our gardener had been compelled through illness to give up temporarily her active life, but her brain and her fingers were still most efficient and she was eager to undertake this, to her, congenial task. So in the Fall of 1925, one of the Professors from the Field Museum, Chicago, was kind enough to come out and start the Herbarium, leaving full directions. We cannot be grateful enough to scientific men all over the country who have given of their time and thought to be of assistance to us here. We bought the necessary equipment, the correct size mounts and envelopes, the proper glue and stickers, the sterilization powder, etc. We had printed acceptable labels, had a box made the right size for the sterilization of the specimens after mounting, prepared a heavy press and ordered a metal cabinet with shelves for

finished work according to instructions. Part of the woodshed beside the cottage was enclosed for an office with window, radiator and outside entrance. Here is the big desk, the metal cabinet, the heavy machine for making the aluminum labels, the working reference library, etc. Specimens were brought in at once, arranged as rapidly as possible, dried and sterilized, named and dated, and placed in the big metal cabinet. Our collection now numbers 233 varieties of plants that are growing on the place and 703 plants of Wisconsin presented by the Arnold Arboretum from those collected by E. V. Palmer on various trips.

I must be honest and confess that I am completely converted as to the advisability and even the need for this kind of a catalogue. I can now really admire the leaf shapes and the clever arrangements of the varied sheets. I am lost in admiration over the skill and care and endless patience with which the work is done.

One of the great privileges of country living is to see the pictures in the Nature books actually come to life! Shall we ever forget that morning in late August when the fat green larva, so gorgeously dotted with color, which would ultimately become a Cecropia moth, began to spin his cocoon on the bare wall of the cottage near the ground? What a wonder world he opened to our unbelieving eyes! We discovered him about ten o'clock just as he

made his first thin threads as a kind of ground covering; he waved the upper part of his body about as if seeking something—the surface of the wall was too smooth. No language could have told plainer what he wanted. I procured a short stick of fire wood and set it up against the wall beside him. I suppose it would be fantastic to assert that he looked his thanks, but anyway, he immediately glued one end of his guy ropes to the stick and the other end to the wall. For four hours without resting, he produced these fine silken threads and moved back and forth attaching them for his home. By that time, 2:00 P.M., a faint white covering was visible, but the green grub kept steadily working for another two and a half hours when the cocoon began to take shape. In three hours more, at 7:30 P.M., the grub was covered by the web, but still faintly visible and still working with undiminished zeal. I believe that he does not stop for sleep or food until his job is done. At 9:30 the next morning, he could be distinguished working back and forth ceaselessly in figure eights making the inside lining until by one o'clock, he had almost disappeared in the thickness of the mesh and had straightened out up and down but was still moving slightly. As the days went by, the glistening white of the cocoon changed gradually to tan and dusky brown, blending with the cottage wall as if it were a leaf blown against it.

The whole process of change that the moth experiences is more extraordinary than any fairy tale written. The forming of that splendid winged creature within its dark foodless cave and its final coming forth into the sunlight where each second it increases in strength and loveliness,—what a miracle it is!

The butterflies and moths are as much a part of the garden as the flowers themselves and to find them when they are still caterpillars is one of our diversions. Brought to a certain table in the dog-trot, we note their food and keep them supplied until they make their cocoons.

Do the Cecropias live without eating when they have attained that winged stage like the Lunas? To have life one long holiday without bothering to eat or drink, to enjoy the sweet air and the honeymoon flight, to arrange for the continuation of one's kind and then to die without thought of the future, what existence could be more perfect?

We know that the butterfly called the Painted Beauty certainly does not live without eating. For nearly a month she sipped fresh apple contentedly in the dog-trot until on November 15th, she spread her wings wide and ceased to move. Was she hibernating? This exquisite creature is intensely interesting in all its phases and where it spends the winter "hibernating in adult form" is a problem still to be solved.

The orange spotted caterpillar of the black swallow tail butterfly is a fascinating one to watch. On the 15th of October, we brought it in and provided it with fennel. We looked up its life history and needs and were thrilled to see the tiny creature go through its marvellous "stunts." Giving it the right size standing twig, on the eighth day of our acquaintance, it crawled half way up the stick and immediately began to make its characteristic silken loop. This consists of about twenty-five gleaming threads carefully placed and fastened, and takes only five minutes to perfect! The deftness and accuracy with which this is accomplished and the final placing of the body in this support at just the right angle is one of the extraordinary acts of instinct. It takes five days to complete the chrysalis and shed the skin. We follow the mysterious changes day by day with absorbed interest.

As the summer wanes, gradually the birds' brilliant chorus dies down, but Nature abhorring a vacuum, sends the singing insects to make the evenings vocal. We listen for the tree toads' persistent call, and the Katy-dids' remarks. There used to be an old saying after hearing the first locust, "Six weeks to frost." But this is hardly proved by the records. I quote Mr. Egan, the naturalist from Highland Park: "I have been timing the opening of our evening concerts. The

tree toads and crickets open up the chorus always a few minutes after six P.M. and Mr. Katy-did waits until an hour later. We hear the Katy in this section always for the first time anywhere between July 27 and August 5, and frost comes from six to nine weeks after them."

As the years fly by, many of our fads lose their attraction, much of our work seems aimless, even useless, perhaps our enjoyments wane, but there is one occupation that becomes more interesting, never loses its zest, develops in all sorts of unexpected ways, leads one into extraordinary paths. Of course we all know the answer: it is GARDENING. Small wonder that our synonym for Paradise on earth is a garden, its changing aspects, its new problems, its marvellous inhabitants upon whom it depends! Our small domain is a world in miniature and possesses material for study in countless directions.

Here is a unique opportunity to observe wild life in its natural state. Here the scientist may study many problems. Already an investigation into wild flower seed germination has been undertaken and new facts discovered. An immense variety and number of mushrooms are found here. One scientist estimated that there might be twenty thousand insects living with us. Let us hope he did not mean twenty thousand different kinds! Ferns and mosses, grasses and sedges each have a

kingdom of their own to be explored. Spiders, moths and butterflies have large colonies here only waiting the investigator. A good reference library of about three hundred volumes is at the disposition of the student. May Good Fortune attend him!

CHAPTER XI

WYCHWOOD THROUGH OTHER EYES

POSSIBLY one great reason for the general exodus of the American people country-ward is the realization that we are living at too fast a pace; that the whirl in which we take our pleasures as well as our more serious occupations is lacking in some of the attributes which were dear to our forefathers. Certainly a country house is a pleasing remedy; for here the real individuality of the owner may be expressed, and here he may have time to become really acquainted with those friends whom he likes the best.

Sometimes I think that the chief charm of a home in the country is the opportunity its leisure gives to know one's friends better, to make friends of mere acquaintances, to become familiar with the people who are actually accomplishing things in life whether through settlement work, church work, educational work, painting, sculpture, architecture, books, or national organizations. These few hours of informality give one a rare insight into the real being, and often change one's estimate of a character formerly known only from external appearances.

For comfort and freedom from care, a country house should be so simply furnished that merely turning the key in the outside door suffices so far as intrinsic values go, and we have so arranged ours; but there is one object in it which is very precious. It is not of silver or gold or any precious stone, not wonderful in needlework or a relic of the ages, yet it is our one most cared-for possession. Can you not guess, O Sympathetic Reader? It is our Guest Book. Begun when we entered the tiny cottage, continued through our camping in the kitchen-house and our final settlement in the main house, it bears a complete record of our different visitors to the present day. It lacks the whimsical charm of many guest books, it has no sketches, photographs or comments, it contains only the autographs of our guests; it goes steadily forward in methodical order from month to month, from year to year with the names of relatives, friends, and acquaintances.

When we ask a visitor who has not been to our home before to write in the guest book, a curious, pensive, not to say haunted, look comes into his face especially if he is famous with pen or brush. And I have even known him to say, "Mayn't I just wait a little?"

"For an inspiration?"

Then when we explain that the only tribute levied is the autograph, the relief in his countenance

and the alacrity with which he rises to the occasion are delightful to witness.

When we leave for the winter this beloved book of white vellum is carefully wrapped in its leather case, placed in a cotton-flannel bag, then in a tin box which is enveloped in paper to keep out the dampness, put inside another tin box and carried out of the house.

What a long procession of figures moves before me as I turn the leaves of our guest book, from the "mark" of the tiny tot just toddling across the floor, our first grandniece, to the fine, firm hand of my dear lady mother "eighty-two years young!" Here is the sprawling record of a seven-year-old genius; here, the close structure of the man of affairs; here, the plain signature of the old school; here, an undecipherable rebus which only the initiated know; here, the unformed hand of youth; here, the well-knit sign of experience; here, the graceful flowing style; here, the upright, and beyond, the backhand, with all manner of slight differences and variations. The ministerial hand, the medicinal hand, the artistic hand, the archæological hand, the literary hand, all are here. A chance indeed to study individuality as expressed in chirography! Many of the names occur over and over again; for this guest book of ours is not only an autograph album but a chronological record often referred to in debated questions.

Our guests, no matter what sex or condition in life, what appearance or temperament, married or single, old, young, or middle-aged (a rapidly disappearing period!), resolve themselves almost immediately into two classes; those who do not like the country and those who do. The former come out of curiosity, to escape from boredom, for the social side only or because it is the correct thing to do in summer; but this class is growing smaller every year, and to this desirable end the motor car has largely contributed. So the passion for country life is creeping into the veins of the American people, our Anglo-Saxon traditions are asserting themselves, and gradually we are returning to the soil.

Even those who do love the country love it for divers reasons. To some it is a playground, and that is all, bounded by the golf links or the tennis court. To others it is a place for needed rest and respite; to be let alone is all they ask; a book on the terrace and three good meals a day satisfies them completely. Some look upon the country as a series of pictures with novel effects of light each changing hour; some prefer the creations of man, and go on architectural expeditions with zest; some are fishermen, and given a small boy and some bait, a boat and a rod, are perfectly content; and to each one we seek to give the kind of recreation that he or she likes the best.

To some just the woods are enough, the freedom of the place, the liberty of investigation, long mornings or cool afternoons in which to explore and to discover. I have noticed that one of the keenest pleasures I can give a nature-lover is to turn her toward a particular path and then follow quietly behind her. How delicious to my expectant ears are her little shrieks of delight as she catches a glimpse of a rare wild flower or unremembered plant! One morning in early October I steered my companion, all unconscious, toward the gravel pit. We were talking busily, at least she was, and did not happen to raise her eyes until I stopped as if in interest at her recital, but she never finished that story; she had discovered the autumn crocuses, those precious ghost flowers which carry in their translucent cups all the fragrance of the springtime and the memories which lie between.

Of those dear ones who are the nearest to us; those who know each corner, each remote recess of our beloved wood, to whom this haven is a second home; of those who share in all our sorrows and double all our joys; of them this is not the place to speak. Within our hearts their names are graven far more deeply than in the book of guests.

* * * *

In Country Life for April 1910 appeared the following article by Wilhelm Miller in the first of a series of SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN GARDENS.

THE HUTCHINSON ESTATE AT LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN, WHICH ILLUSTRATES A TYPE OF COUNTRY LIVING THAT IS IN PERFECT HARMONY WITH THE TIME AND PLACE

If there really is anyone who thinks that taste and culture stop at the Hudson River and that there are no beautiful estates west of the Berkshires, he ought to visit Lake Geneva, the loveliest bit of water near Chicago. And if he does not like the Hutchinson place, and several others there, I give him up to the executioner.

There are many things that some Easterners could learn from the Hutchinsons—for example, how to live. Pastor Charles Wagner told us that people may be simple-hearted and lead the simple life even when their scale of living is necessarily large. I never believed it until I met Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson. They are the "real thing." They care little about artificial excitement. They enjoy the quiet life of a summer home nestling between noble woods and an enchanting lake. They really know all the wild flowers and trees of the neighborhood. They dwell amid exquisite surroundings in an atmosphere of peace and gentleness. And I think they are happiest in their wild garden.

If you like a finished landscape composition by the Olmsteds you will find it here—the perfect lawn, hemmed in by tall forest trees and bordered by undulating masses of shrubbery that make a transition from the greenery of lawn to that of the forest. But the remarkable feature of this landscape is that it is behind the house instead of in front, an instance of the bold and successful way in which the Hutchinsons have freed themselves from convention. For it seemed best to them to plant their house near the lake (within 300 feet), and let it grow out of its wooded environment, as you can see it does. And because wood was plentiful they chose the English cottage style for their house. As a result, the house fits. How much better this is than to overawe a stoneless country with a unique building stone brought

from a thousand miles away! And how much better than slaughtering acres of trees half a century old because the conventional place for the main lawn is in front of a house!

What, then, did the Hutchinsons put between the house and the water? Why, a shrubbery collection, which does two things. First, it restores to the lake front that air of sylvan wilderness, which is more restful to those who sail by than a panorama of smug lawns and other reminders of city life. Secondly, this shrub garden gives the owners privacy and a delightful outdoor hobby, because it puts forth every day new beauties of flower, fruit and leaf. There are broad grassy lanes between the undulating lines of bushes, in which guests may stroll amid everchanging pictures of beauty, without seeing or being seen by the boat-load of excursionists who may chance to pass. For this shrubbery collection, from the steamers, simply makes long, low lines that harmonize with the lines of the house. And anyone may see why those lines were chosen, because the land is flat and low.

That low, moist land by the lake-side would be a cross to some Easterners I know, for they would think it necessary to raise it by importing thousands of wagon loads of soil. But Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson can see the peculiar beauty of a meadow—a beauty which wealth cannot duplicate on the upland. They thought the moist soil was eager to make a picture of lush vegetation such as glorified thousands of wet places on the virgin prairie. And so they planted the famous flowers of the prairie, the giant compass plant, the hundred-spired purple loosestrife, the orange-scarlet lilium superbum, the wild purple flags, the tall perennial sunflowers and even more distinctive Western flowers which, when they spread into great colonies, will doubtless reproduce one of the loveliest floral pictures the world once knew, viz., the moist sunny meadow amid the wild, unbroken prairie.

The same affectionate interest in discovering nature's desire and following it, instead of forcing one's own desire upon nature, has achieved another type of beauty by the lake shore. Some Easterners that I know have only one

notion about a shore line—to make it as definite and conspicuous as possible. So they clear away all bushes and let the grass come right down to an expensive retaining wall. The Hutchinsons like to obscure the shore line, as Nature does, with water-loving bushes, especially those that roll out over the water and make beautiful reflections in it.

So they have masked the boat landing with Wisconsin willows, and have lined the shore with hundreds of wild roses—blanda, lucida, nitida, Carolina and humilis, all of which have small, single blossoms and produce great billowy masses of foliage in this congenial moisture.

Marsh marigolds were brought by the hundred from a neighboring swamp to edge this lovely shore walk and as you follow it you brush against the fragrant foliage of the aromatic sumac.

But the daintiest effect at the lake shore is an effect of snowflakes on the water, which is caused by the floating heart (limnanthemum trachyspermum), which bears just above the surface of the water white, five-petaled flowers about half an inch across.

Now let us walk up from the boat landing past the house to the woods, for the most delightful wild gardening of all is there. I can give you in passing only a glimpse of four pretty features that are not only lovely in themselves but serve to tie all together into one harmonious whole.

First is a bright little formal garden, of the simplest design, which is merely a bit of radiant color glowing against the dark background of the forest. It is one of the gayest little gardens I know, full of quaint and unusual annual flowers that seem to tumble out of the soil with gladness. It was designed by Mrs. Hutchinson to connect house and forest, and every flower in it speaks of exquisite taste and affectionate care.

Now, if we may mount the terrace and enjoy its hospitality a moment, you will enjoy vistas of the lake framed by climbers, and a succession of lovely decorative plants in large vases that make a transition from architecture to nature or

simply furnish pleasing bits of color. I have never seen a porch, piazza or terrace better furnished.

Passing to the rear of the house we emerge upon the perfect lawn and finished landscape view which I mentioned as the work of Olmsted brothers. Standing on the lawn you may look back and see the lake *through* the house, for there is a delightful room of large extent which is enclosed by glass and when the doors are open there is an unbroken view from lawn to lake. The guests who sit in that room may enjoy two enchanting pictures by a mere turn of the head, and the invitation to outdoors is irresistible.

Now let us follow the rustic pergola, which makes an admirable transition from house to wild garden. For, on the sunny side it is lined with garden flowers, while on the shady side the wild flowers of the forest creep up almost to one's feet. Overhead the climbers gradually take on a wilder character, until we emerge into dense woods that thrill one like a bit of primeval forest.

There is a trail leading into the heart of this forest and it is a bewitching one. Much as you may love the trees, you will find it hard to keep your eyes off the forest floor. For one vision of beauty succeeds another almost at every step. If you were here in April you would see thousands of hepaticas with their blue, pink and white flowers—the earliest of the year. And in the same month you would see a small army of bloodroot—sweet and showy near by, faint and starry in the distance.

In May the trails are glorified by trillium grandiflorum, the largest and showiest flower of the American woods in spring. And near the paths are thousands of maidenhair ferns.

In midsummer you would be excited by the white and red fruits of the two baneberries.

In late summer the brilliantly colored mushrooms are a feature—often twenty-five species at a time.

In autumn you would rejoice in the long, level rays of the setting sun irradiating a sea of asters in white, pale blue, lavender and purple. And you would rejoice in the

witch hazels which gave the name of "Wychwood" to this home.

Add to such glories the revelry of bird song and one seems to be wandering in an enchanted forest.

How can such lovely effects be secured? The common notion is that all one has to do is to "leave the woods alone." On the contrary that is the slowest and least certain way of getting charm. This sentimental notion is responsible for practically all the uninteresting private woodland in the East that is crowded with weak, crooked, spindling trees, poor in floral beauty and impassable with comfort by reason of scratchy underbrush and countless burrs. The idea of reproducing the primeval forest, even after several hundred years is impractical. Man cannot restore all the natural conditions. In spite of himself his handiwork and viewpoint are bound to show.

There is a much better idea—to treat woodland on great estates frankly as "pleasure woods." And by following the simple methods of wild gardening, as practiced by the Hutchinsons, charm may be attained within four years.

The first thing to do is to wander about the woods and discover the finest features—the largest trees, handsomest rocks, prettiest ravines, etc.

The next is to clear pathways to these features, laying out the trails not in a maze, but so simply that there is always one plain course to follow and a feeling that all beauties will be revealed in due order and without waste of strength.

Third comes the thinning of the trees in order to give the best ones a chance to attain their noblest proportions. The Hutchinsons had little of this to do. Their woods are so old that nature has done much of this work for them. But they removed all the dead and dying trees, for they are a menace to the others and detract from the richness and happiness of the whole.

Right here enter the landscape forester and the tree surgeon. The latter should work only on the very finest trees, repairing, strengthening and everywhere hiding his work.

The landscape forester is usually needed to discover the best features, lay out the trails, and mark the live trees that are to be cut out in four successive years. The Hutchinsons were their own foresters. They know every kind of tree in their wood and every one of the 217 kinds of wild flowers that grew there when they came.

Many Easterners have made the fatal mistake of cutting out all bushes and thinning the trees so much that grass comes in. Then all the poetry disappears with the leaf mold and the wild flowers. The way to bring back the dryads is to plant wild flowers by the thousand. The Hutchinsons collected thousands of asters, and hundreds of bloodroot, meadow rue, trillium, red baneberry, goldenrod and sunflowers. These they got by the wagon load from the woodlots of neighboring farmers, who were glad to sell for a small sum plants that had cost them nothing. Maidenhair, mandrake and hepaticas were already so abundant that it was not necessary to add any. From specialists in native plants, they bought small colonies of rarer flowers, such as the pink and yellow lady's-slipper, lilium Canadense, superbum, and Grayi.

One of the unexpected joys of wild gardening in the woods is that when one goes for a wagon load of any particular kind of plant, one brings back unwittingly some of the most exquisite floral treasures of the forest. Thus, in a wagon load of asters the soil may contain the bulbs of adder's tongues, spring beauties and dicentras, which will feather the ground next spring and hide the work of the spade.

Another kind of delight comes from the new acquaintances one makes among plants whose names are in the botanies, but whose beauties have never been discovered. Such a treasure the Hutchinsons found in the American spikenard (aralia racemosa), a plant that charms from spring to fall. It is a perennial herb growing three or four feet high, and having a tropical aspect, due, largely, to the huge, ternately compound leaf, which is often three feet long. Each of the three main divisions has about seven leaflets, the whole forming a flat spray of great beauty. In July the plant is a prodigy of bloom,

the small greenish flowers being borne in umbels which combine to make one great panicle, or many-branched cluster. To watch the transformation of these flowers into a multitude of showy berries is a daily joy in August, while in September the eye fairly revels in their rich, dark tints, ranging from wine color to brownish red. The plant is further interesting for its enormous, aromatic root and purplish brown stems. I am afraid that my description suggests an outlandish or freakish plant, but in reality the plant has a noble, refined and quiet beauty. The Hutchinsons have made this wild flower peculiarly their own. They have set out thousands of these spikenards and they are spreading from the seed so that it is an always fresh delight to come upon a group of them at some new turn of the wood.

I had expected to find the flora peculiarly Western, but in general these woods had the same trees and flowers as the Eastern. The only distinctly Western flowers I noticed were phlox glaberrima, baptista bracteata, erigeron divergens, œnothera linifolia, desmodium bracteosum and stenosiphon linifolium, none of which is of the first importance.

The cost of maintaining such a paradise of beauty is almost nothing compared with the average "Italian garden" of the East, which exists primarily for show and is generally unlivable. The Hutchinsons ramble in these woods every day, and each time they see new beauties or learn some of nature's secrets. They are always building houses for the song birds and planting shrubs with edible berries to attract the rarer kinds. They have the best popular books and magazines about birds and flowers, and even a herbarium, but these are only incidents. The great thing is to enjoy that familiar and vital contact with nature which makes a man spring up with renewed strength like Antæus of old. These two kindly spirits are leading a real life. They are Americans who have found themselves. If a perfect account of their happiness could be written and delineated for the benefit of posterity, the critic of several centuries hence would exclaim: "Here was a case of perfect adaptation to environment. Here was

a type of living as rationally adjusted to the time and place as that of the Greeks in the age of Pericles or the Italians who made the immortal gardens of the Renaissance."

Nothing is perfect in this world, but I do not see how Mrs. Hutchinson's account of their own life at Lake Geneva could be improved. She has written a little book called: "Our Country Home," (published by McClurg, Chicago), which seems to me an admirable blending of the ideal and practical. It tells how they designed and developed their home in a simple, modest, charming way, that is as inspiring as it is helpful.

Reader, if you have some "pleasure woods" that are merely lying idle, let some landscape forester make a plan for you by which it may be transformed into an enchanted forest. Let him show you what trees to thin out in order that the longest-lived and loveliest may attain their grandest development. Let him explain how to make your forest livable without loss of charm. And, finally, let him intensify the wildness of it, so that it will have all that is best in the primeval forest and the English park, without the dangers of the former or drawbacks of the latter.

In Massachusetts *Horticulture* for October 1926 appeared the following editorial:

A NATIVE PLANT SANCTUARY

Wychwood, the Charles Lawrence Hutchinson estate at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and one of the few bits of primeval woodland within a hundred mile radius of Chicago, has been presented by Mrs. Frances Kinsley Hutchinson, widow of the founder, to the state, endowed under a trust fund, as a permanent sanctuary for native plants, birds and small animal life.

Mrs. Hutchinson announced her gift, which in legal form carries out the wishes not only of her late husband but of herself, at a recent meeting of the Lake Geneva Garden Club.

A self-perpetuating board of government will be made up

of three trustees, one an authority on plant life, one eminent in bird knowledge, the other a business man.

Dr. Henry Chandler Cowles of the department of botany, University of Chicago, has been appointed chairman. Dr. Robert Ridgway, one of the greatest ornithologists in America, and Mrs. Hutchinson's nephew and attorney, Noble Brandon Judah, will be the other members.

As first director, Mrs. Hutchinson will make her home at Wychwood. Mr. and Mrs. William Longland, who have devoted their lives to the protection and encouragement of wild game in the forests, will continue there.

The variety of material at Wychwood is surprising. Through the generosity of the Arnold Arboretum there are already about 450 dried and named Wisconsin specimens in the herbarium. There is a growing card catalogue of trees, shrubs, mosses, grasses, flowering plants, mushrooms, insects, moths, butterflies and birds and animals existing on the estate.

During Mrs. Hutchinson's active presidency of the Wild Flower Preservation Society a chair was established in the University of Chicago's botanical department for the study of the germination of seeds and wild flowers, since it has proved difficult to save annual plants dependent upon seeds from extinction in this age of vandalism among flower pickers.

At Wychwood a special nursery will be conducted for plants raised from seed. Seeds will be sown in natural habitats and careful records kept for research and investigation. The students of mushrooms and entomologists are enthusiastic over the opportunities for observation to be found in this sanctuary.

In *Wild Flower* for January 1928 appeared the following from an article on "Growing Wild Flowers from Seed" by Harriet George:

It is strange that more work has not been done on the germination of the seeds of our native flowers. Information is

available on the treatment of garden and greenhouse seeds, especially those of economic importance, but little is known of those plants which add chiefly to the beauty of the world. Let us suppose, for example, that a young bloodroot or hepatica is found coming up in the woods. How long did the seed lie upon the ground before it germinated? What factors conditioned its survival and how long will it take to grow into a mature plant? What possibilities are there in experimenting with the seeds of that plant in the laboratory?

In the work at the University of Chicago an attempt has been made to attack the problem from two angles, first from the standpoint of learning what the seeds actually do in nature, and second, from that of laboratory experiment. The first, involving observation and field experiment, has been carried on largely at the estate of Mrs. C. L. Hutchinson, Honorary President of the Illinois chapter of the Wild Flower Preservation Society. Here it is impossible not to stop for a few words of comment. On the northern shore of Lake Geneva, Wis., lie seventy acres of nearly virgin maple wood, which, to the everlasting credit of the late Mr. Hutchinson and Mrs. Hutchinson, have been kept in their natural state. Here one finds a concentration of Wisconsin plants which delights the naturalist. But best of all is the fact that this woodland is to be forever preserved, not for the desecrations of the Sunday picnicker, but for the use of the scientist, for "Wychwood, a Sanctuary for Native Birds and Flowers," has been given to the state of Wisconsin, with a self-perpetuating board of trustees. In this ideal situation, then, the investigator has been privileged to collect seeds, to make observations of the plants and seeds in their natural habitat and to carry on experiments.

In the first part of the work most attention has been paid to the spring flowers. The activity of individual seeds has been observed by marking the place of their fall to the ground with metal stakes and tags, and then watching their progress through the seasons. Careful digging near the surface with a small instrument at different times in the year has revealed

many interesting things. In order to obtain an absolute check on how long the seeds remain in the ground before germinating, the following experiment was conducted. At different places in the woods a cubic foot of soil was removed, shipped to the University laboratory and there put through a sieve having a mesh small enough to catch all seeds concerned with at that place. The soil was then returned to the original holes inside of bottomless wire cages which were covered with wire for protection. Sticks and leaves were returned to the soil, making it like that outside the cages except that there were no seeds in it. Then seeds of certain years were planted here with the certainty that when sprouting took place it would necessarily be of these seeds. By such means some facts have been obtained on the germination in nature of some of our wild flowers.

In the *Chicago Evening Post* for September 22 and October 6, 1927 appeared the following kind appreciation by Lena May McCauley:

Beside the trail following the shore of Lake Geneva in Wisconsin, the wanderer will meet an artistic sign bearing the words—"Wychwood—a Sanctuary for Native Plants and Birds."

Brief as is the legend, its fashion of statement beautifully printed is convincing of the unusual. Beyond the rich thicket of goldenrod and purple and white star-eyed asters is holy ground—in truth a sanctuary granting protection to the wild flowers and birds of the region.

On the lake side the autumn-tinted grasses, rudbeckias and ruddy weeds lean to watch their reflections in the shimmering waters. On the other hand nature is more opulent, for here the wild blossoms of meadows and groves have assembled in an intimate company. Polished green leaves large and tropical rise in clusters from the mass of herbage whose fruits are ripening.

The azure globe gentians are scattered against russet back-

grounds and brilliant green grasses wave their seeds aloft. Plants would not flourish so luxuriantly anywhere but in a sanctuary.

Continuing along the path, the fruiting shrubs appear at the height of their glory. Mentally one names them down the lists of the favored natives of the Lake Michigan area. Various goldenrods, many of the fourscore known to history are here burnished and shining after the rains.

One year has passed since Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson announced her gift of Wychwood at Lake Geneva as a "sanctuary for native plants and birds" under the laws of the state of Wisconsin. While this is north of Illinois, its service relates to the west Lake Michigan region. Students of botany and allied subjects and those interested in bird life from the Northwestern university and the University of Chicago as well as laymen may regard Wychwood as their opportunity.

Legal matters relating to the permanency of the "sanctuary for native plants and birds," its development and the administration of a trust fund have been dealt with during the year. Meanwhile the staff of caretakers, including the gardeners long on the estate and acquainted with its ideals, have carried out the plans of Mrs. Hutchinson. These protect and foster the flora and fauna and improve the conditions.

Secondly, the needs of students of the forest coming from the universities are considered. Native plants of the region missing from Wychwood have been introduced and all plants listed in Wisconsin can be found.

There are areas for the experimental planting of seedlings germinated here. When ready these are distributed in colonies where the soil, the moisture and the play of sunlight and shadow may lead them to adopt the region as a home. Across the highway is a special field of a dry, sandy hillside, some clay and a marsh in which those who experiment on plant life may demonstrate their theories.

As they are formulated the practical value of the sanctuary to scientific knowledge becomes clearer. Yet this fine organization escapes a "dry-as-dust" atmosphere so prevalent in

schools of the natural sciences. The woods and the wild flower areas and the shrubs sought by the birds flourish naturally.

Facing Lake Geneva, the English timbered house is protected by a thicket of native rose bushes that flower in the early summer among a host of fruiting shrubs of an all year charm, as they bud in the spring, blossom and ripen colorful berries when the autumn paints their foliage. Virginia creeper and bittersweet are festooned on the house front, wreathing the windows under the gables. The trumpet vine adorns with its ruddy flowers. As September approaches, the lacy white clematis, "traveler's joy," has a mass of snowy bloom which, in turn, yields to the berries of bittersweet against the brown timbers and lay their autumnal offering on the balusters as signs of the bounty of nature.

On the terrace in great flower pots are fanciful plantings to enrapture the gardener. Last week there were Japanese morning-glories twining on bamboos—that at dawn opened their trumpets of celestial azure, swaying to every passing breeze. There was a fragrant jasmine, its white flowers casting sweetness upon the air. Nearby were pots of lady-slippers, quaint little trees hung with bloom.

In season St. Bruno's lilies arrive in low jars three feet in diameter, and when these are gone other cherished nurslings appear for decoration. Just now twoscore of single tuberose plants stand erect—all the same height, the tuberoses in formal array at the top of the tall stems offering nectar to innumerable humming birds and moths. The flower life of the formal garden around the fountain is but an interlude in the greater symphony of a sanctuary for native plants and birds in the forest and sunlit glades of Wychwood.

A lodge built during the year guards the closed gate admitting to Wychwood from the highway. Visitors must have cards of identification stating they are students of plant life and desire to enter for scientific reasons. Owing to the thousands of idle automobilists who picnic and destroy property it is necessary to choose visitors who will respect the life of a "Sanctuary for Native Plants and Birds."

Once admitted, a winding roadway through the forest leads to a gabled porch from the house hidden by shrubbery and trees. One cannot help thinking of the enchanted house in the wood of the fairy tale. In summer the winding paths lead to mysterious nooks where cardinals and the wood-thrush are nesting and probably every bird of those native to the region have homes somewhere.

An early morning at midsummer is musical with the chorus of bird notes. At the time of the warblers the trees are alive with feathered beauties, and a paradise awaits the member of an Audubon society who would identify the bird life of North America. Fruiting shrubs for food and a bird table for winter provide an abundance.

In the year the forester has cleared out useless trees and let in the sunlight. Never has the forest of Wychwood been more beautiful. New paths wind conveniently, making every section accessible. The terrain is undulating and picturesque. Plantations of cherished wild flowers are marked by metal tags on wires. From the earliest blossoms, through hepaticas, bloodroot, anemones, marsh marigolds, violets and trilliums, through the year there is a representation desired by the botanist.

Students of the natural sciences in American universities and colleges who visit Wychwood for purposes of research will find an excellent library for reference purposes. It was begun with Wychwood itself, the largest room overlooking the terrace being a bookroom, its shelves about the walls. As the years went on, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson visited the Arnold Arboretum and Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent, and botanical gardens throughout the world. The books they assembled come from foreign sources as well as American publication. Pamphlets on forestry, birds, wild flowers and gardening grew in number with more pretentious volumes. These have been catalogued. Special books for wild flower lovers, quaint old books, unusual monographs now out of print have been conserved and are ready for the student of plant life who presents his credentials at the lodge beside the gate of Wychwood.

Most important is the set "Sylva of North America," by Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum, a valuable work of fourteen large volumes, beautifully illustrated. It is a manual of the trees of North America, garden and forest. Prof. Sargent's life work of fifty-six years was the Arnold Arboretum. Originally the land was a worn-out farm given by James Arnold, of New Bedford, Mass., to Harvard university. The public was not interested and in five years both Harvard and the city of Boston accepted the original plan that the Arboretum was to become a part of the park system. However, the legislature turned the property back to Harvard, and Prof. Sargent developed it to a remarkable degree as an Arboretum for trees and shrubs from every part of the world. Prof. Sargent, devoting his life to the project, was eminently fitted to launch the great work on the "Sylva of North America."

North American wild flowers in many volumes by Mrs. Walcott, is the result of her life work. It is a recent work, and Mrs. Walcott studied the wild flowers of the continent, making drawings in color. The Smithsonian institution is publishing the set, which is illustrated by exquisite plates, all hand-colored by Mrs. Walcott. These volumes are very informing to students, and to wild flower preservation societies.

"The Plant Societies of Chicago and Vicinity," by Henry Chandler Cowles of the University of Chicago (a trustee of Wychwood, a sanctuary for native plants and birds), gives data of the flora of the region.

"The Birds of North and Middle America," by Dr. Robert Ridgway (one of the trustees of Wychwood), is a voluminous work of eight volumes. It is extremely technical and is written for trained ornithologists engaged in research work. It is published by the United States National museum, the Smithsonian institution.

Familiar as a work of reference are the three volumes of "Illustrated Flora of the United States and Canada," by Britton and Brown. "The American Botanist," in several volumes, is by Willard M. Clute. Here, too, are volumes of

"The Plant World," by the Plant World association. "Flora and Sylva," by W. Robinson; "American Forestry" in fifty-two pamphlets, works by W. H. Hudson; "Dictionary of Gardening," by George Nicholson; "Primers of Forestry," by Pinchot; "Wild Flowers of New York and Different States," and ten volumes of "Garden and Forest," to which Charles S. Sargent and Wilhelm Miller were contributors.

There is the standard encyclopedia on "Horticulture," by L. H. Bailey. Nineteen volumes by John Burroughs are included. "The Quadrupeds of North America" are considered, in three volumes, by John Audubon and Rev. John Bachman.

The library of Wychwood has an opposite series of windows, one looking out upon the terrace bordered by a thicket of wild roses and various shrubs as the land slopes to the edge of Lake Geneva, whose sparkling waters, always restless, glitter in the sunlight. Across the room other windows view the lawn, bordering a narrow terrace. It reaches to great trees beyond which are woods. Here the thrushes nest and make the air musical in early summer. To the right a variety of handsome shrubs impart an air of mystery to the nooks which penetrate them. At the left is a quaint old pergola wreathed in vines sheltering a pleasant walk on to the gardens. Native plants blossom from early spring until late fall beside the pergola and on the edge of the shrubbery.

A Catalog of the library at Wychwood is under way, and search is being made for works of reference to add to its service to students.

MUSHROOMS FOUND AT WYCHWOOD

Armillaria mellea
Clitocybe candida
Clitocybe multiceps
Clitopilus abortivus
Collybia radicata
Coprinus atramentarius
Coprinus comatus
Coprinus micaceus
Agaricus placomyces
Agaricus campestris
Hypholoma sublateritium
Hypholoma perplexum
Lepiota Americana
Lepiota naucinioides
Morells
Paneolus ritirugis
Pluteus cervinus
Psathyrella disseminata
Pleurotus ostreatus
Russula virescens
All Puff-balls

The above mushrooms we ate with delight except those thus marked # which were only fair.

Agaricus silvicola
Amanita solitaria
Amanitopsis vaginata fulva
Amanitopsis parcivolvata
Boletus Chrysenteron
Boletus crassipes
Boletus felleus
Boletinus porosus opacus
Bolbitius fragilis
Clitocybe nebularis
Clitocybe ochropurpurea
Clitocybe illudens
Clitocybe candida
Calvatis craniformis
Cantherellus auranticus
Cantherellus cibarius
Clavaria cristata
Clavaria formosa
Clavaria pistillaris
Clavaria coraloides
Clavaria amethystina
Collybia platyphilla
Cortinarius varius
Cortinarius alboviolaceus
Cortinarius ochraceus
Cortinarius cinnamomeus
Fomes fomentarius
Galera tenera
Entoloma grayanum
Geaster hygrometricus
Geoglossum glutinosum
Gomphidius glutinosus
Helvella crispa
Helvella lacunosa
Hydnum laevigatum
Hydnum repandum
Hygropherus cantherellus flava
Hygropherus miniatus
Hypholoma epixantium
Hypholoma fascicularis
Hypholoma perplexum
Hypholoma incertum
Lepiota Freisii
Lepiota procera
Lepiota Morgani
Lactarius volemus
Lycoperdon gemmatum
Lycoperdon pyriforme
Mycena acicula
Mycena galericulata
Omphalia epichsysium
Paxillus involutus
Peziza badia
Peziza aurantia
Peziza coccinea
Phallus impudicus
Pholiota adiposa
Pholiota subsquarrosa
Pholiota marginata
Pleurotus ulmarius
Pleurotus petaloides
Polyporus versicolor
Polyporus frondosus
Polyporus fomentarius
Psilocybe spadicea
Russula alutacea
Russula emitica
Scleroderma vulgare
Sparssis crispa
Strobilomyces strobilaceus
Tremella fuciformis
Tricholoma piperatum
Tricholoma terreum
Tricholoma album
Tricholoma personatum

BIRDS THAT HAVE NESTED AT WYCHWOOD

Bittern, least
Blackbird, red-winged
Blackbird, yellow-headed
Bluebird
Bunting, indigo
Bobolink
Cardinal
Catbird
Chewink
Chickadee, black-capped
Cowbird
Crow, American
Cuckoo, black-billed
Cuckoo, yellow-billed
Dickcissel
Dove, mourning
Duck, wood
Duck, mallard
Duck, blue-winged teal
Flicker
Flycatcher, crested
Flycatcher, least
Goldfinch
Grackle, purple
Grouse, ruffed
Grosbeak, rose-breasted
Hawk, red-tailed
Hawk, Cooper
Humming bird, ruby-throated
Jay, blue
Killdeer
Kingbird
Kingfisher
Martin, purple
Meadow lark
Meadow lark, western
Night hawk
Oriole, Baltimore
Ovenbird
Pewee, wood
Phoebe
Pheasant, ring-necked
Quail
Robin
Redstart
Sapsucker, yellow-bellied
Sparrow, swamp
Sparrow, chipping
Sparrow, English
Sparrow, field
Sparrow, song
Swallow, bank
Swallow, barn
Screech owl
Swift, chimney
Snipe, Wilson's
Tanager, scarlet
Thrasher, brown
Thrush, wood
Thrush, Wilson's
Vireo, blue-headed
Vireo, red-eyed
Vireo, warbling
Vireo, yellow-throated
Warbler, yellow
Waxwing, cedar
Whip-poor-will
Woodcock
Woodpecker, downy
Woodpecker, hairy
Woodpecker, redheaded
Wren, Bewick
Wren, house
Yellow-throat, Maryland

PLANTS AT WYCHWOOD

ENGLISH NAMES

(This nomenclature follows "An Illustrated Flora of the United States, Canada, and the British Possessions," by Nathaniel Lord Britton and Addison Brown, 1896.)

Ageratum, Garden,
Ageratum, mexicanum.
Agrimony,
Agrimonia.
Anemone, Japanese,
Anemone japonica.
Anise,
Pimpinella anisum.
Apple,
Malus malus.
Apple, Japanese Crab-,
Malus spectabilis.
Apple, Western Crab-,
Malus ioensis.
Apple, Wild Crab-,
Malus angustifolia.
Arrow-wood,
Viburnum dentatum.
Arrow-wood, Downy-leaved,
Viburnum pubescens.
Artichoke, Jerusalem,
Helianthus tuberosus.
Aster, Common Blue Wood,
Aster cordifolius.
Aster, Late Purple,
Aster patens.
Aster, New England,
Aster Novæ Angliæ.
Aster, Sky-blue,
Aster azureus.
Aster, Smooth,
Aster lævis.
Aster, Wavy-leafed,
Aster undulatus.
Astilbe, Japanese,
Astilbe japonica.
Azalea,
Azalea.

Balm, Lemon,
Melissa officinalis.
Balsam-apple, Wild,
Micrampelis lobata.
Baneberry, Red,
Actæa rubra.
Baneberry White,
Actæa alba.
Barberry, Japanese,
Berberis japonica.
Basil, Sweet,
Ocimum basilicum.
Bean, Wild,
Phaseolus polystachyus.
Bedstraw, Rough,
Galium asprellum.
Beech-drops, False
Monotropa hypopitys.
Begonia, Tuberous,
Begonia tuberosa.
Bellflower, Chinese,
Platycodon grandiflorum.
Bellflower, Pyramidal,
Campanula pvramidalis.
Bellflower, Tall,
Campanula americana.
Bellwort, Large-flowered,
Uvulaira grandiflora.
Bergamot, Wild,
Monarda fistulosa.
Bindweed, Hedge,
Convolvulus sepium.
Bitter-sweet,
Celastrus scandens.
Blackberry, High-bush,
Rubus villosus.
Blackberry, Low-running,
Rubus canadensis.
Black-eyed Susan,
Rudbeckia hirta.
Bladder-nut,
Staphylea trifolia.
Blazing-star,
Liatris pycnostachya.
Bleeding-heart,
Dicentra spectabilis.
Bloodroot,
Sanguinaria canadensis.

Boneset,
Eupatorium perfoliatum.
Bouncing Bet,
Saponaria officinalis.
Brake,
Pteris aquilina.
Bridal Wreath,
Spiræa van Houttei.
Buckthorn,
Rhamnus cathartica.
Buckthorn, Sea,
Hippophaë rhamnoides.
Buckwheat, Climbing False,
Polygonum dumetorum, var. *scandens.*
Burdock, Great,
Arctium Lappa.
Butter-and-eggs,
Linaria vulgaris.
Buttercup,
Ranunculus.
Butterfly-weed,
Asclepias tuberosa.
Butternut,
Juglans cinerea.
Button-bush,
Cephalanthus occidentalis.

Cactus,
Opuntia fragilis.
Campion, Starry,
Silene stellata.
Canterbury Bells,
Campanula medium.
Caraway,
Carum carui.
Cardinal-flower,
Lobelia cardinalis.
Cardinal-flower, Blue,
Lobelia syphilitica.
Carnation, see Pink.
Catalpa,
Catalpa catalpa.
Catnip, or Catmint,
Nepeta cataria.
Cedar, White,
Thuja occidentalis.
Chamomile,
Anthemis tinctoria.
Chamomile, False,
Boltonia asteroides.
Cherry,
Prunus cerasus.
Cherry, Choke,
Prunus virginiana.
Cherry, Western Sand,
Prunus besseyi.
Cherry, Western Wild,
Prunus demissa.
Cherry, Wild Black,
Prunus serotina.
Chickweed,
Alsine media.
Cinquefoil,
Potentilla canadensis.
Clematis, Japanese,
Clematis paniculata.
Clover, Red,
Trifolium pratense.
Cohosh, Blue,
Caulophyllum thalictroides.
Columbine, Wild,
Aquilegia canadensis.
Cone-flower, Newman's,
Rudbeckia Newmani.
Cone-flower, Sweet,
Rudbeckia subtomentosa.
Cone-flower, Thin-leaved,
Rudbeckia triloba.
Coral-root, Small-flowered,
Corallorhiza odontorhiza.
Coreopsis, Lance-leaved,
Coreopsis lanceolata.
Cow-parsnip,
Heracleum lanatum.
Cranberry, High-bush,
Viburnum opulus.
Currant, Black,
Ribes americanum.
Currant, Indian, or Coralberry,
Symphoricarpus vulgaris.
Currant, Missouri,
Ribes aureum.
Currant, Red,
Ribes rubrum.
Currant, White,
Ribes rubrum, var. *album.*

Daffy-down-dilly,
Narcissus pseudo-narcissus.
Dahlia,
Dahlia variabilis.
Dandelion,
Taraxacum taraxacum.
Dock, Radish-leaved,
Rumex crispus.
Dodder,
Cuscuta gronovii.
Dogbane,
Apocynum androsæmifolium.
Dogwood, Alternate-leaved,
Cornus alternifolia.
Dogwood, Panicled,
Cornus paniculata.
Dogwood, Red Osier,
Cornus stolonifera.
Dogwood, Red-stemmed,
Cornus sibirica.

Dogwood, Round-leaved, *Cornus circinata.*
Dogwood, Silky, or Kinnikinnik, *Cornus amomum.*

Eglantine, or Sweet Brier, *Rosa rubiginosa.*
Elder, American, or Elderberry, *Sambucus canadensis.*
Elder, Red-berried, *Sambucus pubens.*
Elm, American, *Ulmus americana.*
Elm, Slippery, *Ulmus fulva.*

Fern, Maiden-hair, *Adiantum pedatum.*
Figwort, Hare, *Scrophularia leporella.*
Figwort, Maryland, *Scrophularia marylandica.*
Fleur-de-lis, *Iris germanica, etc.*
Forsythia, Hanging, *Forsythia suspensa.*
Forsythia, Intermediate, *Forsythia intermedia.*
Foxglove, Downy False, *Dasystoma flava.*
Foxglove, Fern-leaved, False, *Dasystoma pedicularia.*

Gentian, Closed, *Gentiana Andrewsii.*
Gentian, Horse, *Triosteum perfoliatum.*
Geranium, Cultivated, *Pelargonium.*
Geranium, Rose, *Pelargonium capitatum.*
Geranium, Wild, *Geranium masculatum.*
Ginseng, *Panax quinquefolium.*
Goat's-beard, *Aruncus aruncus.*
Golden Glow, *Rudbeckia laciniata,* var. *G. G.*
Golden-rod, *Solidago.*
Gooseberry, *Ribes uva-crispa.*
Gooseberry, Wild, *Ribes gracile.*
Grape, Niagara, *Vitis cordifolia.*
Grape, Northern Fox, *Vitis labrusca.*
Grass, Ribbon, *Phalaris arundiacea picta.*
Groundnut, *Apios tuberosa.*

Hardhack, or Steeplebush, *Spiræa tomentosa.*
Harebell, *Campanula rotundifolia.*
Haw, Hawthorn, *Cratægus oxyacantha.*
Heliotrope, *Heliotropium.*
Hercules' Club, *Aralia spinosa.*
Hickory, *Hicoria.*
Hobble-bush, *Viburnum alnifolium.*
Hogweed, *Ambrosia artemisiæfolia.*
Hollyhock, *Althæa rosea.*
Honeysuckle, Albert's, *Lonicera alberti.*
Honeysuckle, Bush, *Diervilla diervilla.*
Honeysuckle, Smooth-leaved, *Lonicera dioica.*
Honeysuckle, Tartarian Bush, *Lonicera tatarica.*
Horse Gentian, *Triosteum perfoliatum.*
Horse-radish, *Nasturtium armoracea.*
Horse-weed, *Leptilon canadense.*
Hydrangea, Wild, *Hydrangea aborescens.*

Indian-pipe, *Monotropa uniflora.*
Indigo, Blue Wild, *Baptisia australis.*
Iris, English, *Iris xiphoides.*
Iris, German, *Iris, germanica.*
Iris, Japanese, *Iris lævigata.*
Iris, Siberian, *Iris sibirica.*
Iris, Spanish, *Iris iberica.*
Iris, Yellow, *Iris pseudacorus.*
Iron Wood, *Ostrya virginiana.*

Jack-in-the-pulpit, or Indian turnip, *Arisæma triphyllum.*
Jasmine, or Jessamine, *Jasminum officinale.*
Jewel-weed, *Impatiens biflora.*
Joe-Pye Weed, or Purple Thoroughwort, *Eupatorium purpureum.*
Jonquil, *Narcissus jonquilla.*
Juniper, *Juniperus communis.*

Knotweed, Japanese, *Polygonum Sieboldi.*

Ladies'-slipper, Pink, *Cypripedium spectabile.*
Ladies'-slipper, Yellow, *Cypripedium pubescens.*
Lady's-thumb, *Polygonum persicaria.*
Larkspur, *Delphinium.*
Larkspur, Chinese, *Delphinium chinense.*
Lavender, *Lavendula vera.*
Leek, Wild, *Allium tricoccum.*
Leopard's Bane, *Doronicum plantagineum,* var. *excelsum.*
Lettuce, Blue, *Lactuca pulchella.*
Lettuce, Red Wood, *Lactuca hirsuta.*
Lettuce, Tall White, *Nabalus altissimus.*
Lettuce, White, *Nabalus albus.*
Lettuce, Wild, *Lactuca canadensis.*
Lilac, Common, *Syringa vulgaris.*
Lilac, Persian, *Syringa persica.*
Lily, Asa Gray's, *Lilium grayi.*
Lily, Midnight, *Lilium elegans.*
Lily, Tiger, *Lilium tigrinum.*
Lily, Turk's Cap, *Lilium superbum.*
Lily, Wood, *Lilium philadelphicum.*
Lily, Yellow Day, *Hemerocallis flava.*
Lily, Yellow Meadow, *Lilium canadense.*
Linden, *Tilia americana.*
Liverwort, *Hepatica triloba.*
Lobelia, *Lobelia.*
Locust Tree, *Robinia pseudacacia.*
Loosestrife, Spiked, *Lythrum salicaria.*
Loosestrife, Yellow, *Lysimachia Fraseri.*

Mallow, *Malva sylvestris.*
Mandrake, Wild, *Podophyllum peltatum.*
Maple, *Acer.*
Marigold, *Tagetes.*
Marigold, Bur, *Bidens lævis.*
Marigold, Marsh, *Caltha palustris.*
Marjoram, Sweet, *Origanum marjorana.*
Marrow, Vegetable, *Cucurbita pepo.*
Marsh-mallow, *Althæa officinalis.*
Matrimony Vine, *Lycium vulgare.*
Meadow Rue, *Thalictrum.*
Meadow-sweet, Thunberg's, *Spiræa Thunbergiana.*
Meadow-sweet, Van Houtte's, *Spiræa van houttei.*
Milkweed, Tall, *Asclepias exaltata.*
Milkwort, *Polygala.*
Mock Orange, *Philadelphus coronarius.*
Moonseed, *Menispermum canadense.*
Morning-glory, Wild Pink, *Ipomea purpurea.*
Mullein, *Verbascum.*

Nannyberry, *Viburnum lentago.*
Narcissus, Poet's, *Narcissus poeticus.*
Nasturtium, *Tropæolus majus.*
Nicotine, *Nicotiana noctiflora.*

Oak,
Quercus.
Obedient Plant,
Physostegia virginiana.
Okra, or Gumbo,
Hibiscus æsculentus.
Olive, Wild,
Eleagnus angustifolia.
Orchid, Showy,
Orchis spectabilis.
Ox-eye, Rough,
Heliopsis scabra.

Paint-brush,
Hypericum prolificum.
Pea, Sweet,
Lathyrus odoratus.
Peanut, Wild,
Falcata comosa.
Peony,
Pæonia.
Pepper, Red,
Capsicum annuum.
Peppermint,
Mentha piperita.
Petunia,
Petunia.
Phlox, Garden,
Phlox paniculata.
Pie plant, or Rhubarb,
Rheum rhaponticum.
Pine, Dwarf,
Pinus mughus.
Pine, White,
Pinus strobus.
Pink, Chinese,
Dianthus sinensis.
Plantain, Common,
Plantago major.
Plantain, Rattlesnake,
Peramium pubescens.
Plantain, Robin's,
Erigeron bellidifolius.
Plum,
Prunus domestica.
Poison-ivy,
Rhus radicans.
Poplar,
Populus tremuloides.
Poppy, Oriental,
Papaver somniferum.
Poppy, Plumed,
Bocconia cordata.
Primrose, Evening,
Œnothera biennis.
Privet,
Ligustrum medium.
Privet,
Ligustrum regelianum.
Puccoon, Hairy,
Lithospermum gmelini.
Pyrethrum,
Pyrethrum.

Quince, Japanese,
Cydonia japonica.

Rampion,
Campanula rapunculus.
Raspberry, Black,
Rubus occidentalis.
Raspberry, Purple-flowering,
Rubus odoratus.
Raspberry, Red,
Rubus strigosus.
Resin Plant,
Silphium terebinthinaceum.
Rose, Dog,
Rosa canina.
Rose, Low Pasture,
Rosa humilis.
Rose, Meadow,
Rosa blanda.
Rose, Prairie,
Rosa setigera.
Rose, Swamp,
Rosa carolina.
Rose, Wrinkled-leaf,
Rosa rugosa.
Rose-mallow,
Hibiscus moscheutos.
Rose-mallow, Chinese,
Hibiscus sinensis.
Runner, Scarlet,
Phaseolus multiflorus.

Sage, Blue,
Salvia azurea.
Sage, Garden,
Salvia officinalis.
Sage, Mexican Garden,
Salvia patens.
Salvia, White,
Salvia argentea.
Sanicle, White,
Eupatorium ageratoides.
Sanvitalia (*procumbens*), kin to *Rudbeckia* and *Zinnia.*
Sarsaparilla, Wild,
Aralia nudicaulis.
Savory, Summer,
Satoreia hortensis.
Scarlet Lightning,
Lychnis chalcedonica.
Self-heal,
Prunella vulgaris.
Senna, Wild, or American,
Cassia marylandica.
Shield-fern, Fragrant,
Dryopteris fragrans.
Shin-leaf,
Pyrola elliptica.
Smartweed,
Polygonum pennsylvanicum.

Snakeroot, White, *Eupatorium ageratoides.*
Snapdragon, *Antirrhinum.*
Sneezeweed, *Helenium autumnale.*
Sneezewort, Pearl, *Achillea ptarmica.*
Snowball, Japanese, *Viburnum plicatum.*
Snowberry, *Symphoricarpus racemosus.*
Solomon's Seal, Giant, or Smooth, *Polygonatum giganteum.*
Solomon's Seal, Hairy, *Polygonatum biflorum.*
Solomon's Seal, Star-flowered, *Vagnera stellata.*
Sorrel, Sheep, *Rumex acetosella.*
Spearmint, *Mentha spicata.*
Spiderwort, Blue, *Tradescantia virginiana.*
Spikenard, American, *Aralia racemosa.*
Spikenard, Wild, *Vagnera racemosa.*
Spindle-tree, Wide-stemmed, *Euonymus alatus.*
Spring Beauty, *Claytonia virginica.*
Spruce, White, *Picea canadensis.*
Spurge, Flowering, *Euphorbia corollata.*
Spurge, Ridge-seeded, *Euphorbia glyptosperma.*
Squaw-root, *Conopholis americana.*
Star-cucumber, *Sicyos angulatus.*
Star-flower, see Aster.
Star-of-Bethlehem, *Ornothogalum umbellatum.*
Stonecrop, Showy, *Sedum spectabile.*
Strawberry, Common, *Fragaria vesca.*
Strawberry, Wild Northern, *Fragaria canadensis.*
Strawberry-bush, *Euonymus americanus.*
Sumac, Fragrant, *Rhus aromatica.*
Sumac, Mountain, *Rhus copallina.*
Sumac, Staghorn, *Rhus typhina.*
Sunflower, *Helianthus.*
Sweet Brier, or Eglantine, *Rosa rubiginosa.*
Sweet Pea, *Lathyrus odoratus.*
Sweet William, *Dianthus barbatus.*
Syringa, *Philadelphus coronarius.*
Syringa, *Philadelphus lemoinei.*
Syringa, Gordon's, *Philadelphus gordonianus.*
Syringa, Large-flowered, *Philadelphus grandiflorus.*

Tarragon, *Artemisia dranunculus.*
Tea, New Jersey, *Ceanothus americanus.*
Tea, Oswego, *Monarda didyma.*
Thimble-weed, *Anemone virginia.*
Thistle Family, *Compositæ.*
Thornapple Tree, *Cratægus crus-galli.*
Trumpet-creeper, *Tecomia radicans*, or *Bignonia radicans.*
Turtle-head, *Chelone glabra.*
Twisted-stalk, *Streptopus amplexifolius.*

Unicorn Plant, *Martynia proboscidea.*

Valerian, *Valeriana.*
Vervain, Blue, *Verbena hastata.*
Vetch, American, *Vicia americana.*
Viburnum, Chinese, *Viburnum dilatatum.*
Viburnum, Maple-leaved, *Viburnum acerifolium.*
Viburnum, Siebold's, *Viburnum sieboldi.*

Violet, Bird-foot, *Viola pedata.*
Violet, Downy Yellow, *Viola pubescens.*
Violet, Meadow, *Viola obliqua.*
Violet, Striped, *Viola striata.*
Virginia-creeper, miscalled Woodbine, *Parthenocissus quinquefolia*, or *Ampelopsis quinquefolia.*
Virgin's Bower, *Clematis virginiana.*
Wake-robin, Great-flowered, *Trillium grandiflorum.*
Wake-robin, Nodding, *Trillium cernuum.*
Wake-robin, Prairie, *Trillium recurvatum.*
Walnut, Black, *Juglans, nigra.*
Water-leaf, Virginia, *Hydrophyllum virginicum.*
Wayfaring Tree, *Viburnum lantana.*
Willow, Pussy, *Salix discolor.*
Willow, Wisconsin, or Peach-leaved, *Salix amygdaloides.*
Winterberry, Virginia, *Ilex verticillata.*
Witch-hazel, *Hamamelis virginiana.*
Withe-rod, *Viburnum cassinoides.*
Woodbine, *Ampelopsis quinquefolia.*
Wood-sorrel, Yellow, *Oxalis stricta.*
Yellow-root, *Xanthorhiza apiifolia.*

PLANTS AT WYCHWOOD

LATIN NAMES

Abies balsamea
Acer nigrum
Acer pennsylvanicum
Acer Rugeli
Acer saccharinum
Acer spicatum
Achillea millefolium
Actea rubra
Actea alba
Actea alba-rubra crossed
Adiantum pendatum
Ægopodium podograria
Agastache scrophulariæfolia
Agrimonia gryposepala
Allium cernuum
Allium tricocuum
Alnus incana
Alnus vulgaris
Amelanchier spicata
Amelanchier sanguinea
Amelanchier stolonfera
Amorpha canescens
Amorpha fruticosa
Amphicarpa monoica
Anaphalis margaritacea
Anchusa myosolidiflora
Anemonella thalictroides
Anemone cylindrica
Anemone patens
Anemone virginiana
Apios tuberosa
Aquilegia canadensis
Arabis canadensis
Arabis hirsuta
Aralia nudicaulis
Aralia racemosa
Arctium Lappa
Arclostaphylas Uva-ursi
Arisæma dracontium
Arisæma triphyllum
Artemisia caudata
Artemisia lactifolia
Aruncus sylvester Kostelelzsky
Asarum canadense
Asclepias incarnata
Asclepias syriaca
Asclepias tuberosa
Asparagus officinalis
Aspidium spinulosum
Asplenium Felixfemina
Astragalus canadensis
Aster azureus
Aster Drummondii
Aster macrophyllus
Aster Novæ-Angliæ
Aster lateriflorus
Aster salicifolius
Aster sericeus

Baptisia leucantha
Berberis Thunbergii
Botrychium Virginianum
Bromus Kalmii

Camassia esculenta
Carya cordiformis
Carya ovata
Cassia Marylandica
Cassia caragana arborescens
Cacalia tuberosa
Cacalia atriplicifola
Caltha palustris
Campanula rapunculoides
Celtis occidentalis
Celastrus scandens
Celastrus alatus
Celastrus radicans
Celastrus atropurpureus
Cephalanthus occidentalis
Centaurea maculosa
Ceanothus americanus
Chenopodium album
Chimaphila unbellata
Chrysanthemum leucanthemum
Chrysanthemum uglinosum
Chiogenes hispidula
Circæa luteliana
Cirsium altissimum
Clintonia borealis
Claytonia Virginica
Clematis Virginiana
Clematis paniculata
Clematis heracleæfolia
Clematis Davidiana
Clematis Irma Dwyer
Convallaria majalis
Corallorhiza maculata
Corallorhiza trifida
Corylus Americana

Cotoneaster lucida
Cornus alternifolia
Cornus Amomum
Cornus canadensis
Cornus paniculata
Cornus stolonifera
Cornus mas
Conopholis Americana
Coreopsis palmata
Cratægus mollis
Cratægus Phænopyrum
Cratægus punctata
Cryptotenia canadensis
Cypripedium acaule
Cypripedium hirsutum
Cypripedium pubescens
Cypripedium spectabilis
Cypripedium parviflorum
Cypripedium candidum

Daphne cneorum
Dactylis glomerata
Daucus carota
Dioscorea villosa
Deutzia scabra
Disentra eximia
Dicentra canadensis
Dirca palustris
Diervilla lonicera
Dicentra cucullaria
Dodecatheon Meadia

Echinops ritro
Eleagnus angustifolia
Eleagnus argentea
Elymus brachystachys
Elymus striatus
Epipactis pubescens
Epilobium adenocaulon
Epilobium angustifolium
Equisetum arvense
Equisetum hyemale
Eupatorium ageratoides or urticæfolium
Eupatorium maculatum
Eupatorium purpureum
Euphorbia corollata
Euphorbia Cyparissias
Euonymus alatus
Euonymus atropurpureus
Euonymus radicans
Exochorda racemosa

Fagus grandifolia
Fraxinus americana
Fraxinus nigra
Fumaria officinalis

Galium Aparine
Galium triflorum
Galinsoga parviflora
Geranium maculatum
Geranium columbinum
Gentiana Andrewsii
Gleditsia triacanthos

Habenaria Hookerii
Habenaria orbiculata
Habenaria psycodes
Hammelis virginiana
Helenium autumnale
Helianthus hirsutus
Helianthus giganteus
Helianthus mollis
Helianthus tuberosus
Heliopsis scabra
Hepatica acutiloba
Hepatica triloba
Hemerocallis fulva
Hemerocallis flava
Hemerocallis Thunbergii
Heracleum lanatum
Hibiscus moscheutus
Heuchera hispida
Hieracium aurantiacum
Hippophæ rhamnoides
Hydrophyllum virginianum
Hypericum perforatum
Hydrangea aborescens
Hydrangea Bretschneiderii vestita
Hydrangea petiolaris
Hystrix patula

Ilex verticillata
Impatiens sultana
Impatiens biflora
Iris cristata
Iris germanica
Iris gracilipes
Iris pseudacorus
Iris versicolor
Iris orchioides

Juglans cinerea
Juglans nigra
Juniperus horizontalis
Juniperus virginiana

Lactuca spicata
Laportea canadensis
Lappula virginiana
Lepachys pinnata
Liatris scariosa
Liatris spicata
Lilium canadensis
Lilium superbum
Lilium tigrinum
Lilium regale
Lilium umbellatum
Ligustrum Meadia
Ligustrum regelianum
Linaria
Liparis lilliafolia
Liparis Loeselii
Liriodendron Tulipifera
Lithospermum cansecens
Lobelia cardinalis
Lobelia siphilitica
Lonicera Sullivantii
Lonicera tatarica

Lonicera Korolkovii var. floribunda
Lycoris squamigera
Lycium halmifolium
Lychnis chalcedonica
Lysimachia nummularia
Lysimachia clethroides
Lysimachia Fraseri
Lysimachia punctata

Malva moschata
Maianthemum canadense
Melilotus alba
Mertensia virginica
Mentha arvenis
Menyanthes trifoliata
Menispermum canadense
Mimulus alatus
Mitella diphylla
Moneses uniflora
Monotropa uniflora
Monarda fiistulosa
Monarda didyma
Monarda punctata
Muhlenbergia mexicana
Myosotis scorpioides
Morus nigra

Nelumbo lutea

Œnothera biennis
Œnothera Fraseri
Onoclea sensibilis
Onoclea struthiopteris
Orchis spectabilis
Osmunda cinnamonea
Osmunda Claytoniana
Osmunda regalis
Osmorhiza Claytonia

Pachysandra terminalis
Panax quinquefolia
Pedicularis canadensis
Penstemon hirsuta
Pteris aquilina
Petalostemum candidum
Petalostemum purpureum
Philadelphus inodorus
Philadelphus grandiflorus
Phlox divaricata
Phlox pilosa
Phryma leptostachya
Physalis Alkekengi
Physalis Franchetti
Physocarpus opulifolius
Physocarpus intermedius
Physostegia virginica
Picea canadensis
Pinus mugo
Pinus strobus
Plantago rugelii
Podophyllum peltatum
Polemonium reptans
Polygala sanguinea
Polygala Senega
Potentilla Canadensis
Polygonum sieboldii
Polygonum dumetorum
Polygonum virginianum
Polygonatum commutatum
Populus grandidentata
Populus tremuloides
Portulaca oleracea
Prenanthes alba
Prunella vulgaris
Prunus americana
Prunus serotina
Prunus virginiana
Psedera quinquefolia
Pulmonaria saccharata
Pycnanthemum flexuosum
Pycnanthemum virginianum
Pyrola elliptica
Pyrus americana
Pyrus arbutifolia
Pyrus coronaria
Pyrus ioensis
Pyrus malanocarpa
Pyrus malus

Quercus alba
Quercus Macrocarpa
Quercus Muhlenbergii
Quercus rubra

Rhamnus cathartica
Rhus canadensis
Rhus copallina
Rhus glabra
Rhus hirta dissecta
Rhus toxicodendron
Rhus typhina
Rhus aromatica
Ribes aureum
Ribes odoratum
Ribes Cynosbati
Robinia pseudo-acacia
Rosa altaica
Rosa blanda
Rosa canina
Rosa carolina
Rosa cathayensis
Rosa ecæ
Rosa Hugonis
Rosa humilis
Rosa multiflora
Rosa rugosa repens alba
Rosa rubra
Rosa rubiginosa
Rosa Sargentii
Rosa setigera
Rosa spinosissima
Rosa Harrisonii
Rosa Madame Plantier
Rosa Blanc double de Coubert
Rubus odoratus

Rubus laciniatus
Rubus occidentalis
Rubus villosus
Rubus hispidus
Rubus allegheniensis

Sambucus canadensis
Sambucus racemosa
Sanguinaria canadensis
Sanicula Marylandica
Saponaria officinalis
Scrophularia Marylandica
Sedum spectabile
Silphium integrifolium
Silphium terebinthinaceum
Silene stellata
Silene latifolia
Smilax ecirrhata
Smilax herbacea
Smilax hispada
Smilacina racemosa
Smilacina stellata
Solanum nigrum
Solidago altissima
Solidago latifolia
Solidago rigida
Solidago ulmifolia
Sonchus oleraceus
Sorbaria sorbifolia
Spartina Michauxiana
Sphæralcea remota
Spiræa salicifolia
Spiræa Van Houttii
Staphylea trifolia
Steironema ciliatum
Symphoricarpue fœtidus

Taxus canadensis
Tecoma Campsis radicans
Tephrosia virginiana
Thuja occidentalis
Thalictrum dasycarpum
Thalictrum divoicum
Thaspium aureum
Tilia Americana
Tradescantia reflexa
Tradescantia Virginiana
Trillium cernuum
Trillium grandiflorum
Trillium nivale
Trillium recurvatum
Tsuga canadensis
Typha latifolia

Uvularia grandiflora
Ulmus fulva
Ulmus Americana

Valeriana officinalis
Verbena hastata
Verbena stricta
Verbena urticæfolia
Veronia fasciculata
Veronica virginica
Viburnum acerifolium
Viburnum cassinoides
Viburnum dentatum
Viburnum lantana
Viburnum lentago
Viburnum opulus americana
Viburnum prunifolium
Viburnum pubescens
Viburnum Sieboldii
Viola canadensis
Viola scabriuscula
Viola pedata
Viola cuculata
Viola palmata
Viola pubescens
Viola striata
Viola tricolor
Vitis bicolor
Vitis vulpina

Zanthoxylum Americanum